PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR

DECEMBER 1982 $3.50

PET OF THE YEAR RUNNER-UP

JOHN BELUSHI'S LAST FIVE DAYS

STRANGE SEX PRACTICES OF THE SUPER-RICH

EXPLOSIVE INTERVIEW WITH MURDERER JACK HENRY ABBOTT

CONFESSIONS OF A MALE STRIPPER

THE NEW RIGHT'S SECRET POWER BROKER

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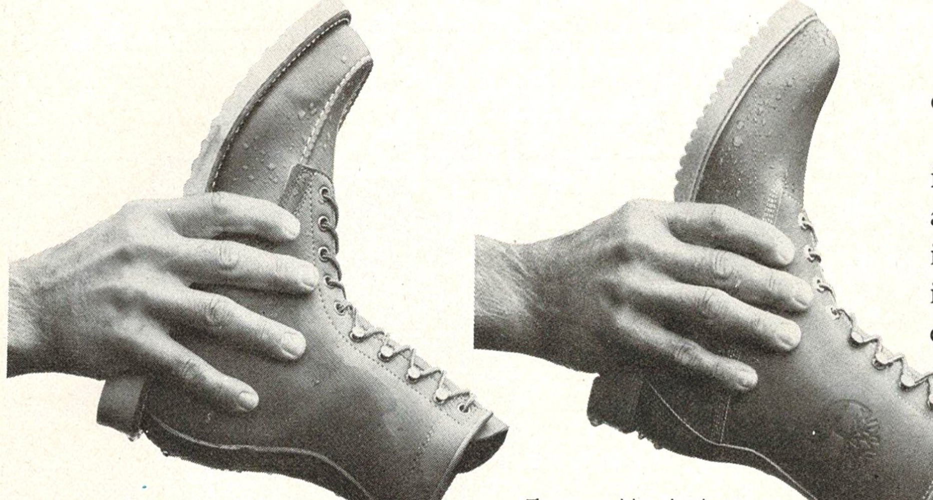

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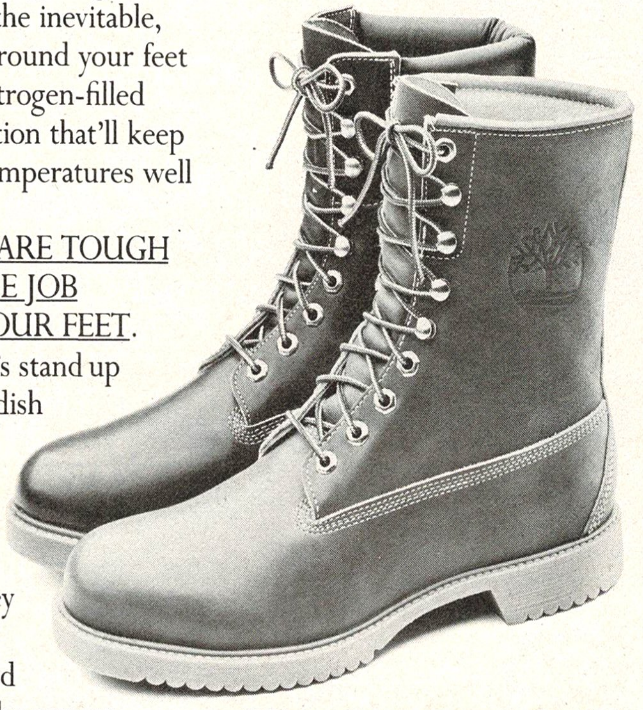
But we think you'll find it's worth spending a little more money to get a lot more boot.



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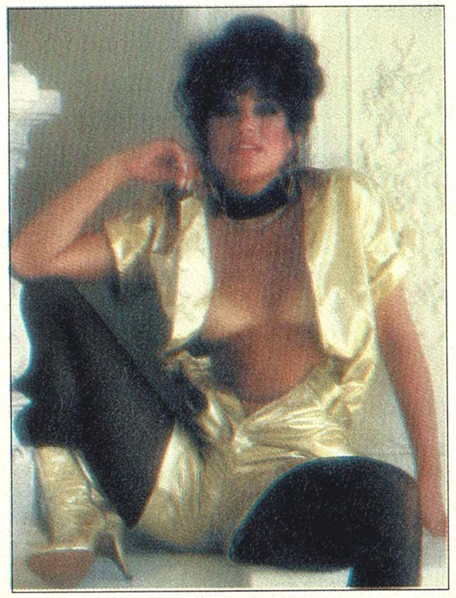

Pet of the Year Runner-Up Anna Fraley appears on this month's cover. She was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta Camera and the Cokin Filter System. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 53.

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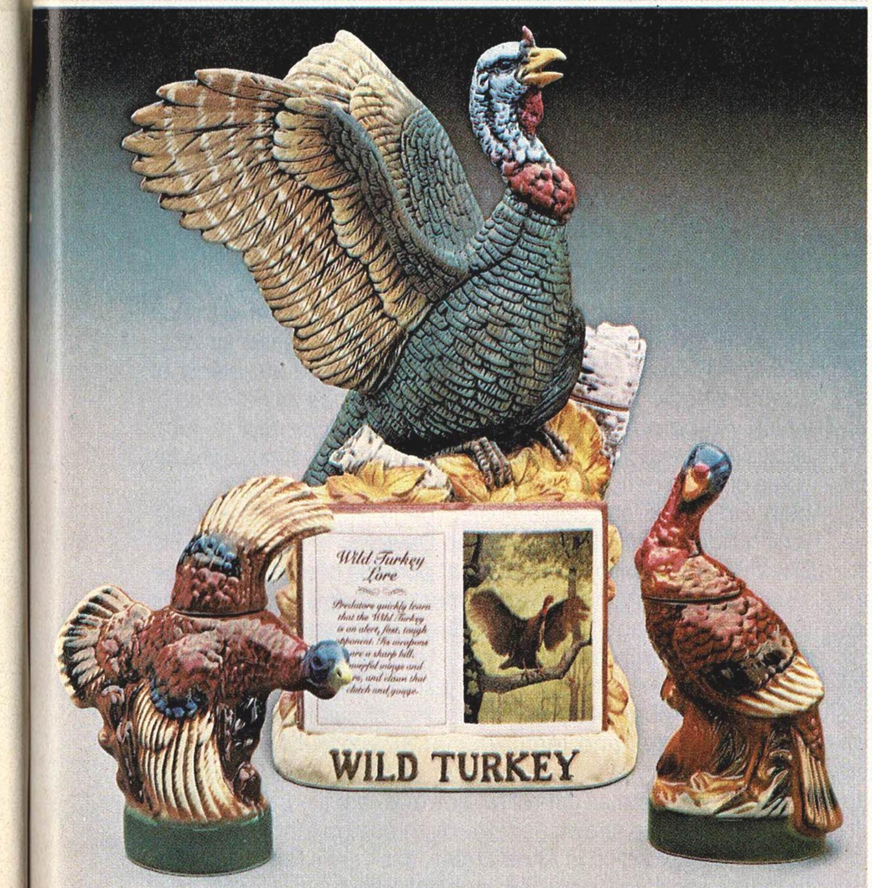
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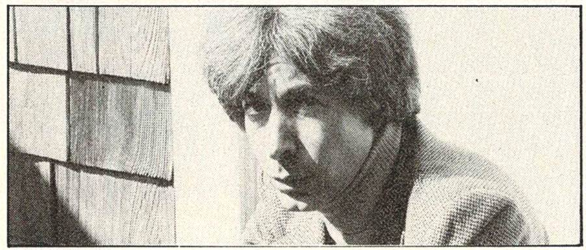
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HOUSECALL

From the moment that **John Belushi** sat close to Cathy Smith in his exclusive Hollywood bungalow, he was a dead man. "Hey," Belushi said softly as he watched the thirty-four-year-old rock groupie shoot herself up with heroin, "I'd like to try that." Four days later, Belushi's bloated body was found naked on his bed, multiple needle marks obscenely disfiguring his swollen arms. For many self-appointed moralizers, it was an all-too-predictable ending to yet another rock-culture superstar. But for *Penthouse* reporters **Allan Sonnenschein** and **Jayne Dana**, the discovery of Belushi's body was only the beginning of a mystery that would ultimately lead to a complex six-month investigation. Finding that there were discrepancies in the official medical report, Sonnenschein and Dana soon discovered that the public was being misinformed on almost every aspect of official news coverage. As they probed further and asked harder questions, sources would evaporate or simply cease to be friendly. Bureaucrats began to stall. Documents disappeared into thin air. Threats were made. All of this only confirmed their determination to find out what really happened. We think that you'll agree that "John Belushi's Last Five Days" (page 78) is a gripping human drama as well as first-rate investigative reporting. As this issue goes to press, we have learned that many of the facts uncovered by Sonnenschein and Dana while researching their story have helped to prompt a grand-jury investigation that may finally resolve the unanswered questions. But their complete and authoritative description of a man's losing battle with despair is a contemporary American tragedy of epic proportions.

The story of **Jack Henry Abbott** is another kind of American tragedy. This two-time brutal murderer and onetime darling of the radical-chic literary establishment has become the focal point of an intense national debate about the nature and effectiveness of our so-called criminal justice system. Because the myths surrounding this brilliant but deadly revolutionary threatened to engulf the reality of Abbott himself and–more important–the prisons in which he has spent all his adult life, we sent freelance writer **Peter Manso** to talk to him under maximum-security conditions at the Springfield, Mo., Medical Center for Federal Prisoners. The interview, which begins on page 96, is one of the most extraordinary that we've ever published. Manso, author of the forthcoming novel *The Shadow of the Moth,* often enraged the captive killer but finally gained his respect as he forced Abbott to rise above his Marxist rhetoric and confront the truth about himself and the barred world in which some defective internal mechanism has forever entombed him.

The sexual equivalents to Jack Henry Abbott can be found in ever increasing numbers among the exalted ranks of the upper classes–or so insists **Monique van Vooren**, and, as a longtime observer of these rare and exotic fauna, who would know better? But, unlike Abbott, the men who indulge their extravagant if not excessive appetites in "Sex Is Not Enough: The Erotic Life of Super-rich Men" (page 128) are some of the most powerful and respected individuals in the world. Fans of van Vooren's best-selling novel *Night Sanctuary* (which has just been issued in paperback) will know how perfectly her acid-etched prose limns the degrading lives of her subjects–so perfectly, in fact, that they themselves will probably enjoy reading every last nauseating detail...in private.

Sex, as most of us suspect, can also be fun–even profitable–especially for those with less esoteric desires, as Lanny Butler, "The All-American Stripper" profiled by **Ellen Sherman** on page 150, has learned. Lanny, you see, is a prostitute, and for $75 and up he will show a girl a good time–sometimes five or six girls a night. We're sure you'll enjoy this fourth installment in our series on male prostitution, almost as much as Lanny enjoys *living* it.

We have two other male success stories–albeit wildly different ones–in this issue. Contributing editor **Marilyn Stasio** went backstage during the rehearsals of *Cats* to write about the incredible young English composer **Andrew Lloyd Webber** (page 154). In "The New Right's Secret Power Broker" (page 146), Washington author **Perry Deane Young** describes how **Richard A. Viguerie**, an almost totally unknown political prestidigitator, has managed to become more influential than people like Jerry Falwell or Barry Goldwater.

Lest we be accused of Scrooge-like stinginess, we have further assembled an outstanding collection of Christmas treats for your Yuletide pleasure. First, there is a perfect holiday fantasy from the magical pen of **William Kotzwinkle**, whose novelization of *E.T.* became a hardcover and paperback best-seller simultaneously. There are no extraterrestrials, but there are plenty of special effects in our excerpt from *Christmas at Fontaine's*, which will be published soon by G. P. Putnam's (page 100). Next, we have thoughtfully assembled a catalog of ideal gifts for some of those difficult names on your list...such as Queen Elizabeth, Bo Derek, and Jodie Foster (page 219). To further raise your holiday spirits, there's **Joseph Dawes**'s "That's Funny, He Doesn't Look Jewish," an irreverent portfolio of sketches (page 163), and a report on some of the most exclusive watering holes in the country (page 188). And for the best in leather and suede, we sample the truly elite offerings of North Beach Leather (page 178). Finally, as a very special gift just for *you*, we've bound in a free, sample copy of *Forum* magazine, chock-full of the same exciting articles and features that *Forum* publishes every month.

The best Christmas gifts of all, however, are the beautiful holiday angels we've strewn generously throughout these pages... not the least of which is **Anna Fraley**, this year's Pet of the Year runner-up and photographer/publisher **Bob Guccione**'s personal nominee as one of the two, or three, sexiest Pets of all time. Unlike more ephemeral presents, whose worth and interest often fade like Christmas trees in January, their celestial loveliness knows no season. God rest you merry...everyone!

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It's a wolf in sheep's clothing.

At Volkswagen we're never completely satisfied by what we've built before. No matter how good it is, it's never good enough.

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DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

SELF-SUFFICIENT

Like many of your readers I grab your magazine as soon as it hits the newsstand, and like many of your readers I am greatly turned on by the letters and pictorials. I masturbate looking at those fantastic asses, tits, and cunts. I especially like the ones showing two girls getting it on.

Now the difference is that I am female. I am twenty-six years old, and my measurements are 38-25-37. I am divorced and live alone and I don't have to work, so this leaves me with plenty of time for my favorite hobby, mainly jerking off my cunt to fantastic orgasms. I am a compulsive masturbator. I have jerked my cunt to a juicy orgasm as many as thirty times in a day. Allowing eight hours for sleep, that's as much as twice an hour. I don't suppose this is a record but I would like to hear from other readers on this. I never play with my pussy less than a dozen times a day. Sometimes I have three comes before I even get out of bed.

Although I have never had sex with a woman, my fantasies during masturbation most often involve lovely girls with big tits and nicely rounded asses and juicy slits. I have fingered myself many times looking at some layout in one of your issues. How I would love to bury my face in one of those beautiful cunts or just lie with one of the models and watch her finger-fuck herself!

With this juicy cunt between my legs, I can please myself any time I want, any way I want. I have a large collection of playthings to satisfy my cunt. (I love the word *cunt*!) With a little imagination I can get my cunt off with all kinds of things besides my fingers, vibrators, and dildoes. I've used carrots, candles, cucumbers, corn on the cob, the handle of my hand mirror, bananas, and all sorts of other things commonly used by women. I have, however, one item for solo fucking that is probably unique. I have had a thing for high heels ever since I wore my first pair. They make me feel very sexy. I stay naked most of the time, even now, except for my shoes. I have several pairs that I never wear outside, which I bought for solo sex only. I usually dig out one of your pictorials showing a girl with her hand on her cunt or spreading her cunt lips. She must be wearing heels like I am. I get a pair of shoes from my collection that most closely resembles hers. I then lie on my bed with the shoes and the magazine and start to jerk my clit with my right hand while I run the fingers of my left hand along the folds of my cunt. When I start getting nice and juicy, I stop jerking and cross my legs tightly to feel those wonderful vibes. Then I take a tit in each of my hands and raise them both so I can lick and suck my nipples. This really makes my juices flow. I then go back to my cunt. I put two fingers way inside to feel the silky skin and creamy juice. I then lick the cream from my fingers, and at this point I am ready.

I reach for one of the shoes and lick the heel all over. Then I stare at the picture for a moment. I usually say something like "Fuck me, you bitch!" or "Make me come with your shoe!" or "You shoe fucker, shove it in my cunt!" At this point, I slide the heel of the shoe into my juicy cunt and bring the sole of the shoe against my clit. I press hard to get the heel as far up my cunt as I can. I roll the shoe sideways slightly, feeling the smooth sole on my clit. My ass is bouncing like crazy by now, as I begin my mini-orgasms, building up to the big one, all of which can last up to half an hour. At this point I call out the name of the girl in the picture and plead with her: "Fuck me harder, faster!" or "Please let me fuck you with my heel." I think that having some lovely doll fuck me like that while I get her off with my heel would be the ultimate. Just as I approach my big climax I take the other shoe, wet it in my mouth, ram it into my ass, and come like a wild woman.

I should mention that I also have a pair of pointy-toed patent leather shoes. I prefer to put the toes, rather than the heels, of these shoes into my cunt. I call this "toeing with myself," and I can even do it while I watch TV!—*Name and address withheld*

BY PRESCRIPTION ONLY

As I am a longtime fan and reader of *Penthouse*, I have been very disappointed and somewhat frustrated by the lack of letters concerning the erotic enema. I am writing this letter, based on my own experiences over the years, in the hope that it will encourage others with a similar preference for the erotic enema to write and contribute their experiences to your column.

Since I am a thirty-year-old female, I must admit that I was not always an enema fan. On the contrary, my early childhood recollections on the subject can best be described in three words; fear, pain, and avoidance. It was not until I was nineteen that an unexpected and initially dreaded experience changed my mind and made me an erotic enema devotee. At that time I developed a digestive problem. When my mother took me to our family physician, he referred me to a physical therapist for a series of enemas, which prompted me to

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become almost hysterical in the doctor's office. However, over my vehement protests, both he and my mother insisted that the appointment be made and it was scheduled for the following afternoon.

After spending a somewhat sleepless night, my mother and I arrived at the therapist's office and were greeted by a middle-aged woman in a white uniform, who proceeded to take down all of the necessary personal information. After completing the required form, she ushered me to a small room that contained little more than an examination-type table, a storage cabinet, and a T-stand. She told me to get undressed and put on the hospital gown that was hanging on the T-stand, and she left the room.

Approximately fifteen minutes later the door opened and, expecting to see the same woman that had taken me to this room, I was shocked when a young man (he looked to be in his late twenties) entered the room, introduced himself as my therapist (the person that would be giving me my "treatment," the word he used) and proceeded to take the necessary equipment from the storage cabinet. I was so embarrassed by the thought of this young man giving me an enema that I found it impossible to look in his direction and kept staring at the wall until he completed his preparations. The only time that I glanced to see what he was doing was when he opened a small door that I had thought might be a closet. I realized that the room that I was in was equipped with its own private bathroom. I heard him running water and assumed that he was filling the container for my enema.

When he came back into the room, he hung the container on the T-stand and told me to get up on the table and lie on my left side. Up to this point my discomfort was limited to fear and embarrassment, but when he proceeded to part my hospital gown (exposing my buttocks) and started to lubricate my rectum, in preparation for the enema, I was totally humiliated and could have buried myself in the floor with shame if it had been at all possible.

Next, after telling me to relax and assuring me that he was not going to hurt me, he inserted the nozzle slowly into my rectum. After he had inserted it as far as it would go, I saw the shadow of his arm reach up to release the water in the container. I stiffened as I started to feel the warm water begin to penetrate my bowels. Again, he told me to relax and began to massage my stomach with his left hand, at the same time sliding the nozzle in and out of my rectum in a rhythmic fashion.

It was at this point that I began to enjoy what he was doing to me and began to lose my feeling of fear and shame and became totally relaxed. A minute or two later, I realized that I was becoming sexually aroused and the feeling of shame returned, out of fear that the therapist would notice the effect his "treatment" was beginning to have on me. Since I couldn't control it, I began to moan, hoping that the therapist would attribute my vocal reaction to the strange but enjoyable feeling in my abdomen rather than the same strange but enjoyable feeling I was experiencing in my vagina.

The total pleasure that his enema was giving me was such that I didn't realize that I had taken the full container until I felt the therapist remove the nozzle from my rectum. He told me to rest for a few minutes and then use the bathroom to expel the water. He then left the room, saying that he would return to give me two more enemas, the last being a cleansing enema. I rested on the table, as he had suggested, but was anxious to get to the bathroom to expel the first enema—but not for the obvious reason. Frankly, at this point, I was looking forward to the second and third enemas and was somewhat impatient in my anticipation.

The second treatment was even more enjoyable than the first, and I became less concerned about my therapist becoming aware of the fact that he was providing me with intense pleasure. Although he was totally professional throughout and never gave any indication that he knew I was experiencing such sexual pleasure because of what he was doing to me, I assumed that he must have had other female patients that reacted as I did and accepted it as perfectly normal. At one point, my body shuddered and I let out a gasp, so he had to know that by giving me the enema he had also given me an orgasm, but I was in such ecstasy that I no longer cared. In fact, when he gave me the cleansing enema, I became brazen and placed my left hand in my crotch and fingered myself during the enema. Even though the hospital gown concealed my hand, I'm sure that the therapist knew what I was doing, since his hand brushed my arm several times while he was massaging my stomach.

In accordance with my doctor's instructions, I paid two more visits to the therapist's office and thoroughly enjoyed each one, especially the last visit, when a different therapist gave me my enema, since he was even younger and better-looking than the first one.

Since that time, I have become obsessed with enemas and have gone to great lengths to satisfy my need to be given an enema, especially since it must be given by a man. I have tried it with other women, but it is never as satisfying as it is when done to me by a man.—*Name and address withheld*

C.A.I.
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ON THE LOOKOUT

I have been reading *Penthouse* for years. I am writing in particular because of "Oral Devotee" in September's issue. I, too, am a lover of pussy and love to eat and suck a hot wet pussy for hours on end. I have even inserted an ad in a magazine, inviting women to call me for such a service at no charge.

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Most of my invitations came from, believe it or not, the husbands, who liked to watch their wives being eaten and enjoying themselves. The difference is that even though these women say they have enjoyed my oral ministrations, it is a one-time thing with them.

One instance I recall was on a Saturday evening when the phone rang and this sexy woman's voice with a French accent asked if I was free for the evening. Could I come over to the motel where she was staying for some good pussy-licking? She said she was forty-five years old and was that all right. Being at the time fifty-one myself, of course I said okay and made a date for 9:00 P.M.

At the appointed time, I arrived at her motel door and knocked, and she let me in. She was wearing a red velvet dressrobe slit up the side, high on her hips, and I could see some very beautiful leg. After some wine, she asked if I was ready. When I said yes, she then called out and her husband came out of the bathroom. She asked if that was okay, which it was. She sat on the bed, drew up her dressrobe, and lay back, exposing a most beautiful and wet pussy to my gaze and hungry mouth. Without further ado, I proceeded to take off my clothes and then proceeded to do what I like best. Suck pussy! I sucked her pussy for about a half-hour, during which time she was constantly moaning and coming. She finally lifted herself a little higher and panted, "Suck my ass, suck my ass please." Without hesitation, I plunged my tongue into a hot, steaming, delicious ass and really enjoyed myself, as she obviously did also.

When she was satiated, she insisted that she suck my hard, aching cock to relieve it of its juices, which she said is a big thing with her.

A week later, she called me again for a repeat performance, except that this time her husband joined in after a round of cunt-sucking, at which time we both fucked her at the same time. I was on the bottom with my cock in her cunt and he took her rear on top. She loved it and she climaxed almost immediately.

I envy "Oral Devotee" in that he gets asked back time and time again. I am looking for a woman who dearly loves to be sucked and eaten as a companion or lover, etc., as I am at present not married. I'll keep looking, however, for all the pussy that I can suck. Some think fifty-two is over the hill. Believe me, I think I can suck better than the younger ones, because my heart (or I should say tongue) is really in it.—
Name and address withheld

SELF-EXPRESSION

Either I'm a prude or teaching isn't a very exciting field in which to find sex partners. Up until three weeks ago I hadn't had a sexual encounter beyond light petting. Then again, teaching college doesn't expose you to the kind of males that a twenty-eight-year-old like myself would be interested in. So I've done my job, run over French exercises, and drilled students each day for many years.

But this spring an attractive nineteen-year-old sophomore entered my class. I was immediately attracted to her . . . yes, she was a girl!

There was nothing sexual about the attraction at first. She was very bright, cute, and a little overweight, and she helped me very enthusiastically with all my classroom chores. I began to have lunch with her and generally just found her a joy to be around.

About halfway through the semester, when I began to give tests, I was sitting at my desk, watching the students pore over exams, when I noticed Leslie (that's her name). She was wearing a rather short skirt, with her legs slightly parted. I couldn't believe it, but I swore I could see pubic hairs where her pudgy thighs met.

I looked away, half out of embarrassment and half to see if anyone else noticed. When I looked back she had crossed her legs and I almost fainted. Never had I had such a feeling. My body became flushed and I gaped at her. My eyes were riveted to the pink line running between her thighs. I don't know how long I stared at her, but the class bell almost put me through the ceiling. I asked, in a very hoarse voice, that the students pass their tests forward, but Leslie jumped up and said, "I'll collect them."

Leslie collected the papers, brought them to my desk, and cheerily said, "I'll see you tomorrow, Miss Glenn," and then bounced out of the room.

I never spent a more restless night in my life. I tossed and turned, angry at myself for getting excited over something so perverse, but I couldn't wait till the next day.

After three days of this, with my lessons going down the drain, I decided to pay her mother a visit and tell her what was going on. After all, Leslie was so oblivious to her actions, maybe it was accidental.

At 4:30 that afternoon I drove up to a small frame house on a quiet block. The door was opened by a very attractive blond woman in her early forties, and I introduced myself as Leslie's teacher.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Leslie has told me so much about you. Please call me Maggie." She led me to a very traditional living room and we both sat on the couch. "Now what brings you here, Miss Glenn? Is Leslie doing all right in her studies?"

"Yes . . . it's just that . . . well, I don't know how to tell you this. It's just that for a few days now, Leslie hasn't been wearing any panties, and with her short skirts her pubic area is very evident."

Leslie's mother looked a bit surprised and then called upstairs. Leslie bounced down the stairs and sat on a stuffed chair opposite her mother and me. Her mother asked, "Leslie, Miss Glenn said that you've been showing yourself in class. Is that true?"

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A NEW UNDERSTANDING

I live in a fairly liberated area of New York, and last month I had an experience I'm sure many of your readers would be interested to hear about. I had gone to a party at the apartment of a friend of mine and had proceeded to get quite high. Perhaps I should say that I am five foot five, and have a good figure and long brown hair. The apartment was rented by Leo and his new roomie Al. It was divided into two halves, each with its own living room and two small bedrooms. Leo and Al shared a kitchen between them. Late in the evening I needed to use the facilities, but Leo's bathroom was occupied, so I went through the kitchen into Al's apartment.

The light was on in the living room and I walked back along the hallway trying to locate his bathroom. As I passed one of the bedrooms, I saw in the light from the hallway someone stretched out on a bed. At first I couldn't see whether it was a man or a woman, but when I looked more closely I saw that it was very definitely a man. He was lying on his back, with one arm somewhat draped off the side of the bed, and he appeared to be in a deep sleep. I couldn't believe what I saw. He was wearing one of the sexiest and most feminine nightgowns I had ever seen. What's more, he looked like he was also wearing a bra and stockings.

As I peered in amazement through the open doorway, I realized it was Al. I stepped quietly into the room and stood for a moment just staring at the way the nylon was sort of bunched up around his waist, revealing a black garter belt and dark stockings. I had seen him drinking at the party earlier, and I was pretty sure he was out cold, so I tiptoed over to where a sliding closet door had been left open and received my second shock. Hanging in the closet was the most fantastic collection of lingerie I had ever seen. He must have had a hundred nightgowns! Then I saw to the right of the closet door an open bureau drawer overflowing with panties and brassieres. It occurred to me that he probably left doors and drawers open because he liked to see what was inside. I had heard about men who liked to wear women's underwear, and I was really fascinated by it.

I must have stood there for fifteen minutes, rooted to the spot, just looking at his nylon-clad figure. I didn't understand it then, and I don't understand it now, but I found that I was getting turned on by the sight. I was having the wildest fantasies about rubbing his obviously erect penis through the nylon. Like I said, I was pretty high. Finally, I couldn't stand it anymore, so I slowly took off my clothes, except for my bra and panties, which I left on deliberately, and crept over to the bed. Listening to the steady rhythm of his breathing, I gently lifted the nightgown up and took his large, smooth dick into my eager mouth. I began moving back and forth, back and forth, savoring the delicious taste and wonderful feeling of that warm, hard rod gliding over my tongue and slipping down into the back of my throat. I gradually increased the tempo and started little flicking movements with my tongue, then I sucked hard on the tip, and at the same time gently squeezed his warm balls with the nightgown. I felt a shuddering in his body and I knew he was about ready to come, so I sucked him hard and fast, and he came into my mouth and over my lips. I swallowed it all and licked his still hard cock clean.

As I lay the nightgown back I happened

"I enjoyed that, too, but you're still under arrest for breaking and entering."

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to look up at him and saw with a start that his eyes were open and he was watching me. I sheepishly said hi and told him that I hoped he didn't mind what I had done. I felt like I had invaded his privacy. He told me that he hadn't minded at all and that having a woman be attracted to him while he was wearing lingerie was something that he had always fantasized about. I considered it for about two seconds and decided that I had come to the party by myself, so I stayed with him, and we lay for hours together and he told me about himself.

As a child he had seen his sisters and mother wearing nylon underwear and nightclothes, and he had felt left out. His sisters felt sorry for him, and without their parents knowing, they often gave him something made of nylon to wear at night. The good feeling that he had gotten in his penis from the nylon material rapidly became connected with sexuality and he began masturbating while wearing a pair of panties. Then for a secret birthday present, his sisters gave him a slip. He soon realized that to make it look right, he needed to wear a bra, so he did. One thing had led to another, and his fetish for lingerie had grown to occupy his entire sex life.

During this whole time I had kept mostly quiet, but then I took his hand and let him feel my bra and panties. He put his face down against them and smelled them. I could see he was getting turned on. Leaning up in the bed, he took off the nightgown. He had on a really lovely black lace bra and a black garter belt holding up his seamless stockings. I took off my panties and handed them to him. He put them on in a hurry and his prick bulged against the silky material. He pushed me back on the bed and proceeded to eat me out like I'd never been eaten out before.

I let him keep the panties. I haven't been back there since then, but I plan to make a return visit, and this time I'll really be prepared.—*Name and address withheld*

SHE'S FOUND HER NICHE

I was very interested to read the article "S & M for Beginners" in your August issue. Only now, after two years, have I begun to shed some of my inhibitions about my own secret S & M relationship that has made my life so wonderful. Most people still don't know about it, and I'm happy to keep things that way. I have a good job in a professional firm, and the fact that I'm into S & M won't help that.

My relationship started two summers ago. I was having a drink with a very old friend. Partly because of the alcohol and partly because Keith was such a trusted friend, I confessed that I had long fantasized about an S & M relationship ever since I read the *Story of O*. I was twenty-three when I first mentioned it to him, and very attractive, with a 34-22-35 figure and deep-brown hair. I didn't think much of our conversation at the time, but the next time I saw Keith we were sipping a drink at his apartment and he managed to trick me into wearing handcuffs. Once I was tied up, he stripped me and fucked me, and I was well on the way to this wonderful S & M relationship.

I'll skip most of the day-to-day details of my training. Suffice it to say that I soon moved in with Keith and had to follow a set of rules. These were: when I'm out in public with Keith, I cannot wear a bra or panties, and I usually have to wear a skirt so Keith can have access to my cunt; in the house I must always wear spike-heeled shoes with knee socks, but otherwise be nude; I am responsible for all the cleaning, in which case I wear a small apron; and I must always do what Keith tells me to do, or else I will be spanked.

Many of your readers will find this hard to believe, but we don't have sex every day in spite of the fact that I must always be available for it. Some days, though, we will be sitting watching TV, when he'll order me to suck his cock, perhaps with special instructions, such as to let it come in my face or hold his cock just outside my mouth so he can watch it squirt down my throat.

About three months ago Keith told me that he wanted to expand our relationship to a threesome. At first I was a little hurt, but Keith told me I was to select a girl for us to seduce. I decided upon Jane almost by accident.

You see, I have smallish nipples, but they are very pointy when I'm turned on. They were quite visible beneath my T-shirt when I met Jane, who was selling me some earrings in her jewelry store. I told her that I would need piercing to wear them and Jane said that that could be done at the rear of the shop. I sat down in the little room where the piercing was done, and I knew Jane had caught a glimpse of my naked cunt under my skirt. But she was really surprised when I lifted my T-shirt and told her it was my nipples that were to be pierced. She tried to act cool, but I knew she was nervous about touching my tits when she pierced my nipples. I tried to make her feel at ease by telling her about the joys of my relationship with Keith.

Later on, I told Keith that I wanted Jane to be the third in our relationship. We seduced her by seeing her every week to buy more earrings. I always struck up a conversation with her, and after a month or so she became quite friendly. Because she had always been interested in my relationship with Keith, I invited her back to the house to see what it was like firsthand, although it was only after the third invitation that she accepted.

When we got to the house, I knew I had to get into my outfit of spiked shoes and knee socks, but I was embarrassed to do this in front of Jane. No one had ever seen me as a slave before except Keith. Jane was a bit nervous, but we tried to keep the evening as normal as possible, apart from

"... and finally, on the twelfth day of Christmas ..."

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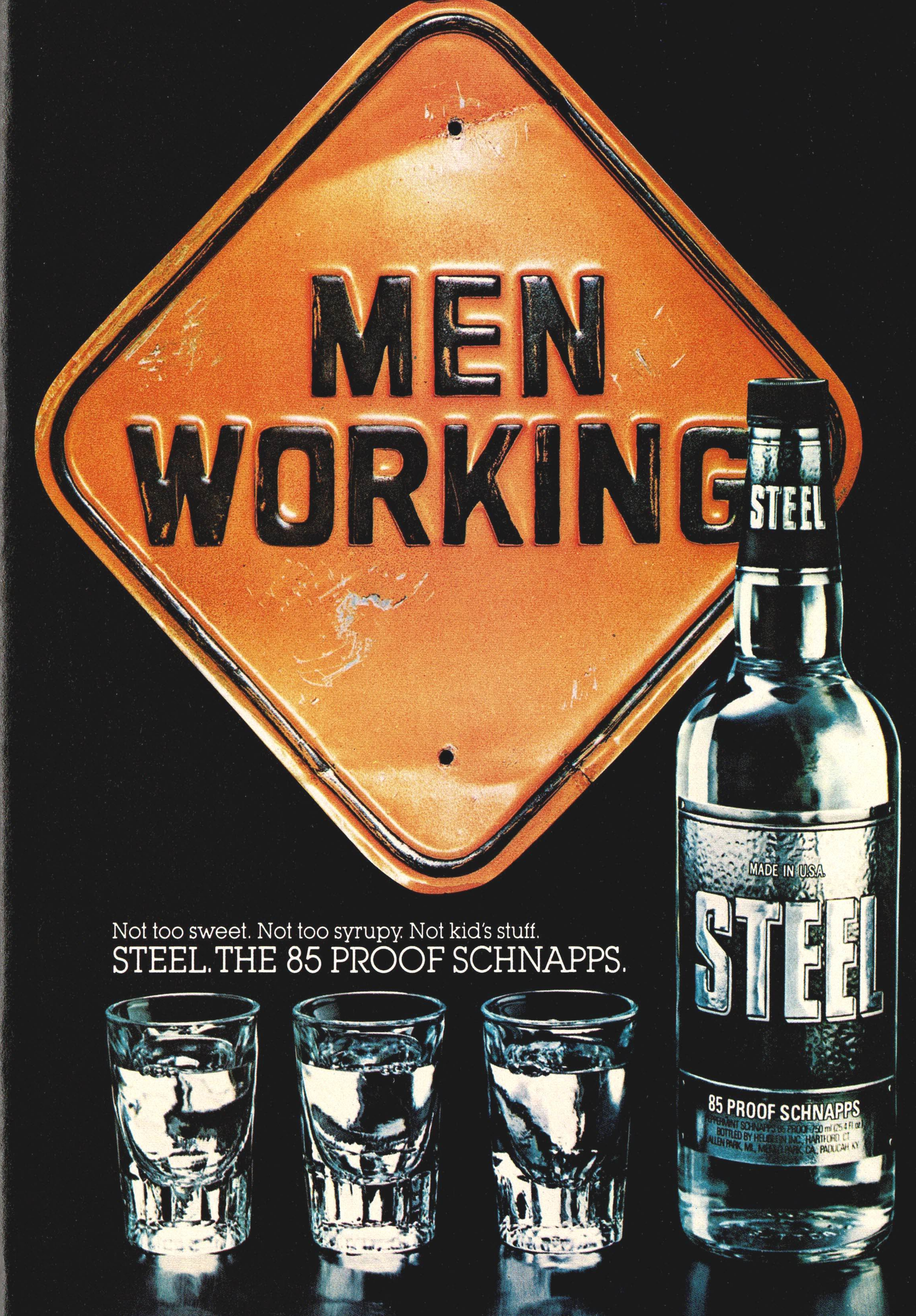
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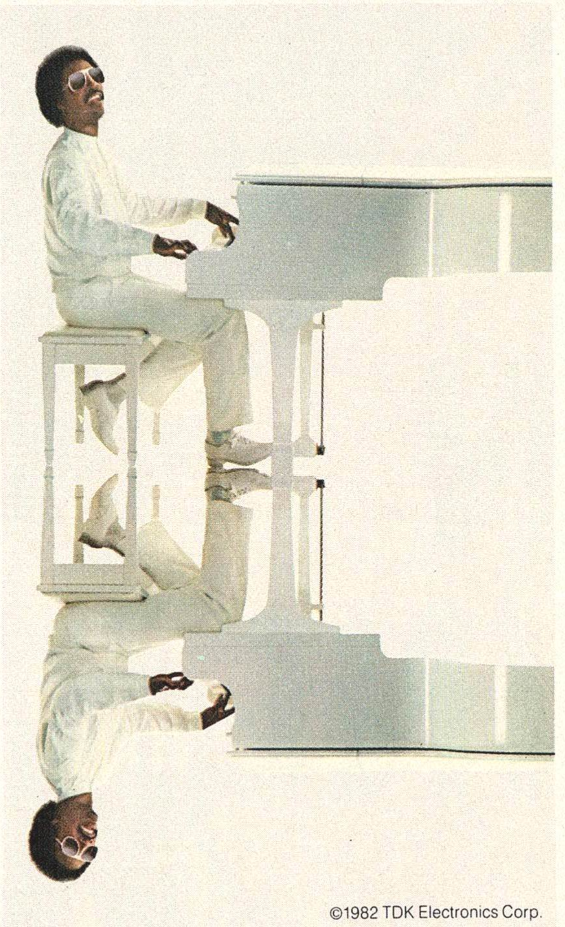

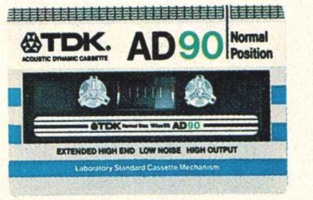
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the fact that I was virtually nude. Keith ordered me to fix and serve drinks, which I did, and then I returned from the kitchen wearing a large hooped earring through each nipple.

We chatted as we drank, and Keith made me tell Jane that our relationship was really quite normal in all regards, but that my personality was such that I had to be a total sexual slave. Jane was very interested but found it all rather difficult to comprehend. She was young, just twenty-one, and did not believe that I had to do whatever Keith ordered.

Later in the evening I dropped a wineglass and I knew I would have to be punished. The evening was coming to a close anyway, and Keith told Jane that he would be punishing me. But he said, "Since you've been so interested in our relationship, you can stay to watch Rita get punished if you like. You don't have to worry about getting involved, though."

As I feared, Jane chose to stay. I had to assume my usual position, lying lengthwise along a long, wide sofa arm. My ass was at the very end, one leg over one side on the floor and the other stretched over the cushions on the seat. My arms were pulled out in front of me and cuffed to a loop in the wall. Keith invited Jane to watch the blows administered, but before he started he pointed out how this position exposed not only my ass but also my cunt. I felt his fingers on my cunt lips as he told Jane, "See how her inner lips are getting puffed out, and notice the little drops of cunt juice. You can see how she enjoys this."

Then, with a loud smack, his hand came down on my ass. My whole body jerked and I whimpered a bit. Just over my shoulder I could see Keith really lean into the blows. Blow after blow rained down on my ass, and I was really turning on. Keith showed Jane how wet my cunt was getting. From my position I could just barely see Jane. I noticed her biting her lip and wincing slightly with the sound of each spank. Her arms were crossed over her chest, and in each hand she held a tit and massaged them through her blouse. After thirty strokes my punishment stopped. Keith explained that I needed a little tenderness at this point and Jane chose to leave.

I wondered what Jane thought of all of that, but the next weekend when I went to the jewelry store she asked if she could come and visit us again.

She came over that evening, and it began much as did the last one. She asked more questions about our relationship, still finding it difficult to believe that I was a total slave. Keith finally said to her, "Jane, you seem very interested, so here is a proposition. Rita is a slave and she needs guidance and discipline. I am her master, but if you like, you can be her mistress." I had always thought Keith wanted her to be an equal slave, and I was humiliated to think that she would be my mistress. Jane was unsure of herself, but Keith pointed out how much she enjoyed watching me being disciplined and told her that she could discipline me in the future. Jane was intrigued but uncertain.

Keith told me to show Jane how good a slave I could be. I walked over and sat beside her, running my hands through her hair. "Can I make Rita do whatever I want?" she asked. When Keith said yes, she looked at me with a steely glint in her green eyes and told me to spread my legs and masturbate in front of her. As I did, she gave me more commands, such as to stick my finger in my cunt and get it wet and then lick it clean. "Is that the first time you've tasted cunt?" she asked. I mumbled yes, and yes again when she asked me if it tasted good. "Then do it again," she commanded over and over. When I finally came, Keith told Jane the rules if she wanted to join our threesome.

Like me, she could not wear a bra or panties in public, and her five foot four inch, 37-23-34 body would have to be kept nude around the house. She had to follow Keith's orders and could be disciplined, but she had the extra advantage of knowing that although she was Keith's slave, I was a slave to both of them.

Keith told me to undress Jane, which I did. As I was slipping off her very wet panties, Keith told Jane, "I think our slave should make you feel welcome in your new home." He looked at me and gave me a two-word order: "Eat her!" I had never licked a cunt before, and as I later found out, Jane had almost never had her cunt licked. She looked nervous as Keith pushed my head toward her cunt. He pulled Jane's legs apart, and I began licking at her slit. At first I didn't like it, but I soon began to enjoy her taste. I could feel her begin to twitch, and as I looked up at her I could see her hands massaging her big tits. I found her clit, and she was soon coming.

Jane disciplined me two days later, although I can't remember what for. Keith watched as she spanked me. When she finished, he reminded her that I needed some tenderness after my punishment. She asked him what she should do, because she wasn't a lesbian and didn't want to eat me. Keith said the standard tender treatment was a good fucking.

The next day he presented Jane with a strap-on dildo especially for this purpose. She strapped it on and gently spread my cunt lips as she eased it into me. Slowly her hands ran up my body, squeezing my tits and showing her latent tendencies. Then she began fucking me. About a week later, she gave up fighting it all together, and after spanking me once she left me tied up but began to finger-fuck me. But when it came time for my tenderness she wouldn't eat me.

Keith is a good master, and he knew that that was what I wanted. Usually I am allowed to have what I want when it is my

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turn for nice treatment. He ordered Jane to eat me. She refused, and got her first taste of discipline instead. After he finished, he ate her and fucked her, ordering me to suck on her big tits. As I was sucking on her she ran her hands through my hair and finally pulled me to her and kissed me. Keith told her I still needed something more from her, and she ate me.

Since Jane has come to live with us, that is pretty much what life is like at the house. In some ways, she is better than Keith because she understands my need to feel humiliated better than he does. Just last night she and Keith invited three other couples over to the house for dinner. Jane and I are allowed to wear clothes when other people come over. After the meal, Jane said we were going to get a treat. Then she ordered me to sit up on the table and lift my skirt, revealing that I wore no panties. What a conversation stopper! She served liqueurs and told me to masturbate while everyone watched. As they sipped their drinks, the squishy sound became louder as my fingers danced through my wet slit and clit. Jane invited them all to touch me and feel me coming. One guy actually had the nerve and got up and did it. Because I was so humiliated, I practically exploded when I came. After we left the table, one girl came up to me and said she found my show so exciting that she almost came herself. Jane heard her and told her she could take me upstairs and I would eat her if she wanted.

I love my S & M life. Jane and Keith are very good to me and show me off only to very close friends. I've learned a lot over the past two years, and if any lady reading this letter thinks I'm crazy, she ought to try it first. Then she'll know how exciting it can be.—*Name and address withheld*

OPEN TO SUGGESTION

I've been reading *Penthouse* for over ten years now, and finally have experienced something that might interest your readers! It's my fifteen-year fantasy come true!

I'm an architect and work for my dad. I have a cousin, Ellen, who works for my dad as his bookkeeper. From a skinny, flat-chested kid, she finally blossomed into a gorgeous, well-endowed woman! She stands five-four, has long jet-black hair, and has a 36B pair of freckled tits. She's married to a guy who is on the road a lot, leaving her alone at home. Since we were always close, it wasn't unusual for me to drop by her place for beer occasionally.

One day, I noticed a book she was reading, on the toilet top. It was a book on hypnosis. I was intrigued. I asked her about it and she said that she was trying to learn self-hypnosis to quit smoking. Being a dirty-minded individual, I casually asked her if I could try hypnotizing her, just to see if I could do it. She nodded.

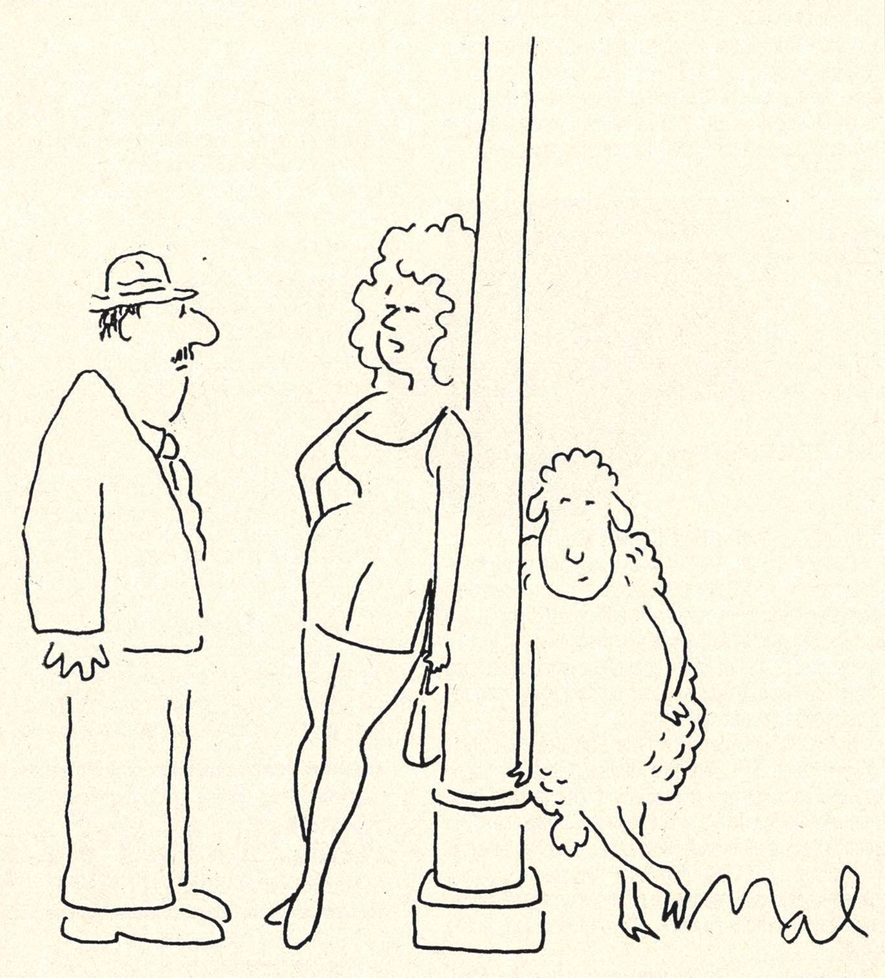
I bought two books on this subject and decided to make an attempt. She was really very excited about it and told me that it should be "very interesting." I think she was trying to give me a hint, but I pretended not to catch on, just in case I was mistaken about her hinting.

She said she would be more comfortable lying down on her bed, so we went up to her bedroom. She plopped down on the bed, took her shoes off, and placed her hands down to her side. She was wearing her tank top, and I could see that her tits were just begging to be caressed! I began by saying: "You are feeling very relaxed." This process took a good ten minutes, by which time she had closed her eyes and was breathing deeply.

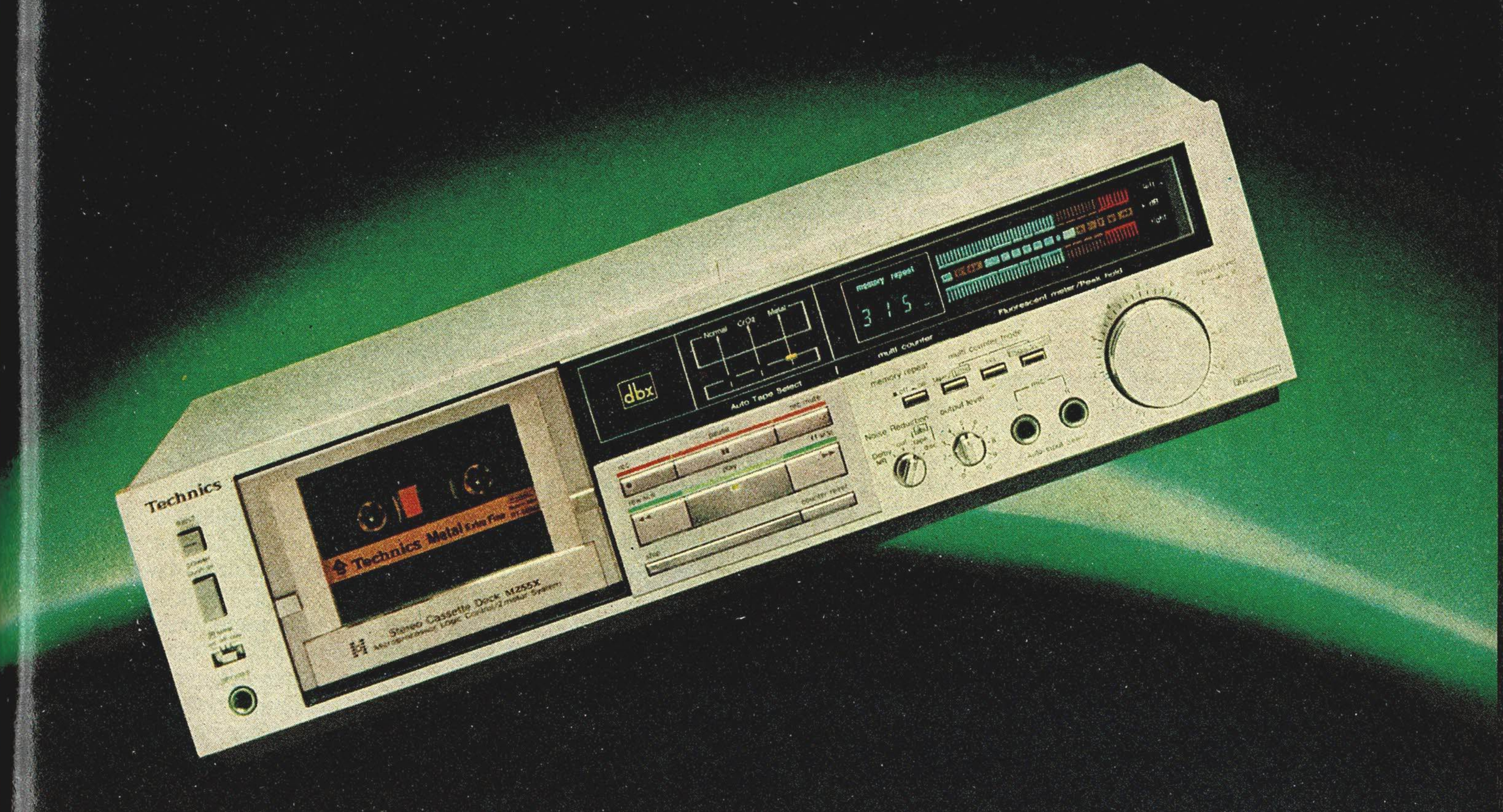
I assumed that she was "under." I asked her if she was comfortable, but she replied that it was hot. I was getting excited and already had a raging hard-on! Wondering if she would take off her top, I told her that it was getting warmer in the bedroom. She squirmed around. I then suggested that she could take off her tank top, and to my surprise, she started to pull it off! I stared bug-eyed at her heaving tits! I was starting to sweat! I then knew that I was in complete control! You can't imagine what raced through my mind!

I told her that it was still a bit warm and that she should take off her shorts. I waited in eager anticipation, taking in the striptease in slow motion! I just about shot my load when I saw that she didn't have any panties on, and her pussy was shaved completely! I commanded her to spread her legs, and she responded by spreading them out very wide. I then instructed her to remain relaxed and calm, that I was going to give her something that I had longed to for fifteen years! I got in between her legs and buried my head in her crotch, sticking my tongue up her pussy and making circular motions around her erect clit. I could see and taste her juices starting to flow! She began moaning softly, and I asked her if she liked it. She responded by saying: "Yes, it feels so good, don't stop!" She still had her eyes closed and was gyrating her hips as I darted my tongue around her cunt. I knew she was nearing orgasm because of her breathing. Finally, she arched her back and let out a loud moan! Her body was racked with spasms as she came. I could feel her pussy pulsating on my tongue. She just about tore my hair out with her hands.

I was terribly worked up now. I quickly undressed. I asked her if it was okay for me to enter her, and she said yes in a dazed voice. She once again spread her legs wide, and I guided my cock inside her wet pussy. It just slid right in—well lubed with anticipation! My head was spinning. I started pumping away, ever so slowly at first. She opened her eyes, which really scared me, thinking that she had regained her senses. Fortunately, she still had that dazed look on her face, and only smiled. I began increasing the tempo, and she responded in turn by thrusting her hips into me. The tension in my balls was increas-



"I take the sailors, she takes the shepherds."



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ing, and I knew that I was going to shoot soon. I had planned to pull out and shoot on her stomach, but she wouldn't let me go. She had her legs wrapped around my waist and was actually humping me in a real frenzy. Too late now. I shot my load deep inside her, and remained inside her after the throbbing had stopped. After that, she let go and I was able to pull out. When I did so, come started dribbling out of her pussy and onto the sheets! I ran to the bathroom and cleaned up the mess with tissues. She was still breathing deeply and now had her eyes closed.

I suggested that she should get dressed now, as the room was getting chilly, and she proceeded to get her top and bottoms on. I planted a thought in her mind: "After you awaken, you will not remember what had happened." I repeated this suggestion several times, then told her to snap out of it at the count of ten. When I counted ten, she opened her eyes, stretched, and said she was sleepy. She asked me what happened, and I gave her a safe answer. She accompanied me down to the kitchen, where we drank some soft drinks, and I departed. Before I went to bed, I jerked off twice just thinking about what had happened.

I saw Ellen at work the following day, and everything seemed normal. I was feeling really smug and happy. Whenever her husband is away, she invites me over for a hypnosis session. She claims that she isn't smoking as much as she used to! Once, while under, she confided to me that she was sexually frustrated because she had a high sex drive and wasn't satisfied with the quantity or quality of her husband's performance. I was very glad to help her out!—*Name and address withheld*

MONKEY SEE

I am writing this letter with the encouragement of my husband. I am twenty-five years old and have been married for the past three years. During that time I have enjoyed reading *Penthouse*, particularly the letters in "Forum." I am a voyeur. I know that is rare for a woman, but it has to do with the way I got my sex education.

Seven years ago, I idolized the girl who lived next door to us. She was twenty-one and very beautiful with thick, silky, shoulder-length hair, green eyes, soft lips, full but firm breasts, a flat stomach, and beautifully shaped legs. I wanted to grow up to be just like Jayne.

One night I was out looking for my kitten. I was near Jayne's house, looking behind some bushes up near the house, when I noticed they covered the window of their basement recreation room. Looking inside I could see Jayne and her boyfriend. They were necking and I got excited watching them. Then after a bit he put his hand on her boob and I was so innocent (I hadn't even been properly kissed) I got scared and ran away. Later that night I felt all tingly, and I know now that I was turned on but was too young to understand it then.

I had to wait a couple of nights before I could see them again. I waited and watched as he put his hand up inside Jayne's blouse. I wished I could feel that happening to me! As he started unbuttoning her blouse, I could hardly wait to see her big boobs. The sight of Jayne's boobs is one I can still see today. So big and full, with the whole areola of the nipples erect, not just the tips. Soon he had his hand down her pants and I saw her lift her hips so he could slide them off her. Her cunt was lightly covered with hair and the light gleamed on her wetness. I could hardly wait to see him, although I didn't know what to expect. When he was naked he looked so large I was afraid he would never get it in her, but he did. The sight of his cock sliding into her pussy is one of my favorite memories.

I learned later that he wasn't a very good lover. He came quite quickly and then went home. After a couple of weeks she had a new boyfriend. The first night with him was much the same for a while but then he went much further. He sucked on her nipples and finger-fucked her, and it was from him that I learned how to masturbate. He also licked her quim and I could hear her moan in ecstasy. But the thing my husband is happy I learned came next. The guy told Jayne to touch his cock, and with his encouragement she got close to it. She wasn't sure but he told her to lick it. Then he told her to put the tip of it in her mouth and jerk the shaft with her hand. It was really something when he came, because I thought her eyes would pop out with surprise. His come slid out of the side of her mouth and down her cheeks. From that night on Jayne sucked him off every night, and after a couple of weeks she became damned good at it.

The next night I learned something new. After doing all the things they usually did, he talked Jayne into trying titty-fucking. He kneeled over her chest and she wrapped her big boobs around his cock. He held the back of her head up so she could see his cock slipping in between her boobs. When he finally came, I saw his spray of white jism hit Jayne in the face, and she opened her mouth to try to catch his spunk.

The final night came at the end of the summer. I think it took Jayne by surprise. Jayne, her boyfriend, and his best friend were in the rec room when her boyfriend started making out with her as usual. Then the friend leaned over and began to rub her ass through her jeans. She got a bit scared but was real high on grass. Soon they calmed her down and stripped her, and the two of them sucked her nipples and fingered her. Then she leaned over and began sucking her boyfriend's cock. The other guy lifted her hips up and mounted her from behind, so as she sucked she was also being fucked. Then they changed places. Finally, with her boyfriend in her cunt the other guy stuck his cock up her ass, and she really looked like she was in heaven.

Because I saw all of this, I have always had a very liberal attitude about sex and always liked hard-core pornography. I quickly tried most of what Jayne taught me when I started having sex, but it was only around a month ago that I tried making it with two guys at once (we decided to try it when my husband caught me masturbating and I told him that I always masturbated to the memory of what I saw Jayne doing).

Now I think I am ready to leave Jayne's good teachings behind, so to speak, and try something new. My husband thinks the only thing I have left to do is try licking another woman's cunt and tits, and I agree, and we are now looking around for a likely lady. I won't be satisfied with anyone who doesn't look just exactly like Jayne, and I get so wet just thinking about it.—*Name and address withheld*

BLOWN OUT

I would like to write to tell you and your readers about something that happened to me several weeks ago. I still think of it today and of how much pleasure I had from this experience.

Late one night I was tending bar and was there by myself. Business was slow, so I was about to close when this young lady came in for a few drinks. She said that she had had an argument with her boyfriend and had to get away from him for a while. I thought to myself, all I need is someone crying on my shoulder. After a few drinks this girl was loaded and it was now closing time. I told her that she would have to leave. She said that she had had too much to drink and couldn't drive home. She asked me if I would take her home and told me if I did that she would reward me with something special. Being single and horny, I thought that this would be a great idea.

When we got to her apartment we went in and she locked and chained the door. She fixed us both a drink and then she went into the bedroom. Several minutes later she reappeared wearing only a short nightie and no panties. Just the sight of her turned me on. I became erect at once.

She told me to finish up my drink, go into the bedroom, get undressed, and wait for her on the bed. She went into the bathroom and I into the bedroom as she asked. I heard water running in the bathroom and thought that she was washing her face, trying to sober up.

I was trying to figure out what was taking her so long and that was when I found out. She came into the bedroom carrying the largest hot water bottle that I had ever

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seen. On the hose she had attached a large douche nozzle. She then told me that my special reward for bringing her home was going to be the best blowjob that I had ever had.

She had me raise my legs and spread them so that she could insert that long nozzle. At first she only inserted it a couple of inches. Then she released the clamp to start the enema. After a few seconds she shut off the clamp and began to slowly work the nozzle in and out, each time putting it in deeper. Soon it was all the way in. You would not believe how great that felt to me. She climbed onto the bed with me and slowly worked her way down to my now throbbing cock. As her mouth engulfed the head of my cock she released the clamp on the hose to start the flow of that large, hot enema.

As the hot water slowly filled my bowels, the feeling in my cock intensified. I could not believe how hard my cock had become as she slowly worked her head up and down. I tried to hold back my climax as long as possible to enjoy and savor the pleasure of that large enema and the joy of a good headjob.

Finally I reached the point of no return. My cock jerked and spurted time after time. All the while she was working on me and pumping me full of hot enema water.

After she finished, she let me up to use the bathroom to expel the water and clean up. After that enema and a good headjob I could not believe how great I felt. She had truly given me the best blowjob I had ever had. That was quite an experience, and I hope to get together with her again sometime.—*Name and address withheld*

DISGUISING HIS FEELINGS

One night my boyfriend and I were sitting around and he told me he had a surprise for me. But before I could get my surprise, he wanted to smoke a few joints. After we were stoned, he told me to go to the bedroom and wait for him and to be wearing only a short, red silk kimono of mine and a pair of high-heeled silver shoes.

Feeling curious, I went to the bedroom and switched on the pair of hanging red globe lights. The soft red glow illuminated the red silk bedspread and dark paneling in the mirrored wall. Satisfied with the effect, I lay back and waited for him.

After fifteen minutes I started to read some *Penthouse*, my pussy getting wetter the more I read. After half an hour I was wondering how much longer I had to wait. I smoked a cigarette in nervous anticipation.

Finally the door opened and my boyfriend came in in a long fur coat, his face done up with makeup like a girl's but with a little more exaggeration. He did a circle in front of me and slowly took off the fur coat. My eyes widened in astonishment. He had on a black lace bra (stuffed), a black scarf around his neck, a black lace garter belt holding up black stockings, high heels, and a gold chain around his waist. He looked a little scary, something like Frankenfurter out of the *Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

He smiled and I tried to, but I didn't quite accomplish it. I was pretty nervous, but I could feel my pussy getting hotter. He ran his hands up and down his "tits" and over his concealed cock. He came toward me on the bed, leaned over, and started kissing me on the face and lips. I could smell his perfume. A shudder ran down to my box.

I started kissing him back and brought my hands up to his face and neck. I ran them around, slowly moving them to caress his "breasts." He was doing the same thing to me. We were mimicking each other's movements and it felt pretty erotic. He told me to lie back on the bed and he started kissing my neck and shoulders. Slowly he licked the tops of my breasts. I was starting to squirm now. It was getting hot down in my pussy. I could feel his tongue moving down along the sides of my boobs, and then across for a quick flick at my nipples. But he disappointed me and instead of wrapping his lips around them he moved his tongue on downward.

I lay perfectly still, anticipating his warm lips on my now steaming cunt. He knew what I wanted but he wasn't going to give it to me yet. He ran his fingers up and down my slit, making me squirm all the harder. I began rubbing my ass against the bedspread.

His cock was standing straight up and was rock hard. I could see the head of it above his black panties. I wanted to suck on it but he teased me, making me wait.

Then I could feel him at my feet. I could feel his teeth nibbling on my toes. He wrapped his warm, soft lips around my toes, moving them back and forth gently. When I felt him begin to suck on my toes, it was like he was sucking on my cunt. Then he began running his tongue along the bottom of my soles. His tongue pressed between the silver shoes and my feet.

I couldn't take much more of this. I wanted to come so badly. I began begging him to lick my cunt, my ass hole, to fuck me, to do anything. I just wanted to come.

He decided to show a little mercy and he ran his tongue up my slit. I spread my legs wider, trying to get more of his tongue inside of me. I tried to nudge his tongue upwards wanting to feel his lips sucking on my clit, which was standing out begging for attention. Still he was tormenting me, bringing me so close to the edge but not letting me come.

He turned his attention to my ass hole, probing inside with his tongue and fingers. He was fucking me with his fingers and tongue, making me delirious.

I began begging him to fuck me up the ass, calling him a bitch and a slut, and probably not making much sense.

He told me to turn over, and after giving my ass one more lubrication with his saliva he probed my opening with his cock. I was so hot and wet that my ass was quite relaxed and there was no pain, just the delicious feeling of being filled up. He touched bottom, then started to move in and out. His hands grabbed hold of my nipples and he pulled on them hard, the way I like it. My hand went to my clit and I rubbed it as hard as I could knowing that it wouldn't take me long to come.

Turning my head I could see him moving in and out of me in the mirror. His strokes were getting harder and he was pounding the shit out of me. Then I could feel him starting to come, shooting his juice up deep into my ass. This, along with the sight of him in his black stockings and garters, was more than I could stand and finally I was coming, screaming nonsense and thrashing about underneath him. He held me close, his cock still hard in my ass.

Slowly the contractions subsided and he withdrew from me. We lay cuddled on the bed, both agreeing that this was one of the best nights yet.—*Name and address withheld*

THE DOMINO THEORY

Let me start by saying that Tom, Steve, and I are average Canadian guys. We were cruising back from Edmonton, Alberta, to our hometown. We had just finished a joint and were lying back to relax for the short trip. My buddy Tom spotted a dis-

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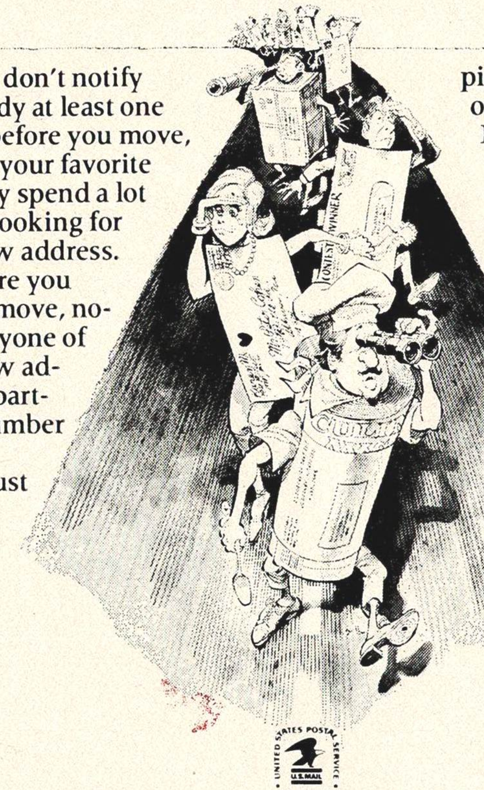

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abled car up ahead. We figured we'd stop and see if we could give any assistance. As we neared the car, I spotted two other heads in the back window. However, the sight of two lovely cheeks in skimpy cutoffs peeking out from under the hood nearly caused me to cream my jeans and wipe out the car.

I hit the brakes and pulled up alongside. We asked "cutoffs" if she needed help. She replied that they were experiencing engine trouble. Tom and Steve headed for the car to engage the girls in witty conversation. I found the problem and had it fixed in no time flat. Steve had already sparked a joint and was busy passing it around. The girls seemed extremely grateful and offered us a hit off their tequila. I mentioned that our condo wasn't too far away and offered the girls a chance to get out of the sun. The girls quickly agreed and we all set off.

Once home, I grabbed the tequila from Nina, a long-legged blonde wearing the cutoffs and a tight tank-top. Her firm breasts were hardly restrained by the top and my bulge was straining against my pants.

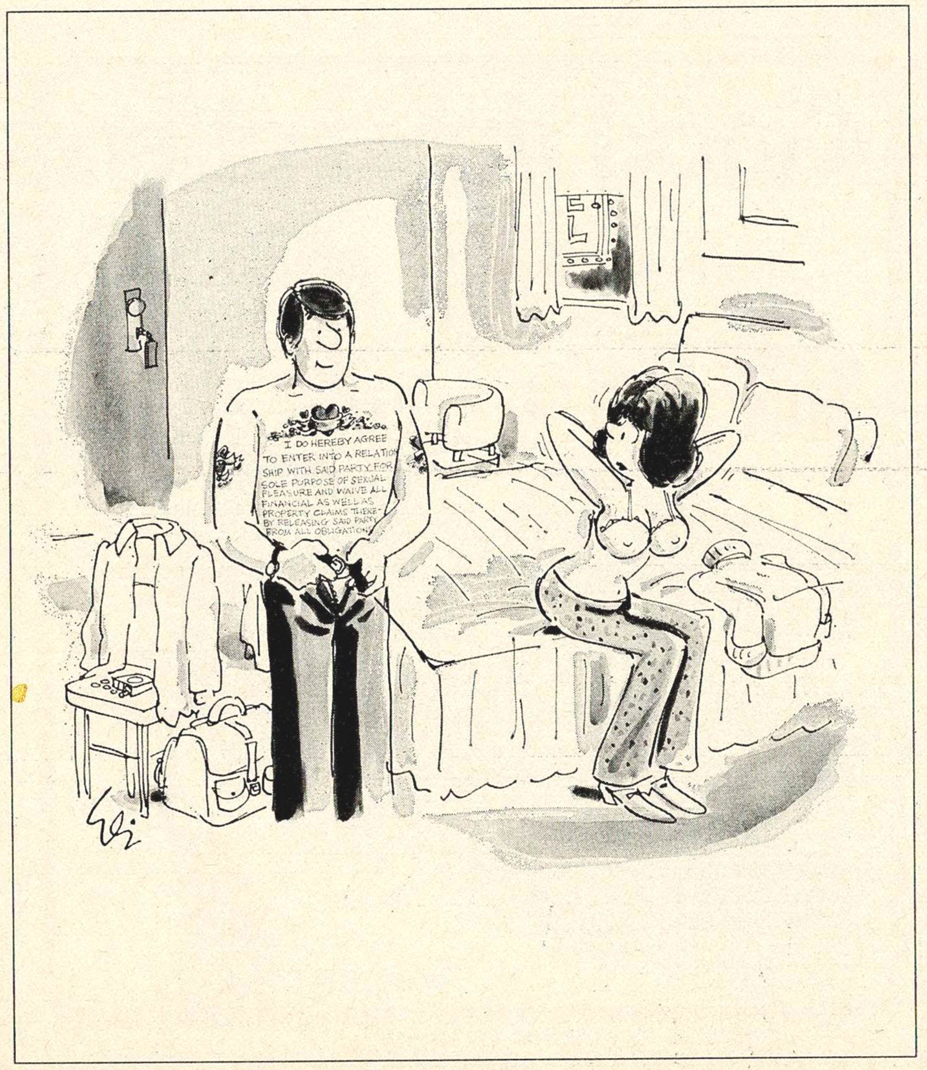
I came back to the living room with a batch of tequila puffs and handed out the drinks. Steve rolled some of our superweed and we proceeded to get shit-faced. By this time I was really getting off on Nina's company and I slowly encircled her waist and pulled her closer to me. She in turn ran her hands over my crotch and asked me what was causing that large lump in my pants. I told her that she could find out if she wanted. I figured that we'd head upstairs to my room, but to my surprise she just yanked down my zipper and pulled out my member.

Steve and Tom didn't miss the action and both of them started to become close friends with the other girls. Tom was starting to remove the halter top that encased Ann's thirty-eights and she was stroking his huge prick with her hand. Steve was peeling Ellen's tight jeans off and then buried his face ears deep in her wet, slippery slit. Nina's wet, warm mouth and fabulous technique were bringing me up to a huge orgasm. Instead of bringing me off she held the base of my cock tightly. I sucked her nipples until her moans became loud enough to be noticed by everyone in the room.

I slowly entered Nina's hot, tight cunt. Halfway in she rose to meet me and we began a long, fast, furious fuck. That girl had some of the greatest rhythmic strokes that I ever encountered. It was easy to match her strokes, and soon we headed over the top in orgasmic bliss. Ellen was lying back, exhausted from Steve's great tonguing, but he spotted Ann's upturned ass. With a nod from Tom, he positioned himself behind her and entered her wet twat with a single thrust. Ann nearly bit off Tom's pecker but soon adjusted herself to the new situation. Ellen, who was feeling a little left out, headed over to me and sat on my left side and began licking and sucking Nina's hard nipples. I couldn't handle the action much longer and finally came with a last, deep thrust. I rolled off Nina and onto Ellen. After repositioning her and greasing up my cock I slowly eased my way into her tight, virgin ass. The heat and the tightness nearly caused me to blow my load, but after a little concentration I started to speed up the strokes until I was buried to the hilt and pounding away at her bung-hole. Tom let out a loud groan and deposited scalding jism in Ann's warm mouth. Ann swallowed every drop and proceeded to lick him cock-and-balls clean.

Tom disengaged himself and came over to help himself to Nina's lovely attributes. They started to French and explored each other's body, working each other to a frenzy. Steve and Ann had changed position, and now she was on top, giving all she had. I was slapping my balls against Ellen's wet cunt and knew that too soon I'd be filling her ass with my hot come. Tom was now embedded in Nina's wet cunt and was giving her a good reaming. Steve and Ann were on the verge of a wild orgasm. Steve finally told her that he was going to come. That set her off and she bucked and shuddered her way to a hard orgasm.

In the meantime I filled Ellen's hot ass with my jism and pulled out with a pop. Tom's fast fuck was coming to a quick end as he filled Nina to overflowing with his come. I headed over to Steve and Ann and helped myself to the lovely young wench. Her tits were soon the object of my desire. Steve engaged Nina in a mutual love wrestle, and Tom had Ellen bring his love muscle back to full attention. I heard Steve say that he didn't want sloppy thirds on Nina, so she informed him that she still had a virgin ass and it was all his. He greased his cock with the abundant love mixture and shoved his way home. Ann's head was almost as good as Nina's but I pulled myself out and spread her legs for her. Ann just lay back and sighed softly as I entered her wet, warm snatch. The deposit made by Steve made for excellent lubrication and I grabbed hold of her ass so I could get better depth. From the sounds of Ellen's moans, she was really getting off on having Tom's meat stretching her vaginal walls. Tom, in true Canadian style, was giving her a banging that both would long remember. Steve was enjoying his chance to give Nina a rear ream that she would remember. I must have screwed Ann for a half-hour and changed position about three times before blowing my load in her mouth. Steve had already finished sending a wave of come up Nina's dirt shoot and they were lying there, watching Tom and Ellen bang their way to orgasm. Tom finally pulled out all the stops and really gave her a high-speed fuck. When he finally pulled out, I suggested another couple of joints to give us some time to relax. We all switched back



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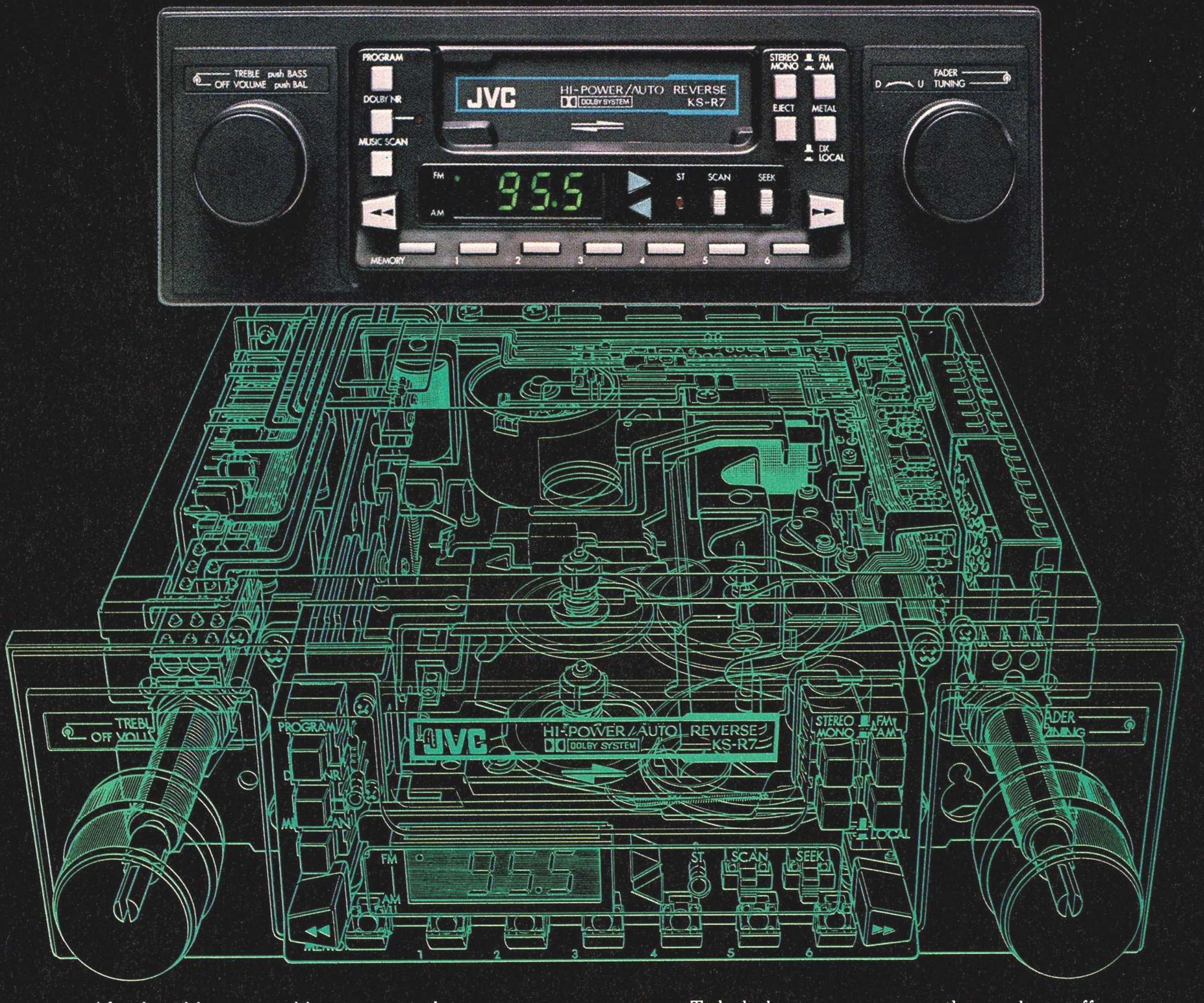

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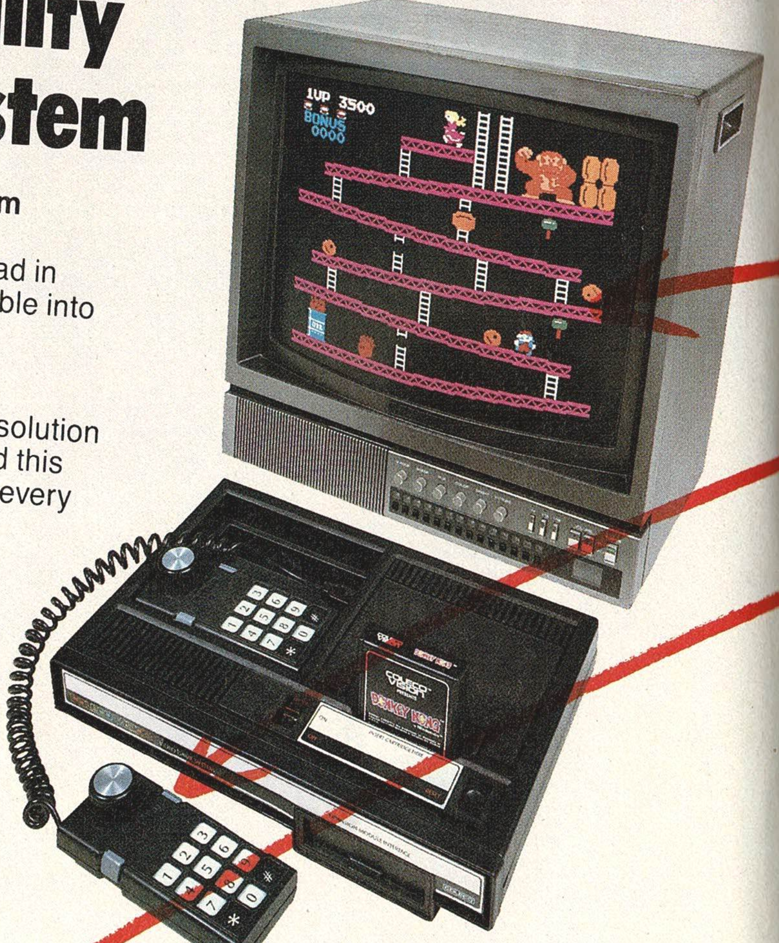

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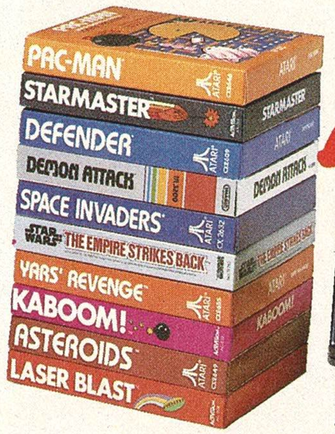

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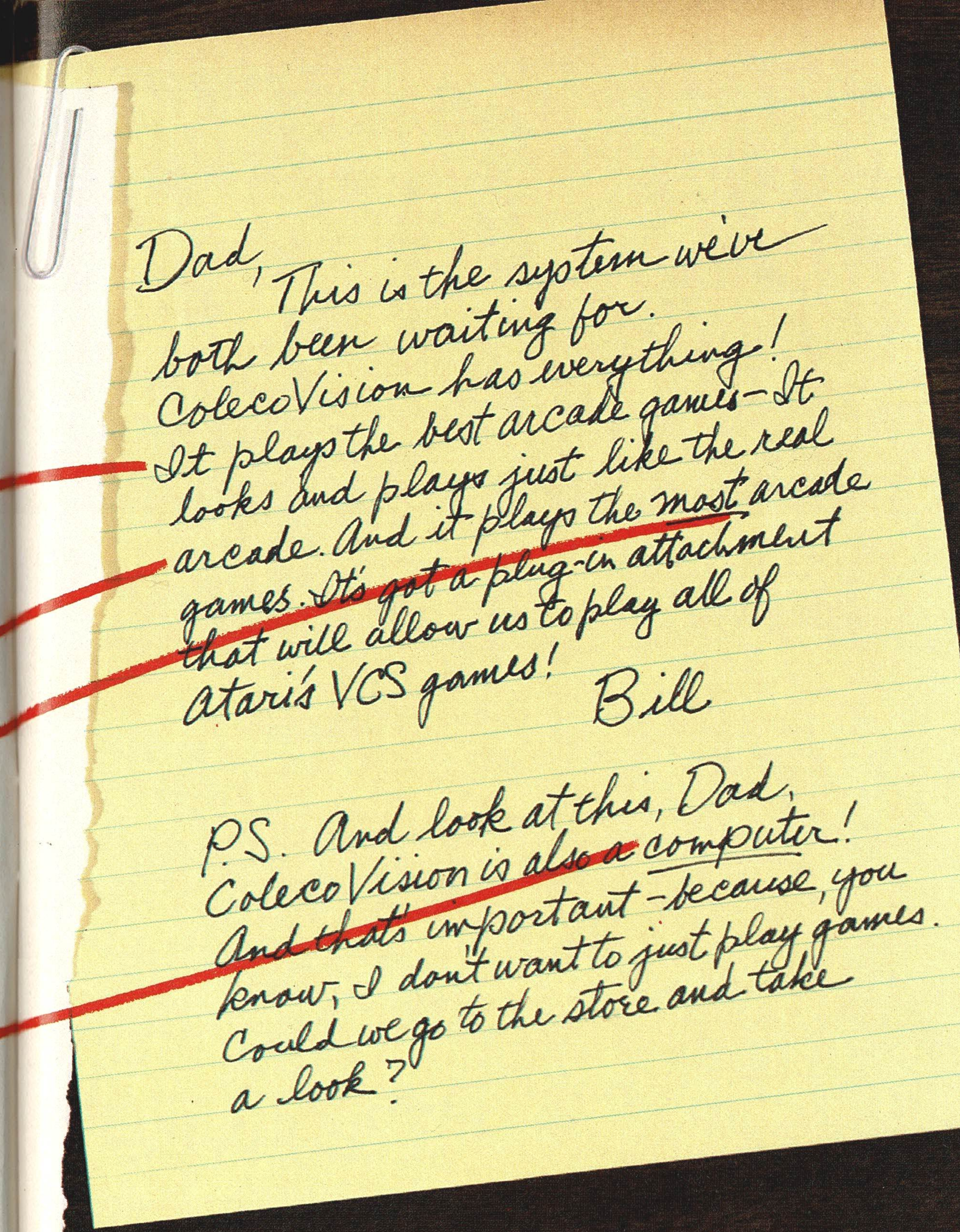

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Bill

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to our original partners, and the girls spent the rest of the day and night with us.—*Name and address withheld*

AT THE VAN-GUARD

I have never had the opportunity to write to a men's magazine before, but with some coaxing from my husband and a girl friend of mine, I decided I'd share my experience with your readers and also see if other women are enjoying this new pastime that I just recently discovered. I think it's just great that we females are finally getting a chance to do some of the viewing, rather than just having the guys in trucks always checking us out.

It all started a couple of months ago, when my husband bought a van. He has a car, also, that he usually drives to work and back, so that leaves me with the van to run my errands with. At first I didn't like the idea of having to drive that monster around, but now I wouldn't trade it for anything. I've even found myself driving around for no other reason than just cruising.

About a month ago I was driving the van on my way to do some shopping when I had to stop at a red light. While waiting for the light to change, I glanced over at the car beside me and almost couldn't believe my eyes. This guy in the car beside me was sitting there with his pants pulled down to his knees and was busy masturbating. I was so surprised that I didn't know whether to look away or just sit there staring. I did the latter until the light changed to green. Being somewhat surprised and aroused by what I had just seen, I found myself trying to keep up with the car so that I could be beside him at the next stoplight. When we finally stopped, I was right beside his car, and he must have known I was watching and was becoming excited, because he speeded up the rhythm and soon shot a load of cream all over his lap and the steering wheel. The light changed about then, and I was again surprised at how wet I had become from just watching. I hurried on home without even going shopping, and had to bring myself to the climax that the stranger in the car had started. I was fantasizing about the scene that had taken place and I had a terrific orgasm.

A couple of days later I told my girl friend about it, and she in turn told me she had had things like that happen to her many times. I might add that she owns a pickup truck and also agrees it sure beats driving a car. Jean also told me that on occasion (depending on her mood) she has offered the stranger a hand. In one instance, she got the best fucking of her life from a guy she met in a mall parking lot. She had seen him jerking off in his car as she pulled into a parking stall beside him. He had tried to cover up, but she quickly went to his car and offered a hand, and in return she received the great fucking.

Jean has been driving her truck for about two years already, and I told her she should have told me about the fun much earlier. I've told my husband about the incidents, and he's very open-minded about it and just wants to hear about them. Jean has also suggested that the two of us get together sometime for the day and take a drive to a city a few hours away. She has been to this place a couple of times and claims that she has never seen so many cocks in one day or had as much fun. She says you can almost expect to see a guy jerking off at least once every five or six stoplights, so you really have a choice of who you want to satisfy and vice versa. I haven't had a chance to go yet, but I'm certainly looking forward to it.

To end this, I would just like to say I think this is great and very much a turn-on to any woman driving a truck. If you haven't tried it, ask a girl friend who does drive a pickup or a van. I'm sure she'll agree. As for all you guys reading this: C'mon, don't be shy. We women want to view your tools as much as you'd like to show them. Who knows, maybe one day I'll be the one in the van beside you and we can see what comes up then.—*Name and address withheld*

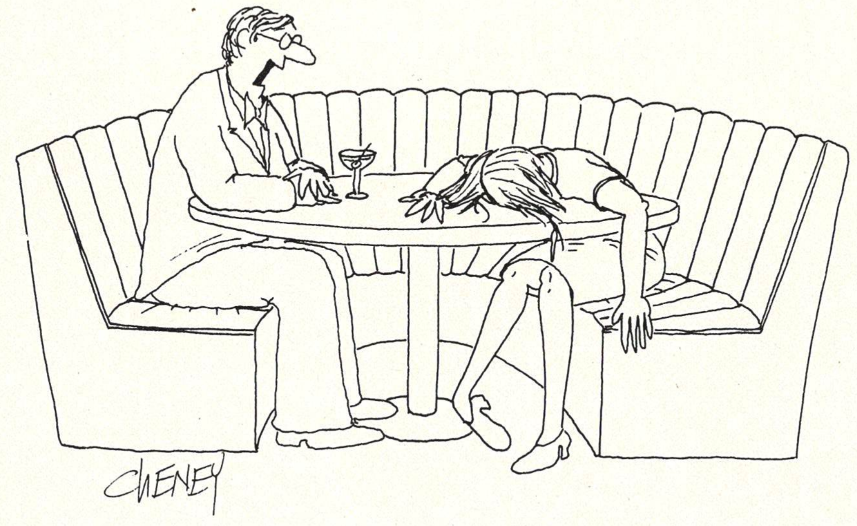
BUOYED BY EMOTIONS

I had an interesting experience this past weekend that I thought your "Forum" readers might enjoy hearing about. I woke up Sunday morning and decided to take my boat to a nearby lake and give it a run. I had recently had some work done on it, and I wanted to see how it was running. I asked my wife to accompany me, but as usual she declined. Feeling somewhat rejected and depressed, I left the house thinking that a day on the lake would lift my spirits. Little did I know that my spirits would soon be lifted higher than they ever had been before.

I arrived at the lake and began unloading the boat from the trailer. I discovered that the long rope, which I usually use to secure the boat to the trailer while I back it into the water, was missing. As I was looking around for someone to help me put the boat in the water, I noticed a petite blonde, who appeared to be about twenty, sitting alone in her car beside the boat ramp. She caught my eye and must have realized that I needed some assistance and immediately started walking towards me. She was a vision of loveliness. Her dark, suntanned body contrasted with her blond hair. She was about five feet two inches and had a nice figure—small, nicely rounded breasts, with a firm stomach and thighs. She walked up and introduced herself as Ginger and said it looked like I needed some help.

I thanked her for the offer and asked if she would back the boat into the water while I backed it off the trailer. She said, "Sure—for a quick spin around the lake." I quickly agreed to her terms.

As we cruised across the still water toward my favorite secluded area, I wished I



"Well, enough about me. . . . You must have some interesting stories to tell about being a corpse."

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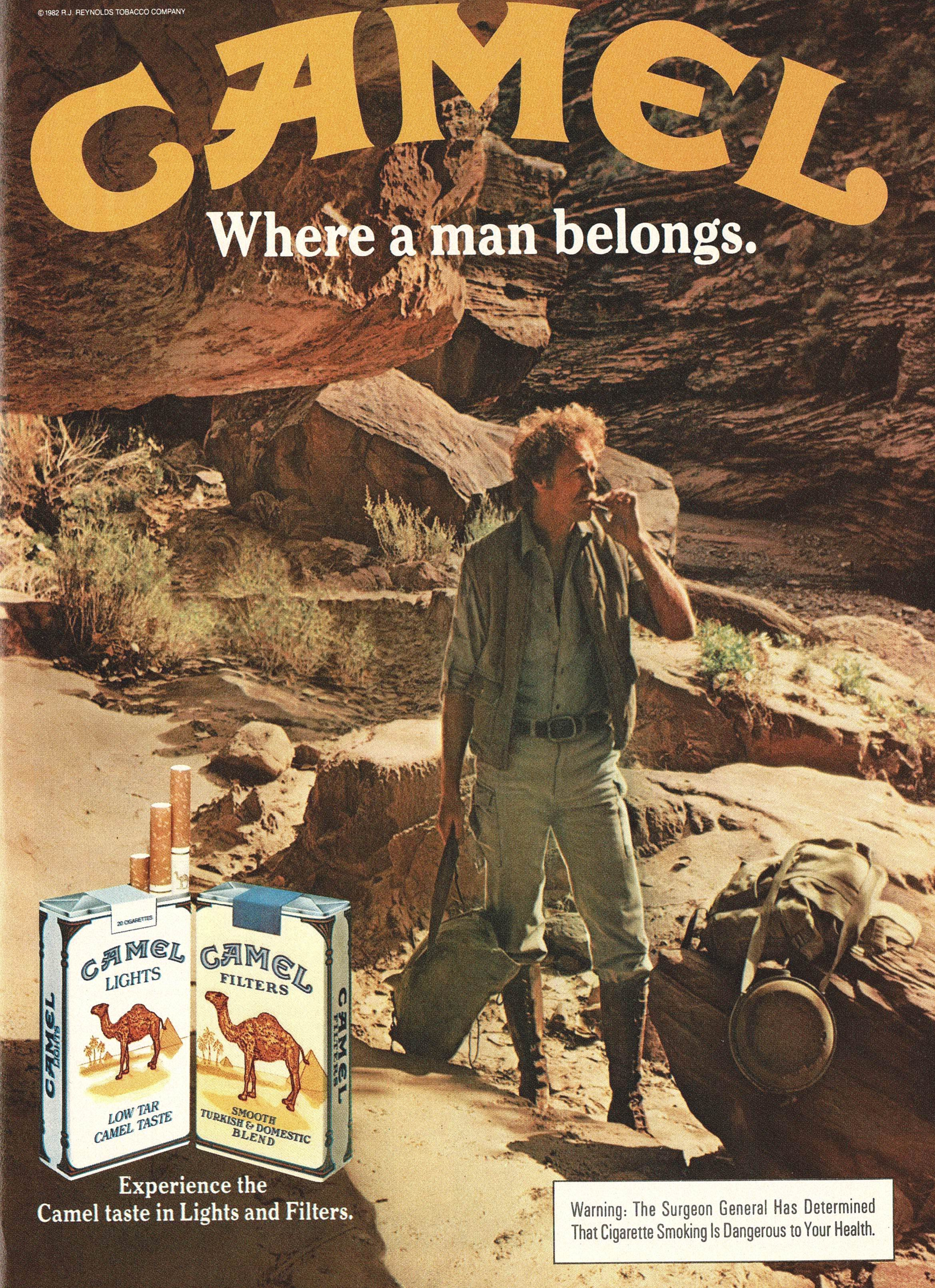

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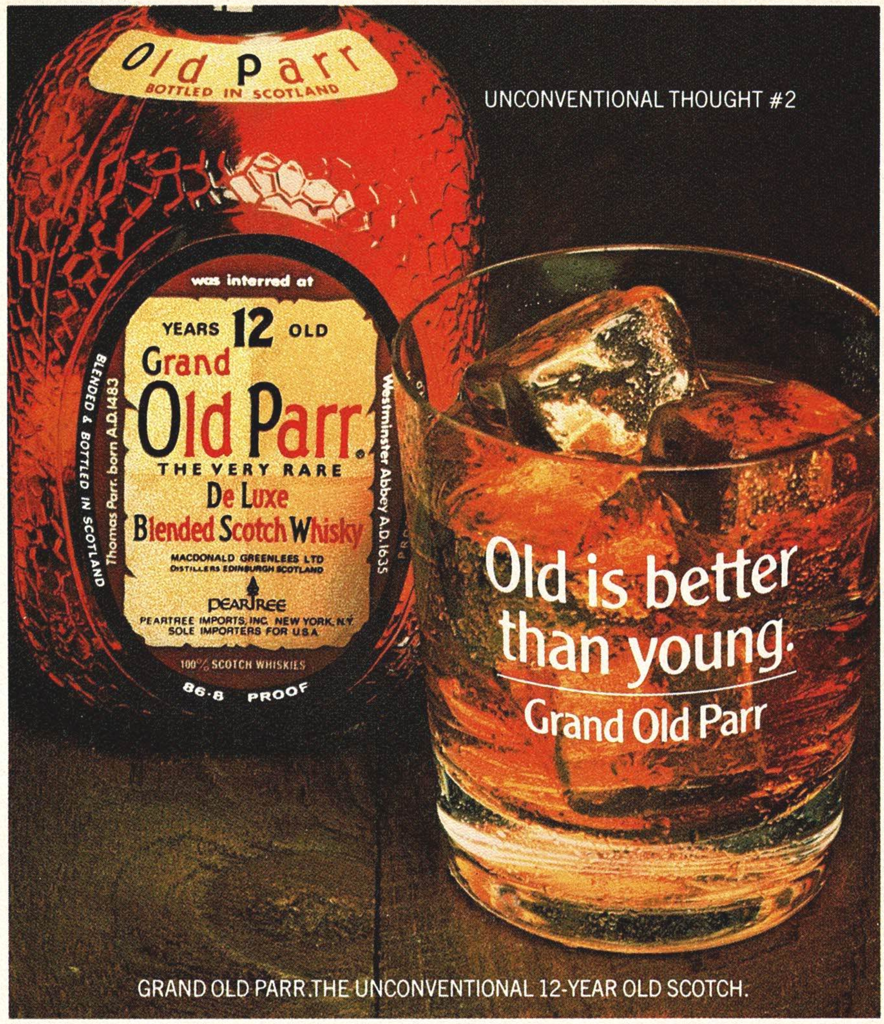
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had brought my bathing suit, as the morning overcast was burning off and the sun was beating down upon our bodies. Ginger was also without a suit, but as I was to learn later, that was to be no problem.

We arrived at my favorite place on the lake—a secluded cove protected from view and from the wind that sometimes comes up on the open lake. I cut the engine on the boat and let it drift toward the grass-covered shore. I offered Ginger a beer, and we both leaned back against the side of the boat and sipped the cold brew and soaked up the warm rays of the sun. It started to get hot, and I commented that I wished we had brought along our suits so we could swim. Ginger stood up and answered, "A bikini looks just like a bra and panties" as she removed her shorts and shirt. The thought of nine years of faithful marriage crossed my mind, to be replaced immediately by thoughts of my wife's increasing lack of enthusiasm for anything other than an occasional bout in the missionary position. I quickly followed the lead of this young goddess and slipped over the side of the boat into the clear, cool water, clad only in my briefs.

After swimming around in the chest-deep water for a few minutes, Ginger reached for a bottle of suntan lotion I keep in the boat. She handed it to me and turned around, asking if I would rub some on her exposed shoulders. I didn't have to be asked twice, and moved over close to her backside and began to apply the cream. By this time, I had developed a very respectable hard-on, and Ginger kept moving backwards just enough to brush it with her ass. Each time she did, it became even more respectable. I still wasn't real sure of her willingness to proceed further (actually, I just couldn't believe this wonderful experience was happening to me!) until she moved back and held her ass against my now fully erect member. As we moved slowly closer together, she raised up enough for my brief-covered tool to slide between her legs as my lotion-covered hands found the baby-soft skin of her pert, firm breasts.

She quickly disrobed as I continued to play with her breasts. I grabbed a cushion from the boat and asked Ginger to lie on it in the water. She readily agreed. I became more and more excited with the thought of what was to come. As she lay face up on the cushion, I began slowly running my hands and fingertips over her entire body, touching every inch of her. Her entire body shivered as my lips encircled her breasts and my hand moved slowly down to her moist box. I gently ran my fingertips over her pubic mound, across the vaginal area, and slowly down the length of her thighs. I gently began caressing her clitoris, and soon began teasing it just a little. Every now and then I would give it a little squeeze. Ginger was obviously enjoying all the attention I was giving her clitoris, as she spread her legs wider and rotated her hips against my hand. I swam over to the boat and grabbed another cushion. I used this one to raise her hips out of the water. She sensed what I was about to do as she spread her legs even wider to give me full access to her quivering love hole. My tongue left her strained, hardened nipples and slowly made its way across her stomach and down into her bush. I slowly ran across the outer lips of her vagina, working closer and closer to the prize. Her clitoris stood and reached out for the joy it was about to receive, and after only a few slow, firm strokes of my tongue she exploded and began thrashing the water like a giant fish on a line. As the last wave of orgasm left her, she slipped off the floating pillows into my outstretched arms, and I held her closely as she reveled in the pleasure she had just experienced.

After a moment, she smiled, kissed me briefly, and whispered, "Next." With her arms still wrapped around me, she took a deep breath and disappeared beneath the water. She quickly found her mark as I felt her warm lips pushing the water away from my throbbing meat. She stayed underwater for nearly a full minute, swirling her tongue around the head of my dick and lightly sucking from the base up the shaft to the foreskin and back down again. I quickly regained my full seven inches, and she finished her underwater magic with a quick, tickling lick with the tip of her tongue across my balls. I was ready to explode, but Ginger wanted to wait until she could see and feel my hot come spurting from my swollen stick.

Ginger grabbed one of the boat cushions and slipped it under my back. Her mouth once again engulfed my prick and she licked and sucked gently as she pushed me backward towards the shoreline. As soon as my hips hit the grassy shore, Ginger's mouth left my dick and began working up my chest. As her tits crossed my dick she reached down and wrapped both melons around me, rubbing each in opposite directions. She could tell by my moans that I was ready to unload, and she quickly pinched the head to prolong the pleasure. Moments later I felt her hot, moist box slipping up the bottom side of my shaft. She slowly brought herself up until the head was right at her hole. I could stand no more, and I reached up and pulled her ass down, ramming my pecker into the depths of her pussy. She began to hump me with long, slow strokes as I reached around her and inserted one finger up her ass. My finger matched the in-and-out movement of my dick, and after about five minutes we both came in a shattering orgasm. Her quivering pussy squeezed shot after shot of hot come from my dick. We finally both collapsed and slid slowly back into the water. I hadn't felt so AFO'd (All Fucked Out) in years.

We had another beer and Ginger said she needed to go. As we were motoring back across the lake, Ginger got behind me and started rubbing my shoulders with one hand. She suddenly reached up and turned off the key to the motor and pulled me to the floor of the boat. She had removed all her clothes with her free hand, supporting herself on her knees, lowered her pussy over my face as she removed my shorts, and began sucking my tool again. We stayed in the sixty-nine position for what seemed like forever, slowly licking and sucking each other. Just as I exploded, filling her mouth with come, she collapsed on my face, coming twice as I continued to nibble on her clit.

When we got back to the shore, she kissed me, thanked me for the ride, said she hoped that I would "come again" with her on another Sunday real soon, and was gone. I plan on making Sunday mornings on the lake a ritual from now on.—*Name and address withheld*

ODE TO A NINE

My job with a large corporation brings me into contact with lots of handsome and distinguished men. I recently had a terribly exciting experience with one of them that I would like to share with your readers.

Ever since I took over my job, I have been casting an interested eye in the direction of Tom, a guy who works on the same floor as I do. To say that he is attractive is like saying that Frankenstein is merely ugly. Every woman who works on our floor literally stares at him and would like to take a tumble in the sack with him.

As I said, he is extremely attractive. He is five feet eleven inches, has the biggest hands I've ever seen, is dark and unbelievably sexy, and has an absolutely perfect body, which includes buttocks that look good enough to eat. His voice alone could melt butter. His well-endowed crotch is always boldly evident in his form-fitting slacks. In fact, when he is sitting down, his bulge is so big it looks like he has a softball stuffed in his pants! A good friend of mine said she actually had an orgasm one day just by watching him walk down the hall.

You can imagine my delight when Tom asked me if I would like to go out with him for a night of dinner, drinks, and dancing. I gladly accepted, even though he is twelve years older than I am. He's thirty-nine and I'm twenty-seven.

We went to a small, elegant restaurant and got a cozy table in a dimly lit corner. I couldn't take my eyes off of him the whole time we ate. By the time he led me to the dance floor we were practically making out right there at our table. As we danced I couldn't believe what was happening to me. He is a great dancer and smelled so fantastic I was ready to rape him; and, by the way, his powerful manhood burned against me. I could tell he was turned on, too. Finally, I practically begged him to take me to his place and fuck me.

When we arrived at his house we both knew what we wanted, so he immediately led me to his large bedroom and took me in his arms, and we embraced in the most passionate kiss of my life. We frantically tore off each other's clothes and then just stood and stared at each other for a few seconds in the candlelit bedroom. He is absolutely the sexiest man imaginable. His broad chest has a beautiful mat of dark body hair, just as I expected, and he has the biggest, most beautiful penis imaginable! It is nine inches long and so thick that the bulbous head is the size of a pool ball. I lost my breath for a second because I never knew a man could be so big and I wondered if I could take it without pain.

We both got down on the bed and began exploring each other's body with our hands, lips, and tongues. He really knows how to turn a woman on. Before I knew what was happening we were in a sixty-nine position and his tongue was driving me insane with pleasure. I could accommodate only a small section of his big cock, but I ministered to it gratefully, and suddenly we both exploded in a beautiful orgasm and I found myself drinking every delicious drop of his hot semen.

Afterward, we lay in each other's arms making small talk and lightly caressing each other until his cock grew hard in my hands. No more foreplay was necessary, because I was overwhelmed with desire for this tremendously handsome and virile man and my pussy literally ached for him. Even though I was wet with desire, he still

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had trouble before the extremely huge head of his cock at last slid into me. I screamed out in pleasure and brief pain as he slid every magnificent inch of his cock in. Then he teased me for what seemed like hours, just working a small part in and out of my burning cunt. He would bring me to the brink of orgasm, then stop and leave me practically dying with desire. Then suddenly without warning, he began pounding in and out of me with authority, thrusting a little deeper and harder every few strokes. I could feel the huge head massaging and stretching every inch of me as he fucked me good and hard.

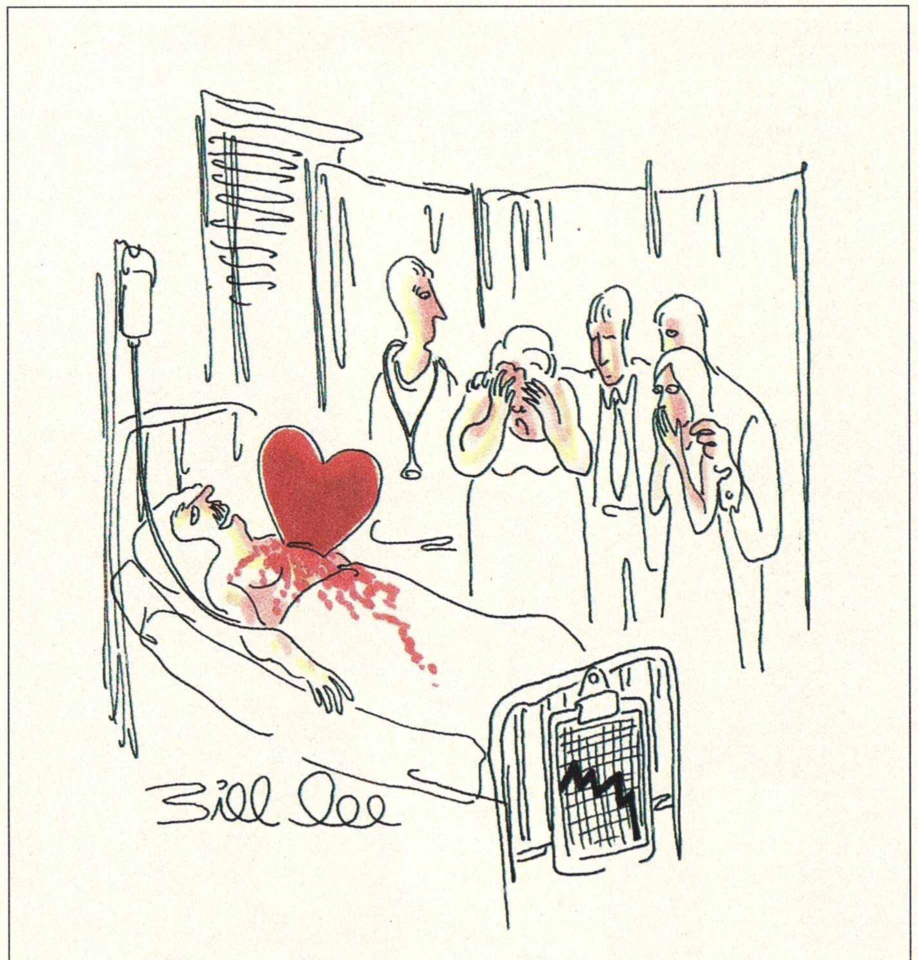
Finally I exploded in the most fantastic orgasm ever. I've heard of multiple orgasms, but this was a continual orgasm. When I finally came back to reality he was still fucking me with slow, precise strokes. His staying power is unbelievable, and I almost passed out from the intensity of our lovemaking. Then without warning, again he began pounding his gigantic cock in and out with increased rhythm and depth. This time he was literally driving me into the bed with the force of his strokes, using every inch of his enormous cock and every muscle in his body. I could feel this fantastic prick way up inside of me where nothing had ever been before, and the feeling was incredible. I was about to explode again and I could tell he was working toward his orgasm, when suddenly I felt his horse cock jerk and spew its burning load into me, and I exploded in another terrific orgasm at the same time.

We got up the next morning and had another go at it while showering together. It was even better than the night before, if you can believe it. Women who say that the size of a man's cock isn't important must be crazy, because if a man has a big dick like Tom's and can use it like he can, it makes for the best sex in the world!—*Name and address withheld*

IT'S ACADEMIC

I have occasionally read my brother's copies of your magazine and especially enjoy your ''Forum'' column. However, up to a week ago, I had been slightly skeptical of the stories. To say the least, I never really believed things like that ever happened to normal, everyday people till last Monday at school.

I was sitting in my fifth-period college graphics class, working on my project, when this guy in my class (I'll call him Gabe) asked me to stay last period and help him work on his project. I am an art professor's aide, so I saw no harm in staying to help him and said I would. My friend Laura said that Gabe just probably wanted me to stay after class to have a little fun. I told her she was crazy and said her oversexed mind would someday get her in trouble. Laura said just the same she would drop by last period to see if we were having some fun, or working.



''I'm sorry, but there is absolutely no hope left at this point. Your husband is incurably romantic.''

After class our art prof gave me the keys to the room and left. Gabe and I then started joking around and saying it would be funny if Laura did think we were having a little fun. Then the idea hit us to tape paper over the door window and lock the door so Laura couldn't see in or get in. We set up our little joke, then went back to working on Gabe's project. As we worked, we casually talked about our past sexual encounters. As we talked, I was really getting turned on, but I controlled myself so as not to arouse Gabe's suspicion. Gabe suddenly said I had ink on the side of my nose, so I got up to wash it off at the sink in the far corner of the room. As I went about washing off the ink, I suddenly felt a pair of warm hands caressing my waist and Gabe's hot breath at my neck. Then his hands slowly slid up my sides to my braless tits. The talk we had had just a moment ago was enough to get me hot, but just his breath on my neck made me cream my jeans!

As he caressed my tits, my head began to whirl around and I began to feel his distinct hard-on against the crack of my ass. I said that we shouldn't start anything we couldn't finish and that we certainly would be in a fix if someone barged in on us. How would we possibly explain our situation? Gabe then simply said we could finish what we started because the door was locked. I had forgotten the door was locked, so at this realization I was hot and ready. I quickly undressed and started helping Gabe undress. When I got down to his underwear, I forgot about washing off the ink with cold water. So when I touched his dick, he got an extra thrill from the coldness of my hands. He jumped at the shock of my cold hands, so to drive him crazy I started running my hand up the back of his leg, finally coming to rest on his cock, which I gently started to massage.

Then I proceeded to give him something I'd never really tried before but felt an uncontrollable urge to do. I knelt down and put my lips over his now enormously hard cock. I began to suck hungrily on his passion rod till there was an explosion of hot love juice that nearly choked me and rattled my brain. It wasn't long before I found myself on the nearby table, being teased and taunted by his quivering tongue at my clitoris. The room began to whirl around, and soon I felt myself being filled by this guy who looked like he couldn't look at a girl without blushing. Boy, was I wrong! We fucked our brains out, and as we both climaxed, we were startled by the blasting roar of the afternoon announcements on the PA system. We then quickly got dressed, grabbed our books, gave a good-bye kiss, and went our separate ways. So now, when a male classmate asks me to stay after class to ''help him,'' I'll help him!—*Name and address withheld*

AT HER DISPOSAL

As an avid reader of *Penthouse,* I used to

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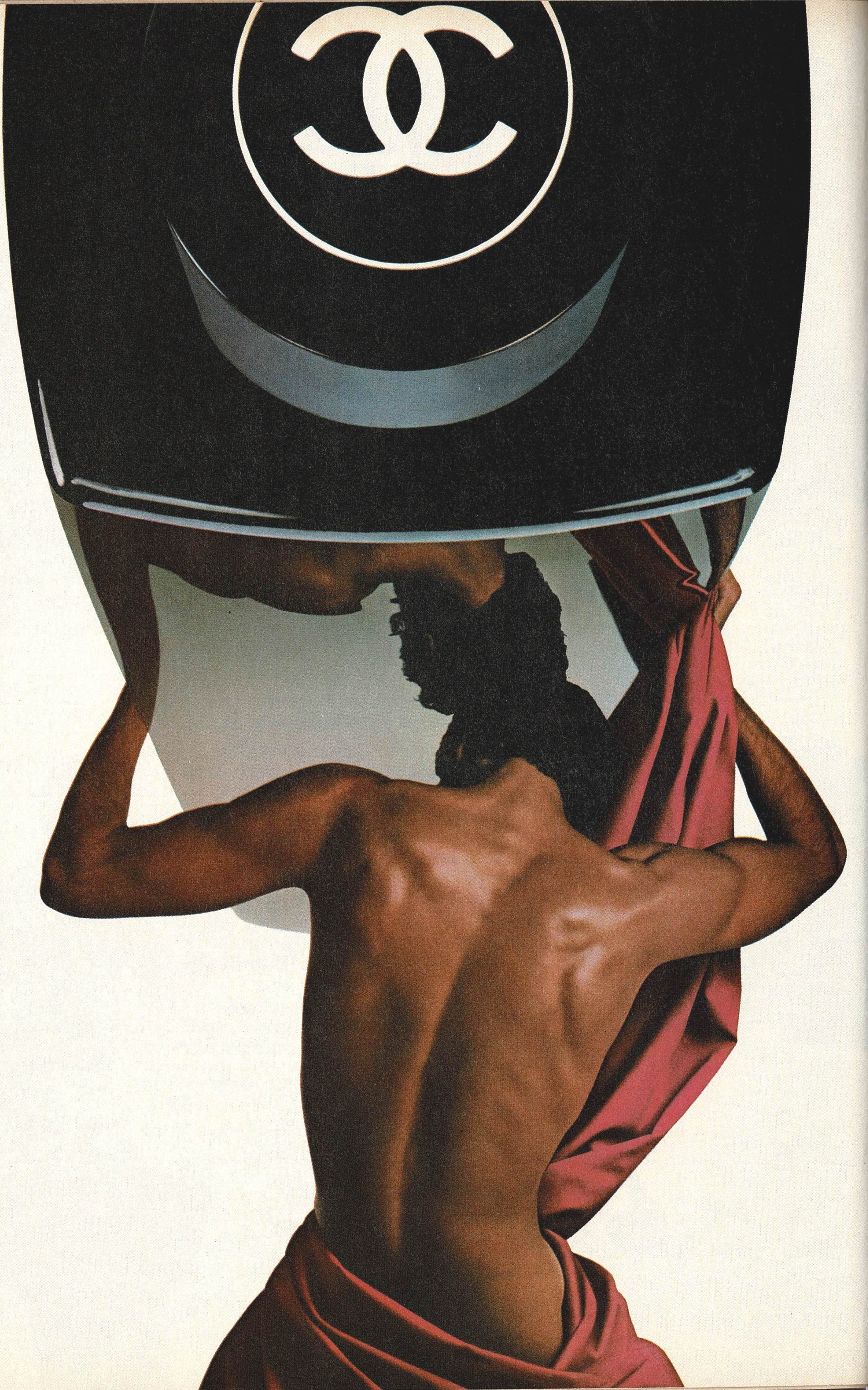

ANTAEUS

THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN.

CHANEL

ANTAEUS
POUR HOMME
CHANEL

think the stories in your "Forum" section were pure fantasy or imaginative fiction. An unbelievable experience I had about a month ago readily dispelled this assumption.

I am a nineteen-year-old university student. After much fruitless searching on the job market, I applied for a position as a clerk in a manufacturing firm. Slightly nervous about the interview, I was ushered into the employer's office. If I had only known the "outcome" of that meeting!

With mixed emotions of relief and stirred interest, I discovered that my interviewer was a very attractive blonde. With an admiring stare, I estimated Ms. Jones to be in her early thirties. Sitting opposite her in front of her desk, I noticed her round, swollen breasts pressing tightly under her sheer green blouse. Also, a daring slit in her skirt revealed a delectable side view of a long, silky leg. As she started the interview, I was thinking of how soft that smooth thigh would feel under my hand.

She seemed to be probing me with an interested gaze as I ogled her beautiful blue eyes, succulent red lips, and fair cheeks. At first, the questions were basically routine and concerned such details as my prior experience. I glanced around the comfortable office as we spoke. Her office was small, but contemporary and appealing, furnished with a desk, a bookshelf, and a brown leather couch. The only thing displayed on any of the walls was a large poster of several kittens frolicking on a pillow. Having noticed a number of photos of cats on her shelf, I asked her if she liked pets.

The conversation gradually changed from business to pleasure. We realized we had a number of interests in common, including travel, music, and skiing. Ms. Jones then completely shocked me by asking me if I liked good sex. She knew I was single from the application form and gazed at me with a confident smile on her face. I stammered with surprise as the lady executive circled around her desk.

The next thing I knew, we were locked in a passionate embrace, our mouths fastened together. Our hot, furtive tongues snaked and darted inside our hungry mouths. It was an incredibly arousing sensation to feel that warm, tight body pressed against mine. Those gorgeous globes squeezed against my chest sent quivery shivers up and down my spine.

Ms. Jones (Cindy) then eased me back onto the plush leather couch, which was strewn with an array of cushions. With professional confidence, she slowly unbuttoned my shirt and then unzipped my trousers. Looking at the wanton expression on Cindy's face, I realized with ecstatic anticipation what I was in for. My aching, eight-inch member popped to attention as it was released by her confident hands.

Kneeling between my legs, she lowered those full lips to my inflamed cock. I bucked and shivered as her tongue slowly lapped at my steaming rod with slow, deliberate licks. As her lips slid down my penis, her hot tongue curled and probed my cock. Suddenly, as she sucked as hard as she could, I exploded violently into her throat, emptying my burning load with a low moan.

She grinned seductively as she wiped at the trickle of my pleasure that dribbled from her wet lips. I knew it was now my turn to take the upper hand. With relaxed slowness, I unbuttoned her tight blouse, thereby revealing a lacy bra that just barely supported her amazing 38-inch tits. I had those huge, soft breasts in my hands a moment later and Cindy whispered that she really wanted me to kiss them. For about the next fifteen minutes, I caressed, licked, and sucked on her large breasts, crowned with bursting, cherry-red nipples.

Abruptly, with anxious lust, I pulled her deeply into the soft leather couch. I removed her skirt and tight pink panties, unveiling a very hairy, moist pussy. Cindy's soft blond triangle glistened with hot anticipation and vaginal juice. As she leaned back, I spread her long legs as far as they would open. Her eyes shut in sexual abandon. Cindy begged me, "Fuck me! I want you. I want you so much!"

Her cool interview voice was now a sex-starved moan as she slathered for hard male meat. I was afraid someone in one of the outer offices would hear her passionate moans and pleas. It was amazing to see that collected career woman reduced to a naked, red-hot sex fiend. Instead of fucking her straight away, I decided to tease my scorching nymph first.

I started to poke and jab at her sizzling cunt with my tongue. My mouth sucked and lapped at her vagina. She twisted furiously, just aching to come and release that pent-up heat that I had unleashed in her.

Suddenly, I couldn't take it any longer. Wrenching her quivering legs wide apart, I let her take hold of my stiff cock (which was covered with her bright red lipstick) and shoved it deep into her pussy. Flat on top of Cindy, with my weight crushing those melon-sized breasts, I pumped wildly, building up our pace and rhythm. I could feel her strong vaginal muscles holding my shaft and drawing it deeper into her. We came simultaneously and groaned in unison.

Cindy then turned the tables, rolling me on my back and straddling my cock with those luscious legs. We both gasped in pleasure as she lowered herself onto my rigid member. With experienced moves, she rocked back and forth, plunging me farther into her tight cunt. Ravenously chewing at those delicious nipples that jiggled over my face, I came intensely as she sobbed in delight.

I was slightly fatigued when Cindy whispered, "More! Give me more of that long cock!" Nevertheless, I was eager to feel myself inside that tight, lubricated vagina

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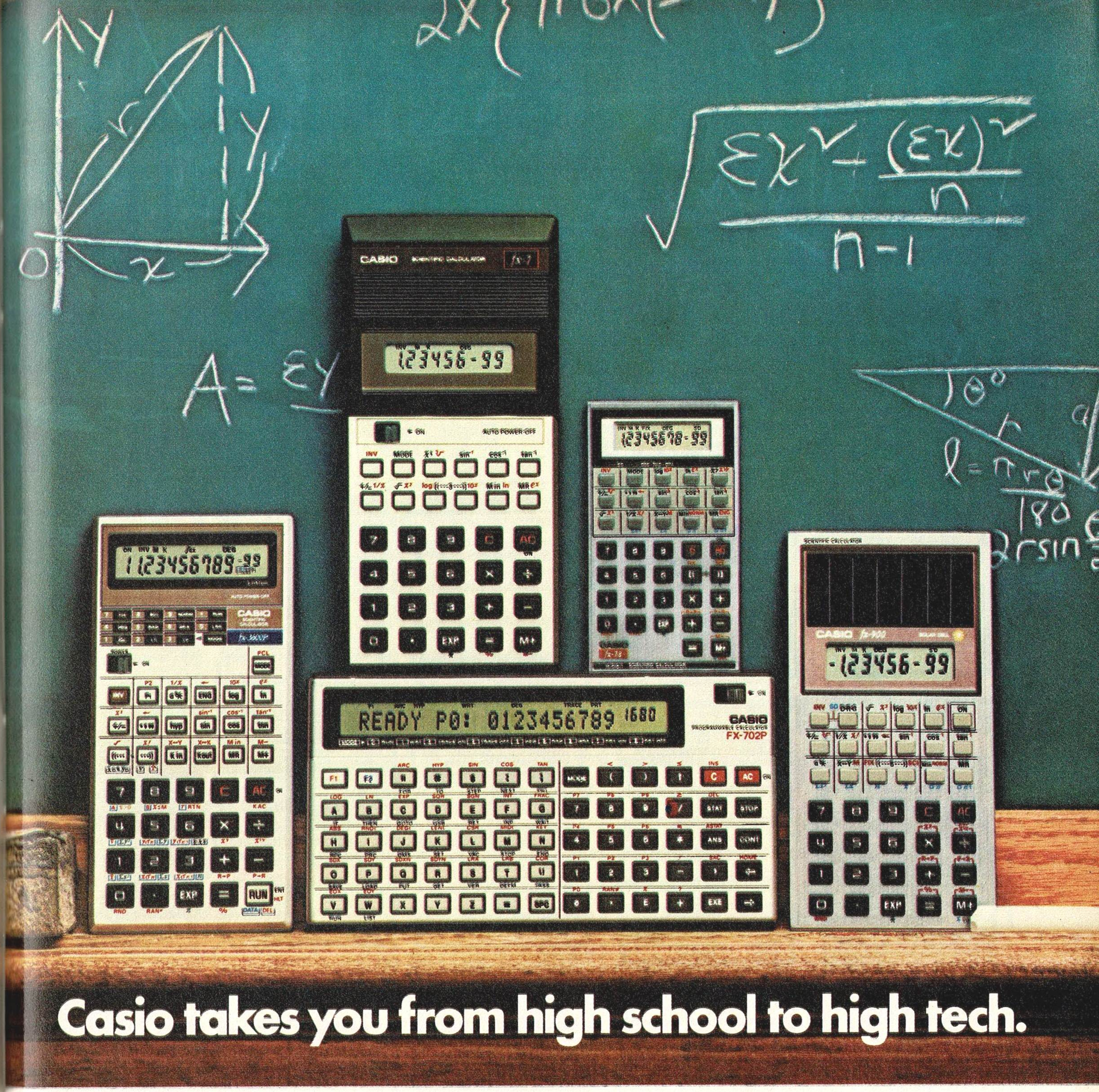
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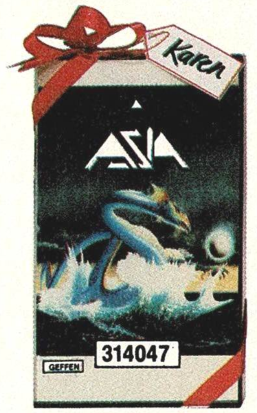
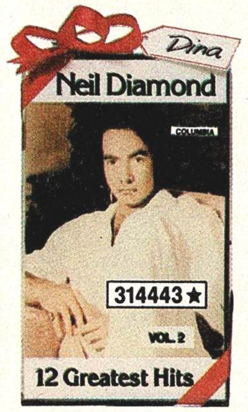
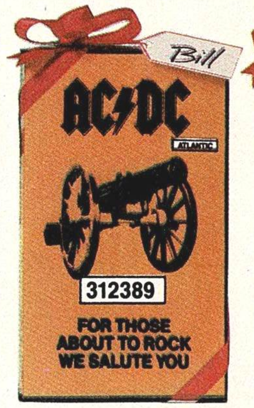


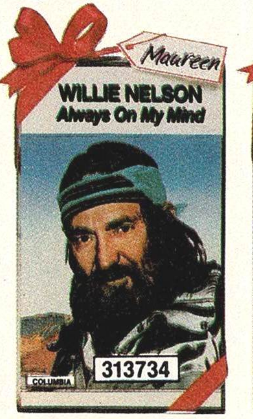
Top 10 debut! Smash hit *Heat Of The Moment; Sole Survivor; Wildest Dreams;*



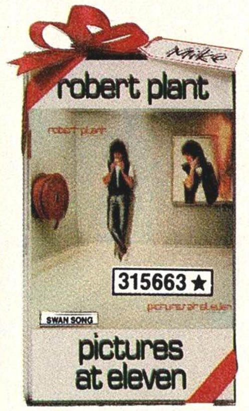
Yesterday's Songs; You Don't Bring Me Flowers (with Barbra Streisand).



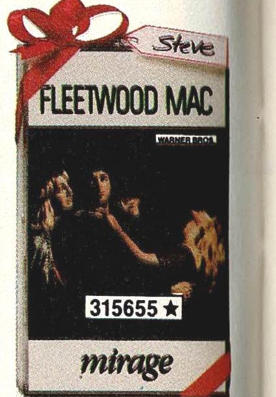
No. 1 album! The smash *Let's Get It Up*, plus *Evil Walks; Breaking The Rules;* more.



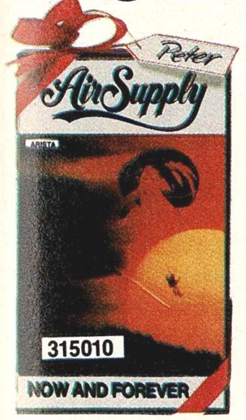
His title hit, plus *Do Right Woman...; Let It Be Me; A Whiter Shade Of Pale;* etc.



Top 10 album by former Led Zep vocalist: *Fat Lip; Worse Than Detroit;* more.



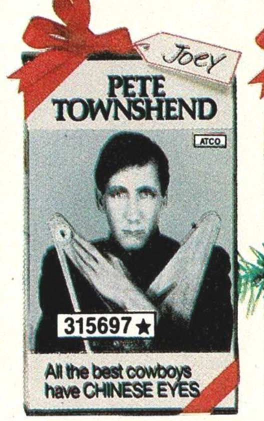
"Upbeat...soaring vocals!" —*Cash Box*. Top 10 album: Top 10 smash *Hold Me;* etc.



Their latest album with the brand-new smash *Even The Nights Are Better*.

Alan
GO-GO'S
I.R.S.
315648★
"Vacation"

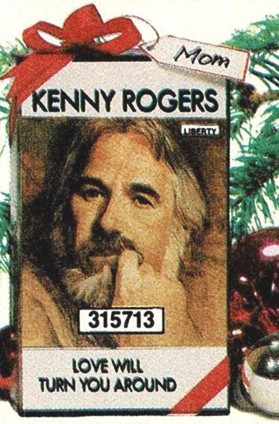
"Peppy...danceable!" —*Cash Box*. Their 2nd album with the title hit *Cool Jerk*.



"Superior album!"—*Billboard*. The Who guitarist does *Stardom In Action;* etc.

Pamela
REO Speedwagon
315382★
EPIC
GOOD TROUBLE

"Shimmering splendor!" —*Cash Box*. They do their latest hit *Keep The Fire Burnin'.*



He sings the title smash (From the movie "Six Pack"); *Take This Heart;* more.

315671★	FULL MOON/WARNER BROS.	CHICAGO *16*
313445★	GEFFEN	JOHN LENNON YOKO ONO DOUBLE FANTASY
311456	ARISTA	BARRY MANILOW If I Should Love Again
312231★	COLUMBIA/ARC	Earth, Wind & Fire RAISED
315630★	ARISTA	BEST OF JENNIFER WARNES
315002	LIBERTY	KENNY ROGERS *CHRISTMAS*
313627★	MCA	POCO *COWBOYS & ENGLISHMEN*
313171★	EMI/AMERICA	KIM CARNES Mistaken Identity
310482★	MODERN	STEVIE NICKS BELLA DONNA
309427	ARISTA	AIR SUPPLY *THE ONE THAT YOU LOVE*
309419★	MOTOWN	COMMODORES IN THE POCKET
309351★	COLUMBIA	BARBRA STREISAND'S CHRISTMAS ALBUM
313205★	EMI/AMERICA	J. GEILS BAND *FREEZE FRAME*
312652★	WARNER BROS.	EMMYLOU HARRIS *CIMARRON*
306449★	EPIC	REO SPEEDWAGON HI INFIDELITY
295279	REPRISE	FRANK SINATRA Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
286864★	ASYLUM	JACKSON BROWNE Running On Empty
275743	COLUMBIA	BARBRA STREISAND Streisand Superman
271809	LIFESONG	JIM CROCE'S GREATEST HITS TIME IN A BOTTLE
311761	ELEKTRA	QUEEN GREATEST HITS
310938★	A&M	RITA COOLIDGE HEARTBREAK RADIO
311076	MCA	NEIL DIAMOND *LOVE SONGS*
300525★	ELEKTRA	THE BEST OF EDDIE RABBITT
305045★	ATLANTIC	AC/DC BACK IN BLACK
310151★	EPIC	Engelbert Humperdinck *DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANYMORE?*
286682★	ATLANTIC	ABBA Abba's Greatest Hits
302968★	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON *PRETTY PAPER*
286740	ASYLUM	LINDA RONSTADT'S GREATEST HITS
278648	A&M	Captain & Tennille's Greatest Hits
286948★	ASYLUM	THE EAGLES Hotel California
288332	COLUMBIA	BILLY JOEL 52ND STREET

311084★	WARNER BROS.	AL JARREAU *BREAKIN' AWAY*
312678★	ELEKTRA	Grover Washington, Jr. COME MORNING
315036★	ARISTA	HAIRCUT 100 *PELICAN WEST*
315945★	TOTAL EXPERIENCE	THE GAP BAND IV
313494	GEFFEN	QUARTERFLASH
311597	A&M	THE POLICE Ghost In The Machine
315747★	COLUMBIA	EDDIE MONEY *NO CONTROL*
314666★	MOTOWN	DAZZ BAND *KEEP IT ALIVE*
313528★	WARNER BROS.	Gordon Lightfoot *SHADOWS*
308882	WARNER BROS.	THE WHO FACE DANCES
315523★	A&M	JEFFREY OSBORNE
312801★	BOARDWALK	JOAN JETT & THE BLACKHEARTS *I LOVE ROCK 'N ROLL*
288597★	LIFESONG	JIM CROCE'S GREATEST CHARACTER SONGS BAD, BAD LEROY BROWN
287003★	ASYLUM	EAGLES 1971-1975 Their Greatest Hits
286914★	WARNER BROS.	FLEETWOOD MAC RUMOURS
312967★	MCA	TERRI GIBBS *I'M A LADY*
283887★	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON STARDUST
313379★	WARNER BROS.	DAVID FRIZZELL & SHELLY WEST
308916★	GORDY	RICK JAMES STREET SONGS
307900★	COLUMBIA	LOVERBOY
312868★	APPLAUSE	SHIRLEY BASSEY *ALL BY MYSELF*
312025★	EPIC	MOLLY HATCHET Take No Prisoners
310920★	EPIC	MICKEY GILLEY YOU DON'T KNOW ME
309120★	JET	OZZY OSBOURNE Blizzard Of Ozz
310094★	MCA	OAK RIDGE BOYS *FANCY FREE*
310946★	EPIC	SLIM WHITMAN MR. SONGMAN
313106★	LIBERTY	KENNY ROGERS TEN YEARS OF GOLD
314286★	SCOTTI BROS.	VARIOUS ARTISTS DUKES OF HAZZARD
313015★	ELEKTRA	CONWAY TWITTY Southern Comfort
311720	COLUMBIA	PAVAROTTI PREMIERES RARE VERDI ARIAS LA SCALA ORCH., ABBADO
310649★	A&M	HERB ALPERT *MAGIC MAN*

313197★	EMI/AMERICA	SHEENA EASTON YOU COULD HAVE BEEN WITH ME
314989★	ELEKTRA	QUEEN *HOT SPACE*
315028★	ARISTA	THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT *EYE IN THE SKY*
314005★	A&M	The Human League DARE
316208★	WARNER BROS./VIVA	DAVID FRIZZEL FAMILY'S FINE BUT THIS ONE'S MINE
315572★	WARNER BROS.	DAVID SANBORN *AS WE SPEAK*
314708★	RIVA	JOHN COUGAR *AMERICAN FOOL*
306365★	REPRISE	FRANK SINATRA *OL' BLUE EYES IS BACK*
302026	COLUMBIA	RAVEL: BOLERO Bernstein, N.Y. Phil.
315515★	COLUMBIA	ROSANNE CASH SOMEWHERE IN THE STARS
309369	WARNER BROS.	VAN HALEN FAIR WARNING
312660	ATLANTIC	ABBA® ®ABBA is a registered trademark *THE VISITORS*
312884★	APPLAUSE	ROBERT GOULET *CLOSE TO YOU*
295816★	A&M	CARPENTERS Christmas Portrait
313635★	MCA	OAK RIDGE BOYS *BOBBIE SUE*
312926★	FIRST AMERICAN	PAUL ANKA LIVE BLACK TIE
311043★	COLUMBIA	LARRY GATLIN & THE GATLIN BROS. BAND NOT GUILTY
315218★	GYRA	RICK JAMES *"THROWIN DOWN"*
311498★	FULL MOON ASYLUM	JOHNNY LEE Bet Your Heart On Me
291773★	WARNER BROS.	The Best Of Peter, Paul And Mary
291435★	ATLANTIC	LED ZEPPELIN
304253★	ELEKTRA	EDDIE RABBITT HORIZON
305250★	COLUMBIA	Lacy J. Dalton HARD TIMES
311670★	MCA	DON WILLIAMS Especially For You
311985★	EPIC	MERLE HAGGARD *BIG CITY*
315952*	MOTOWN	JERMAINE JACKSON Let Me Tickle Your Fancy
315549*	COLUMBIA	ELVIS COSTELLO Imperial Bedroom
315986*	ATLANTIC	ORIGINAL SOUND TRACK STAR TREK II
313692*	GATEWAY	BARBARA ANN AUER Advanced Aerobic Dancing, Vol. Two
309039*	GATEWAY	AEROBIC DANCING (INSTRUCTIONAL)
307918*	LIFESONG	JIM CROCE Down The Highway

315853★	WARNER BROS.	Marshall Tucker Band TUCKERIZED
315275★	SCOTTI BROS.	SURVIVOR Eye Of The Tiger
314450★	EPIC	CHEAP TRICK *ONE ON ONE*
314963★	ELEKTRA/CURB	Hank Williams, Jr. HIGH NOTES
315705★	ELEKTRA	GLENN FREY *NO FUN ALOUD*
312306★	ELEKTRA	THE CARS *SHAKE IT UP*
300095	JET	Electric Light Orch. ELO's Greatest Hits
315796★	COLUMBIA/TAPPAN ZEE	BOB JAMES *HANDS DOWN*
297036	MIDSONG	BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA ARTHUR FIEDLER COND. SATURDAY NIGHT FIEDLER
315135★	GEFFEN	ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST DREAMGIRLS
297473	ATLANTIC	FOREIGNER HEAD GAMES
314351★	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY MATHIS *FRIENDS IN LOVE*
309534★	AMBERJACK	RONNIE ALDRICH *ONE FINE DAY*
314641★	ELEKTRA	Bellamy Brothers When We Were Boys
314476★	ARISTA	RAY PARKER, JR. THE OTHER WOMAN
314062★	MOTOWN	CHARLENE I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME
311647	COLUMBIA	ISAAC STERN 60TH ANNIVERSARY With ZUKERMAN, PERLMAN, Etc.
307868	COLUMBIA	WILLIE NELSON SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW
306589	ASYLUM	LINDA RONSTADT GREATEST HITS, VOL. 2
304196★	EPIC	Charlie Daniels Band FULL MOON
291914	REPRISE	Frank Sinatra's Greatest Hits VOL. I
187088	COLUMBIA	BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS

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313221★ 393223	LIBERTY	SHIRLEY BASSEY GREATEST HITS
309906-399907	COLUMBIA/MUSICAL TREASURIES	VARIOUS ARTISTS THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS
310219-390211★	COLUMBIA	JOHNNY MATHIS THE FIRST 25 YEARS. SILVER ANNIVERSARY ALBUM
309898-399899	COLUMBIA/MUSICAL TREASURIES	VARIOUS ARTISTS MERRY CHRISTMAS 30 FAVORITE SONGS
302265-392266	REPRISE	FRANK SINATRA TRILOGY: PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE
314294 394296*	COLUMBIA	*JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT RECORD*

315812★	COLUMBIA	CHUCK MANGIONE *LOVE NOTES*
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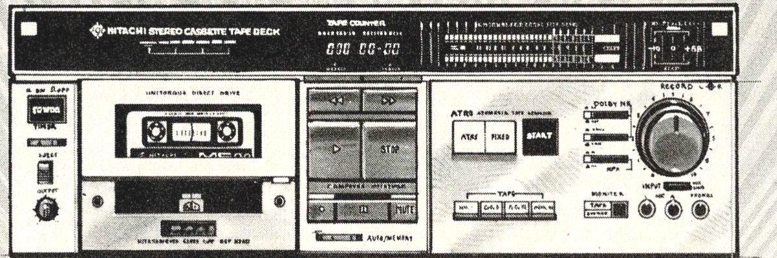

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again. So, turning her away from me on the couch, I took a strong grip on her soft hips, spread her legs with my knees, and slipped into that golden tunnel from behind. I massaged her pendulous tits with one hand while I fingered her shapely ass with the other. As we both came, I felt her restraining a low scream.

During a breather a few minutes later, I smiled and asked her whether I got the job. She nodded and congratulated me as well as complimenting me for the best sex she's ever had. Not only did Cindy give me the job that afternoon, but she also gave me her telephone number, an extra key to her apartment, and an invitation to spend the forthcoming weekend at her place. Astonished, I readily accepted and then continued to enjoy her voluptuous body for the next half hour or so.

I did indeed get the job, and Cindy has me regularly during the week. Not only do I enjoy that succulent pussy, but on a number of occasions we have reenacted my job interview, nearly being interrupted by our fellow employees during several erotic encounters. In retrospect, I can only say that I am happy that I went for the position and I am glad I found an opening.—*Name and address withheld*

PLENTY OF A GOOD THING

It all started one night at a rock 'n' roll roller-skating party, and what a night it would turn out to be! I had never roller-skated before, so I had a hell of a time picking it up, but with the help of the girls who organized the evening, it was a bit more enjoyable. This was the night I met Erika. She is a beautiful five-foot-six-inch dirty blond with a body that would just knock the socks off of any male. Erika had to rate a ten plus for horniness, as the night would confirm.

All our friends, after roller-skating, went to a club for a couple of drinks. I had my eye on another doll, but she didn't seem to care if I was alive or not, leaving me very frustrated and wanting to get good and high. So upon leaving I was invited to come and visit on the sailboat of a guy who had been talking to Erika most of the night. I refused and asked her if she wanted to do a couple of lines with me and Matt. She accepted and left Mister Preppy in the doldrums. We went to her house to snort some more "C" and enjoy each other's company. Erika disappeared into her bedroom for about fifteen minutes. In the meantime Matt told me she was going to fuck both of us. He didn't care too much about fucking her, though, and he just said, "Do what you want. I just want to lick her cunt." Erika reappeared, more beautiful than ever, with a low-cut silk nightgown on. Her hair was combed back and the shape of her body and erect nipples just brought me to instant excitement. Grasping both of our hands, she said, "Come on, boys," and I sure felt like a kid excitedly following this ravishing twenty-one-year-old beauty into her room.

Erika had lit candles around the room for atmosphere. Closing the door, she knelt down in front of me and proceeded to undo my pants. Grasping my throbbing red member, she gave me a very pleasant blowjob as my pants dropped to the floor. She then turned to Matt, saying "Get naked."

Taking Matt's cock in hand, she sucked and licked like a young pup.

By now I was naked and she instructed Matt to do the same as she went out to the kitchen to get three tall glasses of ice water. Matt and I sat bare-assed, drawing lines, and we all did a couple of healthy ones each. We both grabbed Erika and laid her body back on her bed, lifting off her nightgown. I could now see what a gorgeous body she really had. Matt and I both started licking her body. He concentrated on the left tit, I on the right. We were all loving it. After we had our initial licks, we spread coke around her fine tits, in her navel, and most of all, Matt was stuffing her cunt like it was a Christmas turkey.

Erika was loving it, saying, "Put more in my cunt." By now we were well into our second gram and our tongues were numb as hell. He had licked her into three orgasms and just would not stop. I was teasing her with my coke-tipped dick. "Oh, you guys are just great, but now it's my turn to turn you on." Sitting up, she pushed both of us against the wall and began to suck my coked cock while jerking off Matt. Then, the opposite. With both our cocks at full attention and wet from her moist tongue, she dipped her fingers in the coke and spread it around the head of our cocks. She was going back and forth to lick it all off. Matt ran off to the bathroom, and when he got back we used a glob of Vaseline to lube her ass hole up. It must have been cold, because she jumped when Matt laid a wad in her crack. I climbed on top of her, sliding my steel shaft into her quivering love-furnace until the dawn of the morning was upon us. It was a night to remember.—*Name and address withheld*

ON THE PREMISES

I, too, am another *Penthouse* reader who never would have dreamed of writing to *Penthouse* until the following sexual adventure occurred.

Being a medical intern on call every third night at a large hospital had left me wondering whether I would ever find time for sex again during this busy year of training. Between my exhausting duties, which sometimes kept me up for thirty-six hours, and my need for sleep, time for intimate sexual contact seemed scarce. The other night I stumbled upon a way to combine business with pleasure that I'd like to share with *Penthouse* readers.

Liza is a sandy-haired beauty employed as an anesthesiologist. She has a figure that could make any man breathe better. She had caught my eye long before the

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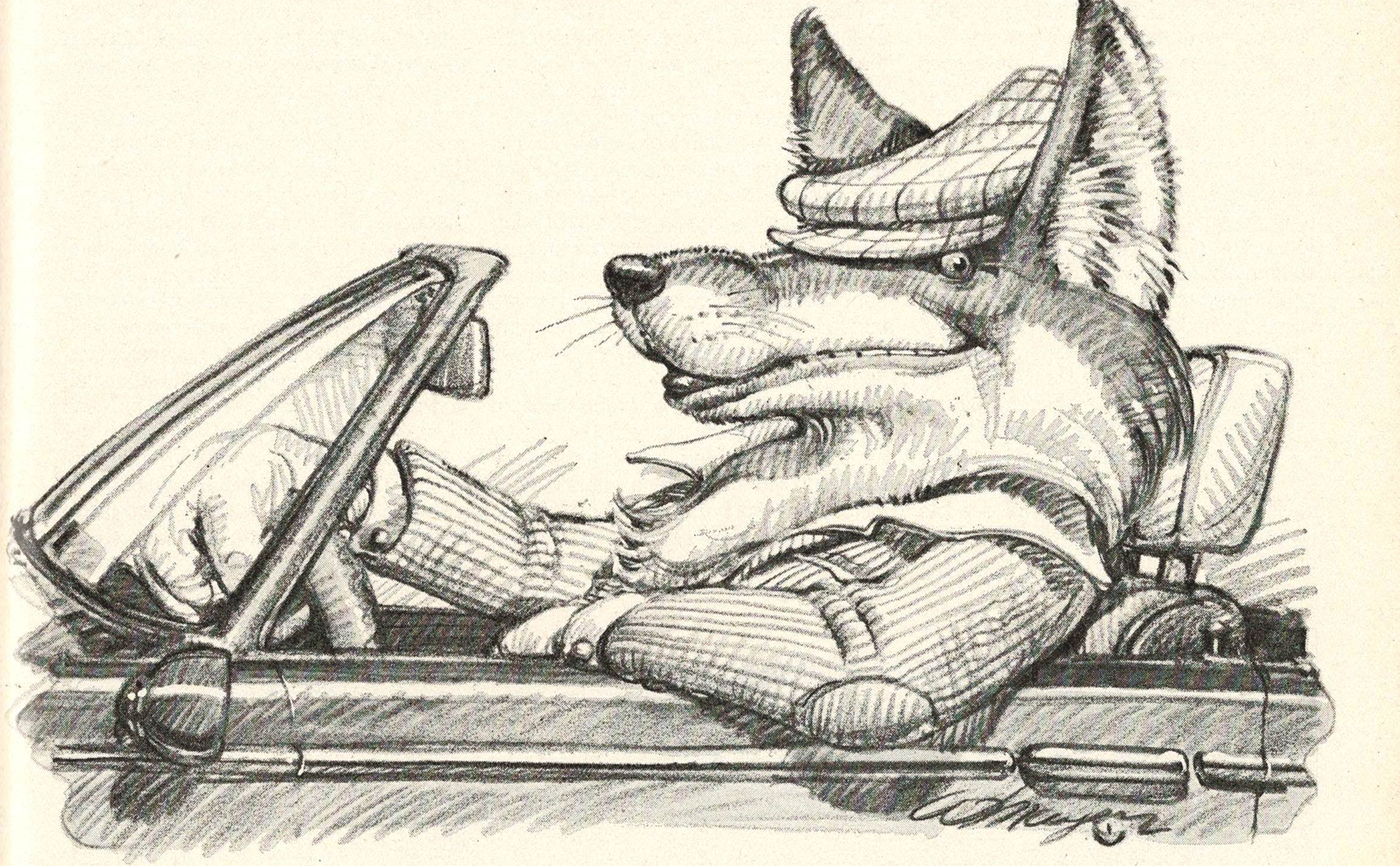

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time we first jokingly discussed our fantasy. She had just completed her evening shift when I boldly suggested that she spend the night with me in the interns' call room to avoid the bad driving conditions after a heavy snowstorm. She blushed and grinned at me coyly but didn't take me seriously.

Over the next few days, however, the thought of this forbidden breach of professionalism recurred, and I began to realize just how easily it might be accomplished. Liza and I continued to joke about the possibility until we each began to realize that the other was serious, and it developed into a dare that neither of us could back down from.

I felt a glow of excitement as I went about my duties on the night that she had agreed to bring her nightgown and toothbrush to work and stay the night in the call room. The night we had chosen to consummate our dare was a holiday weekend appreciated for its idle hours at an otherwise busy hospital. We met in the doctors' lounge at the appointed time after I had tucked the four wards of patients in my care in bed, and after she had checked in with the emergency surgery desk.

Half in disbelief, I walked her to her locker, where she had hidden her nightie and stashed her toothbrush. My heart raced as I imagined her buxom figure in a transparent negligee. When she opened her locker to reveal a scanty black-lace nightie hanging up, I knew that our fantasy would soon become reality, and I had to fold my white coat over my fashionable surgical-green pajamas to hide the growing bulge. In a trance of excitement and daring determination, we made the short walk through the dimly lit halls to my assigned call room, where on an average night I managed to get only two or three hours of light sleep. We arrived wtih pounding chests and heaved a sigh of relief as we fell into each other's arms.

She modestly stepped into the closet to change into her nightie while I arranged the starkly furnished dormitory room for the most conducive atmosphere. I surveyed the narrow single bed where on other nights I had masturbated alone while reading *Penthouse* before falling asleep at 3 or 4:00 A.M. Next to the bed was the ever-present telephone with its threat of interruption, which heightened my awareness of the present moment and the sensual experiences we were about to have. I moved the bed away from the bare wall, knowing that another intern slept only inches away on the other side.

When she emerged from the closet in her revealing see-through nightie, I put my arms around her and led her to the bed, now lit up like a stage by a single lamp in the corner. I put her at ease by starting to slowly massage her soft shoulders while I straddled her barely concealed hips. It wasn't long before she felt my hardness growing against the cheeks of her ass. She rolled onto her back, shaking with excitement, with a wild look in her eyes, and drew me down next to her. We pressed our bodies together and I began to stroke her ample breasts through the negligee. The lace straps fell easily from her shoulders as I exposed her magnificent chest and began licking and sucking her small, hard nipples. She deftly untied the drawstring on my surgical pajamas, exposing my inflamed member, and positioned herself to suck it. I stroked her wet pussy and thighs while she moved her mouth up and down like a piston over my hot rod. I was on the verge of an orgasm when she slowly pulled herself away from my throbbing penis and positioned herself at my side while we kissed, our tongues darting back and forth between our mouths. I pushed her gently on her back and found her wet love box with my tongue after softly biting her inner thighs. She rocked her hips slowly, pressing her moist clit into my mouth while my tongue explored her wetness. I brought her to several shaking orgasms in succession with my educated tongue while she bit her lips and screamed into the pillow to muffle her cries. Again, as we lay side by side, she deftly grasped my penis and guided it to her swollen clitoris, using it to massage herself to a frenzy of excitement while I cupped her ass in my hands. I slid my fingers into her dripping pussy just before she erupted into another orgasm, and felt her vagina contract rhythmically.

Unable to hold back any longer, I pushed her on her back and thrust my aching penis into her pulsating tunnel of love. For what seemed like hours of ecstasy, I thrust deep inside her tight vagina as she thrust her hips up to meet me with each stroke. We stiffened and rocked spasmodically as we came together.

Exhausted, we drifted off to sleep, hoping that no one had overheard the ruckus or been bold enough to investigate the unfamiliar sounds. Several peaceful hours later, the phone rang, assigning me my first task of the new day. With sheepish grins on our faces, we picked up the clothes scattered about the room and laughed as we dressed and resumed our professional attire and deportment. We exchanged a tender kiss of understanding about the fantasy that we had made a reality and left the room separately and unseen.

Later that morning, over a dull hospital breakfast, I inquired of the intern assigned to the room next to mine as to how he had slept that night. He replied that he, too, had had a restful night of duty, managing to get over six hours of sleep. I only grinned and nodded in agreement, while gulping down an extra cup of coffee before starting morning rounds. If only he knew what a restful evening I had had!—
Name and address withheld

"The following programs will not be seen tonight . . ."

READING MATTER

Through the years I've thoroughly enjoyed "Forum." There have been times when those slick pages have been all that stood between me and unrelieved chastity. I'm not complaining, though. Making the scene with a magazine beats killing time at the laundromat any day.

But that's not why I'm writing. I'm twenty-seven and sweet-tempered, and, although inclined to modesty, I must admit most women find me attractive. They say it's my buns and shoulders, and who am I to argue? One night, substitute-clerking for a friend in a liquor store, I encountered the woman who prompted this letter. She strode in wearing well-fitting shorts that showed off her gorgeous legs. What I liked best about her, however, was the fact that she purchased a *Penthouse* along with her two bottles of wine. I couldn't help but ask who the magazine was for and was highly gratified when she answered straightforwardly that it was for herself. Something in her tone of voice set my cock on edge. I asked her what aspect of the magazine she liked best. She gave me a level glance and said, "I get off on the letters."

With mounting pressure in my pants, I admitted that I enjoyed them also. With that she gracefully leaned over the counter and gave me an appraising stare. Evidently I passed muster, for she suggested that we might indulge our mutual interest and get together sometime. I said I would get off work in about forty-five minutes and she said she'd wait up for me at her place, to which she provided directions. She drew a great map, too, by the way. What a woman!

Needless to say, the next forty-five minutes were a testosterone trial. I closed up ten minutes early and set off. Finding her apartment easily, I presented myself and accepted a glass of wine. She had changed into a long, gauzy gown that concealed and revealed at the same time. Her name was Sandy, and I decided to sit back and savor her making all the moves. She sure was willing.

She got her magazine and settled in next to me on the sofa. She began to read aloud from "Forum," but three quarters of the way through the first letter she gave me that now familiar look and asked if we could put the magazine aside for a bit. You can believe my pump didn't need any more priming! She leaned in close and, taking my face between her palms, gave me a soul kiss that went on and on. Her hands drifted over my body and started stripping me. She pulled her gown over her head. Motioning for me to lie on the sofa, she smoothed her sublime body over mine, moving in a soft, rhythmic tempo that was easy to follow.

Her nipples teased my chest and her ample bush tickled my cock as my hands caressed her glorious buttocks and silky, muscular back. After a heavenly while she slid me into her warm, wet vagina, and if you'd asked what year it was at that point I'd have drawn a blank. I just felt so warm and secure inside her mystery tunnel. Maybe it's a consequence of wearing your genitals on the outside all the time, but I really felt sort of protected in this fantastic woman's love canal. Anyhow, we pitched to a grinding apex and nibbled each other's lips as we lay limply on the by then moist sofa. Congratulating each other on our terrific time, we decided to treat ourselves at least monthly, if not more frequently, to a "Forum" letter-reading session. You better believe I'm now watching the newsstand with interest!—
Name and address withheld

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS
Pet of the Year Runner-Up Anna Fraley, appearing on page 131, was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Minolta camera and the Cokin Filter System. Pet of the Month Monique Gabrielle, who appears on page 105, was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera. He used Nikkor 55, 85, 135, and 200 lenses, Kodachrome 64 film, and Norman strobes.

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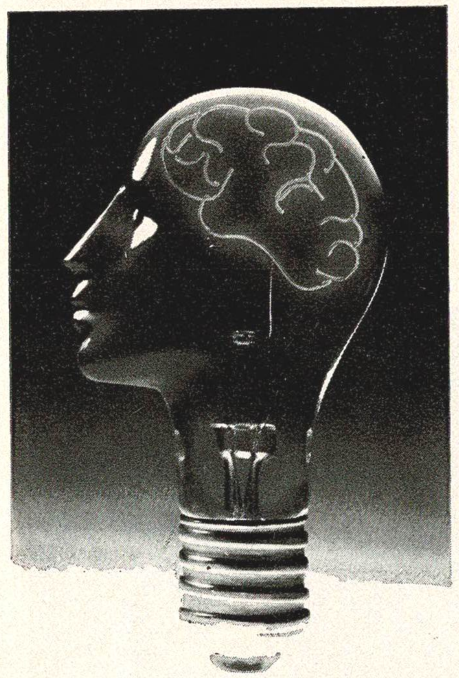

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

FLEECED AND SHAFTED

Congratulations on the wonderful article "It's Only Your Money" by James Dale Davidson in your July 1982 issue. (Also loved Ron Morecraft's photography, which accompanied the article. It certainly gets the point of the article across.) The inefficiency of bureaucracy and the resulting destruction of our economy cannot be overemphasized if we intend to survive in the long run. A clearer understanding of the issues and radical changes are going to be necessary—and, unfortunately, next to impossible to bring about.

A prime example is Sen. William Proxmire, whom Mr. Davidson holds up to us as a prime mover toward taxpayer accountability. Numerous times the author makes note of the senator's attempts to inform the public about waste and fraud in government.

The real picture is even more dreadful than that painted by the author. A clear look at Senator Proxmire's record brings up the frightening question: if this man is one of the saints, what in God's name are the sinners up to? Senator Proxmire has seen to it that billions of taxpayers' dollars are spent each year in his home state of Wisconsin in the most highly oversubsidized dairy-farm support program in the world. This particular waste seems to be all right by the senator because it goes into the pockets of his constituents. It also grossly inflates the price of milk, butter, cheese, and other dairy products—thus taxing the average citizen a second time around at the grocery store.

As an example, at the end of 1981, a bill came up before the Senate that involved the built-in inflation factor in the dairy subsidies in Proxmire's home state. The intent of the bill was to cut as much as $400,000 per day (that's $146 million per year) from the subsidy increase. The senator began an all-day, all-night filibuster on the floor until the bill died.

As much as I admire and enjoy the campaign waged by Proxmire, at least in the public eye, against fraud in government, I fear his record shows that he is no better than any of his vaunted "Golden Fleece" recipients.

Unfortunately, most politicians and bureaucrats who scream and yell that they will put an end to the great money-eating establishment are usually trying to drown out the sound of their own spending sprees.—*Dick Barnes, Federal Way, Wash.*

I recommend that you take a long, hard look at Mr. James Dale Davidson's article "It's Only Your Money" in the July 1982 issue of *Penthouse.* It would seem that this story is a press release put out for Senator Proxmire; presumably, Mr. Davidson is in the senator's employ. For, in fact, Senator Proxmire's "Golden Fleece" award *never* goes to the person most deserving of it. That person is, of course, *Senator Proxmire himself! He* is responsible for the $2 billion annual dairy subsidy. This subsidy ensures that dairy prices stay high regardless of supply, thus gouging the American people. Furthermore, under this program, our government maintains an enormous stock of dried milk, cheese, and butter. Compare this $2 billion annual waste of taxpayers' money (actually *higher*, owing to artificially high dairy prices) with the $1,200, $120,260, or $279,000 Golden Fleece awards. Then tell me who is really the master of the Golden Shaft of the taxpayer.—*Dave Waters, San Francisco, Calif.*

Mr. Davidson replies:

No, I am not an employee of Senator Proxmire. Nor a relative. The reason I laud him as the most fiscally responsible member of the Senate is that it is true. The National Taxpayers Union has made an objective, computerized analysis of every spending vote in Congress over the past several years. Senator Proxmire has voted more consistently on the side of the taxpayer than any other member of the U.S. Senate.

It is true that he has also helped to promote and expand dairy subsidies that are costly to taxpayers and consumers but beneficial to many of his constituents in Wisconsin. Such is our political process. All members of Congress, to a greater or lesser degree, promote narrow interests at the expense of the public. The point is not that Senator Proxmire is an exception to this rule but that his record, compared with that of his colleagues, is the best example of good stewardship that the system has to offer.

I am writing concerning your article "It's Only Your Money" by James Davidson in your July 1982 issue of *Penthouse*. I have been an avid reader of your magazine for a long time.

I am twenty-one years old and have been enlisted in the U.S. Air Force for three years. Being in the service, I have worked in ordering parts and have noticed a lot of waste, such as the diode worth 9½¢ that we buy for $144. I really liked

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your article and knew it was true. But as an everyday citizen, what can we do about this waste? People say vote the politicians out of office. But what good does that do? You vote somebody new into office, and it takes him just a little while before he's abusing the system just like the person before him. I ask you, just what can we do about this? It really ticks me off.—*Name withheld, A.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.*

I almost fell off my chair when I read your exposé on government waste in the July 1982 issue of *Penthouse*, "It's Only Your Money." For years we have been trying to stop the National Highway Traffic and Safety Administration (NHTSA) from forcing bullshit laws on the poor, unsuspecting public, and it has always seemed that the battle was a futile one.

When I read in your publication that Senator Proxmire had given his "Golden Fleece" award to Joan Claybrook of the NHTSA, I was delighted.

When Ms. Claybrook started her campaign for the backwards motorcycle, everybody in the motorcycle industry thought it was a big joke, but, lo and behold, a few months later a contract was given to build the stupid thing.

After years of fighting such stupidity, and being shrugged off as merely "a bunch of dumb bikers," it was good to see a respected publication like *Penthouse* let the public know what we have been trying to tell them for years. The government's principal objective is to use the public's money to expand the bureaucracy.

Thank you for a job well done. The public needs to know these things.—*Robert Lipkin, Redondo Beach, Calif.*

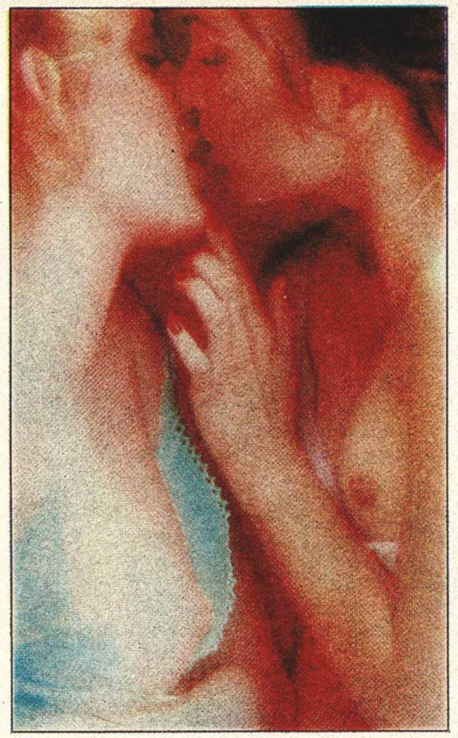
Thank you, thank you, for "It's Only Your Money" by James Dale Davidson. For a long time I've watched the government's waste and inefficiency with a saddened heart; and now to read of such absurdities on our nation's birthday is, to my way of thinking, really putting the icing on the cake.

After a long silence—just when I had begun to despair of ever hearing anyone say enough about government waste again—along came Mr. Davidson's comments. Not only were they well written, but they were presented in a language that could be understood.

Articles such as this only go to show the excellence you are noted for. I have been an avid reader for years and hope to be for many more. My hat is off to you for a job well done!

Perhaps Mr. Davidson would find the following interesting to add to his cast array of "necessary" expenditures: military support for an organization known as "DUMB" (Deep Underground Missile Basing). And let us not forget the $3.3 million allocated for the care and keeping of military pets!

Again, thank you for a fine article, and keep up the good work!—*Ellen Kelner, Richwood, W. Va.*



FAN MAIL

I have never written to a magazine before, but after I saw your recent pictorial of Marlene and Brinke (July 1982), I had to write.

You outdid yourselves this time! Of all your girl-with-girl pictorials, this was the greatest. Please congratulate David Schoen on his wonderful photography. And of course thank Marlene and Brinke for letting themselves come into my heart.

Keep up the good work—and how about one more shot of these two fabulous vixens?—*Craig Hembree, Santa Rosa, Calif.*

Mr. Schoen thanks you for the compliment. And here is one more shot of Marlene and Brinke together—above.—The Editors

WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?

I would like to comment on the article "What Women Really Want From a Lover" by Shere Hite, September 1982. I have a question that the author failed to answer in this report. *What do women really want from a lover?* The article never states the answer. If I'm not mistaken, all of the individuals quoted were men, and they didn't seem to have the answers. All the article seemed to say was that most men can't help a woman to climax and are still inhibited to the point of believing that only intercourse is "normal" sex.

The experiences related in the article were a bit surprising to me, since my first sexual encounters were mutual manual stimulation. I'm no expert, but I don't have too much trouble helping a woman to achieve orgasm with the use of my hand.

An excellent point that the article did make is that intercourse shouldn't be considered the "main event" in a relationship involving sex. Both partners should be equals and get as much pleasure as can be given. Let's give Shere Hite a hand for her fine job at expanding our collective sexual consciousness.—*Pvt. Ken Hansen, Fort Carson, Colo.*

GUN CONTROL: PRO AND CON

In your August 1982 issue you published an article by Mark Benenson, "Why Gun Control Won't Work." Mr. Benenson has hit the nail on the head in this article. The liberal gun-banners are living in an illusionary world if they imagine that taking away a person's means of resistance will reduce an aggressor's violence. A prime example is the people of Poland.

I believe there needs to be a total restructuring of the criminal-justice system and harsher penalties for use of guns in violent crime. A prime example of this is the recent shooting of President Reagan. Look at the sentence the assailant received!—*William A. Sposa, Jr., Norwood, N.J.*

I read the "Advise and Dissent" in your August 1982 issue, "Why Gun Control Won't Work" by Mark Benenson, and was very pleasantly surprised. So many large magazines and television shows are against guns that it is refreshing to see a magazine with as large a circulation as yours print that article. Once again, let me thank you for showing this side of the issue.—*David Beard, Syracuse, Ohio*

In the August 1982 issue of *Penthouse* you ran an opinion column by Mark K. Benenson entitled "Why Gun Control Won't Work." I would like to reply to this column and correct some of Mr. Benenson's distortions of gun-control advocates and their goals. While Mr. Benenson does an adequate job defining the issue and sketching its historical development in the United States, toward the end of his essay he draws a number of erroneous conclusions about the implications of gun-control legislation that seem designed more to frighten than to inform.

First of all, I think it is necessary to allay the fears of many Americans that a prohibition of handguns will lead to the wholesale invasion of private households for the purpose of searching for and confiscating handguns. No responsible handgun legislation could ever demand such a thing because of its clear violation of the Fourth Amendment, which Mr. Benenson points out. The handgun-control lobby does not seek legislation that will be unconstitutional, and it does not seek legislation that will violate the rights of American citizens. Few, if any, members of gun-control organizations would support a radical Right-sponsored convention to revise the U.S. Constitution. The comparison Mr. Benenson draws between the views of gun-control advocates and the rigidity of outlook characteristic of groups such as the Moral Majority is a gross distortion, and amounts to nothing more than propaganda.

While it is true that stricter gun controls will impose limitations on a freedom that has been traditional in America, we do not feel that such restrictions amount to a vio-

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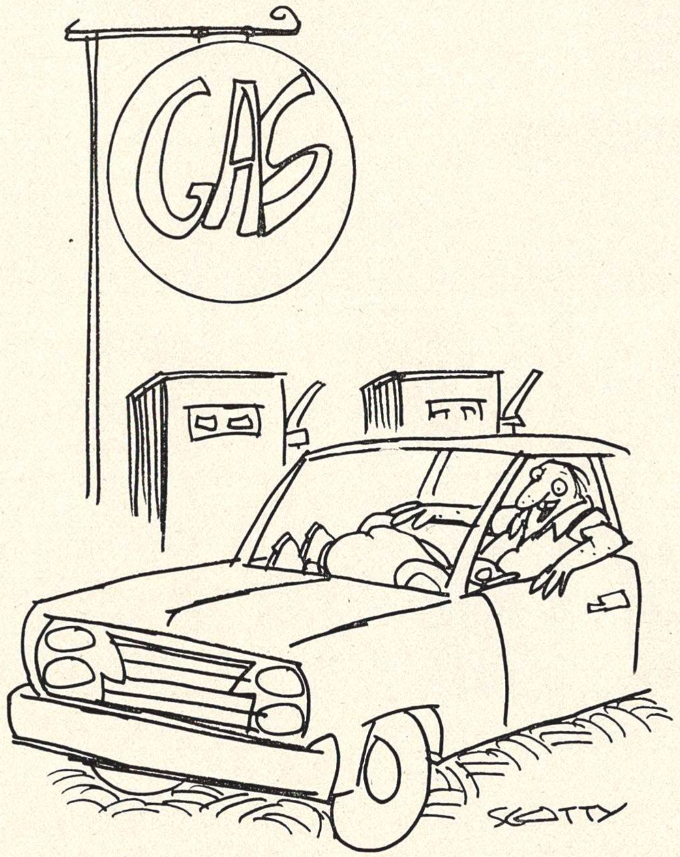
lation of constitutional rights. The Second Amendment provides that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." We argue that it is within the spirit of the Constitution for the legislature and the courts to regulate *what kind* of arms the people shall have a right to keep and bear, and under what conditions.

There is a long tradition of regulation of firearms at the federal level going back to the firearms excise tax of 1919. The Federal Aviation Act of 1958, the Gun Control Act of 1968, and the Air Transport Security Act of 1974 all restrict a citizen's right to keep and bear arms when he travels on a commercial aircraft, for example. The Gun Control Act of 1968 places further restrictions on the manufacture, transfer, and sale of machine guns, sawed-off shotguns, silencers, bombs, grenades, rockets, and many other destructive devices. These laws are stiffened and extended by many and various laws at the state and local level. So there is a long legislative and judicial tradition of definition, regulation, and encumbrance on the right guaranteed in the Second Amendment, and those who proclaim that to restrict handguns in the U.S. is by definition to infringe on this Second Amendment right are ignoring this tradition and the tradition of legislation and judicial process regarding *every* right guaranteed by the Constitution.

It is those who insist that the right to possess firearms is absolute and unimpeachable under any conditions who are rigid and intolerant in their outlook. Gun-control advocates are generally liberal in their political complexion, as Mr. Benenson correctly describes them; they are concerned citizens who want a safer and more secure America for everyone. Associating them with the radical Right is an empty caricature.

Our position is that social conditions in America have changed so dramatically from what they were at the time of the framing of the Constitution that the unrestricted right to possess firearms is no longer consistent with a safe and secure society. Handguns may give their possessors a feeling of strength and security, but they have to come to understand that it is an illusory security. A broader view of the impact of free access to handguns shows that handguns facilitate and encourage crime, because that same feeling of strength and power is also experienced by the possessor of a handgun who intends to commit a criminal act, and this can provide the necessary courage and means to carry it through. There are over 11,000 homicides committed in this country every year with handguns; more than 350,000 violent crimes are committed every year with handguns, including rape, armed robberies, and assaults. Certainly, eliminating handguns will not eliminate crime and it will not eliminate criminal tendencies in individuals. But it will make them more difficult to carry out. This will in fact make the society safer and less violence prone, and this in turn will effect for the citizens a genuine safety and security that a handgun can never give them.—*Michael Ferguson, Ph.D., Department of Philosophy, University of Illinois at Chicago Circle, Chicago, Ill.*



"Gee, for a while there during the gas shortage, you guys weren't even cleaning windshields."

VIET VETS

Boy, was I glad to see the "Vietnam Veterans Adviser" in your September 1982 edition! I've been fighting and waiting for years to see something come to light in regard to the Vietnam veterans who suffer Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). The only way the Veterans Administration will help these people is if they are forced to do so by public demand. The only way to arouse public demand is to publish articles on the subject. I think it is about time the VA stops turning its head or passing the buck every time PTSD comes up. Thank you, *Penthouse.—Dennis Ross, Terminal Island, Calif.*

AN ANGRY VAMPIROLOGIST

Your March 1982 "Hard Times" item (reprinted from the *National Enquirer*) about my research is another attack by an armchair philosopher who makes pronouncements about areas he has never really researched. Even the reading of a few books would not make him qualified to judge a vampirologist. I don't believe in the supernatural. There is nothing above nature—this is our policy in vampire research. We look for primary, secondary, and tertiary facts to support all our work.

I proved the "Amityville horror" a hoax in 1976, and I fought Prentice-Hall, Bantam Books, and the *New York Times* to do it.—*Dr. Stephen Kaplan, Founder and Director, The Vampire Research Center, Elmhurst, N.Y.*

GUARDIAN ANGELS

I am writing in regard to your August 1982 interview with Curtis Sliwa of the Guardian Angels. They are great and should be congratulated for what they are doing to help make the world a little safer, especially in New York City. But it seems they don't want praise or thanks so much as to open people's eyes to the fact that we all can be honest, caring, decent, and giving of ourselves. And that acting this way is reward enough.—*Susan Ryals, Los Angeles, Calif.*

NOT IMPRESSED IN AUSTRALIA

Until your February 1982 edition, we "down under" have read in awe of the way nature has favorably blessed the studs and nymphs in the United States. "Forum" letters consistently cite tales of the eight-inch or nine-inch rods of steel, while no woman has less than a 38-inch bust.

But in the pictures in your article "America Off-Guard—Naked City," the only 38-inch bust was on Coyote Ugly, and the whole series of slugs on the men would hardly add up to nine inches on a stretching rack.

Come off it, America!—*Ted (a genuine twelve inches—six inches down one side and six inches back up the other), Adelaide, Australia*

SEX IN WASHINGTON

After reading "Sex, Status, and Success: How to Play and Win in Washington" in the July 1982 issue of *Penthouse*, I would like to offer the following observation: if our noble leaders in Washington spent less time worrying about their status (or lack of it) and more time doing their jobs, they might actually begin making progress on problems confronting the less fortunate souls they're supposed to be serving.—*Bill Mella, Los Angeles, Calif.*

TURNED OFF BY AMPUTEES

I have been a monthly reader of *Penthouse* for many years and, until recently, found most of the contents enjoyable. But I find these "Forum" amputee letters to be a real turn-off when placed in the middle of all the other sexy "Forum" material. I thought I was alone in this opinion until it was brought up at a Kiwanis meeting last week and I found that several others shared my reaction. I think there are way too many readers who are opposed to this kind of thing than there are readers who are turned on by it. Our vote was eight to zero. So please stop.—*Name withheld*

VOTES FOR JOHN ANDERSON

The John Anderson interview in the September 1982 issue was really a good one. I think he is correct in calling for an end to the Social Security payments that are made to wealthy people who have other, plentiful sources of income. Also, I think that it is a good idea, as Anderson says, to prohibit mortgage deductions for those who are financing second or third homes.

What is so interesting about John Anderson is his view of how the Republican and Democratic parties differ. The Republicans are turning far right and the Democrats far left. His party is supposed to capture the political center. Both our major parties have failed to solve our serious economic problems. Maybe Mr. Anderson can! I voted for him in 1980 and hope he has a political party in 1984.

I hope your interview is widely read. Anderson has much to tell our established parties.—*Frederick J. Miller, Cedar Rapids, Iowa*

I have just finished reading your interview with John Anderson in the September 1982 issue. What a guy! In the election of 1982 I decided not to back either of the two candidates from the major parties. They had not, in my opinion, dealt fully and honestly with the issues. So I voted for John Anderson. I felt he was a vast improvement over Jimmy "wishy-washy" Carter and Ronald Ray-gun. I felt strongly enough about Mr. Anderson's campaign to take part in a mock three-way debate at college. Needless to say, I debated from Mr. Anderson's position.

I would like to know where I could get in touch with Mr. Anderson. I would like to work for him in some capacity because I think we have had enough lies from the Democrats and Republicans. Any help in this matter would be greatly appreciated.—*Steven Denton, Bristol, Tenn.*

Thank you for the interview with John Anderson published in September 1982. I too am not to blame! I voted for Mr. Anderson in 1980. I was very intrigued by the prospect of his forming a new party and would very much like to find out more about his plans and proposals. Could you inform your readers as to how we might contact Mr. Anderson or have our names placed on his mailing list?

On another matter, I would like to say that I have been reading *Penthouse* since I was sixteen years old and have always been very impressed by the quality of the articles, interviews, investigative articles, etc. that appear in *Penthouse*. And, of course, your pictorials are the best anywhere. A perfect blend. Thank you.—*Kelly D. Burke, Grand Junction, Colo.*

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FEEDBACK DIALOGUE

This letter is in response to the letter from Todd R. Pasterski that you printed in the March 1982 "Feedback." I am currently an inmate at Western Pennsylvania Penitentiary and I would like to say that, contrary to what Mr. Pasterski says, prisoners do *not* have it better "inside" than "a lot of people on the outside." I would also like to express my disgust at the idea of prison rehabilitation. The public is eating a sugar-coated pill if it believes we are being rehabilitated by training programs and college courses—that we are gaining the skills to reenter society as productive persons. We do reenter society, only more educated, more violent, more proficiently criminal, with X number of years of built-up anger. We're taught no real marketable skills, unless there becomes a large demand for license-plate makers and floor moppers.

While on the inside, most people walk the fine edge of a razor blade, with insanity on their right and violence on their left. Every day is a new experience in paranoia, in wondering if one of the mentally ill inmates will run a shank into your spine for no reason at all. Surrounded by boredom and paranoia, you find yourself becoming more violence-prone every day, this being the only true outlet for your frustrations. Thus, since a convict is released into society usually in worse shape than when he started his incarceration, it is almost inevitable that he will return to prison.

I am a Vietnam veteran. I am also college-educated and have been a heroin addict for the last thirteen years. The crimes that have led to my present prison stay are, as in the past, burglary and armed robbery. With my background and their "rehabilitation," it is almost inevitable that I will return to prison once released. "Doing life on the installment plan" is a phrase that refers to prison returnees, which the majority of us are. Since you are a responsible magazine, one that hasn't gone the mundane way of most of today's monthlies, I trust you to print this letter to shed some light on this situation.—*Name withheld*

MOUTH-WATERING PHOTOGRAPHS

I am a twenty-six-year-old female bisexual who simply wants to say thanks for the super August 1982 issue of your magazine. The "Forum" letters section, which contained several letters regarding woman-to-woman sex, was really exciting. But the best was yet to come.

Your Pet of the Month, Donna Barnes, is absolutely mouth-watering. And I wholeheartedly agree with Bob Guccione that she has the world's most perfect breasts. She has the largest nipples that I have ever seen, and the pictures of her kissing and licking them blew me away. I only hope that she uses them in every possible way and doesn't restrict them to members of the opposite sex. I, for one, would dearly love to make love to those gorgeous globes, as well as the rest of her body. And the mere thought of having those huge nipples fucking my cunt is mind-shattering.

Donna certainly has my vote for Pet of the Year!—*Name withheld, Sumter, S.C.*

With regard to your August Pet of the Month, let me thank you for featuring a thirty-year-old woman in the centerfold—and thank her for *admitting* that she was thirty. You have for too long confined your attention to women on the shy side of twenty-five; I hope you will broaden your search for beauty in the future. Your magazine will be the more interesting for it!—*Name withheld, Alexandria, Va.*

Miss Donna Barnes, your Pet of the Month for August 1982, caught my eye as well as that of millions of other readers of your fine magazine. The first thing I said to myself while looking at her pictures was that she had the most perfect breasts I have ever seen on any girl—only to find out later I couldn't be all wrong, since Bob Guccione himself told her she had the world's most perfect breasts. Thanks, Bob, for showing her through your eyes in your camera.

I couldn't help but think of Tony Escott's drawings in your June 1981 issue of *Penthouse*. There seems to be some similarity between his drawings and the pictures of Miss Barnes. After looking at the drawings, I'm sure you will know what I mean. Keep up the good work, and thank you for having Donna in your magazine.—*Benny Valencia, Jr., Lonedale, Okla.*

I would like to compliment you on the fine pictures in your September 1982 issue. The photographs on pages 108–121 called "White Tie and Tales," taken by Donald Milne, are the best I have ever seen of two beautiful women making love. Keep up the good work, and let's see more of these types of pictures in the future!—*Name withheld, Newport, Vt.*

TO THE MORAL MAJORITY

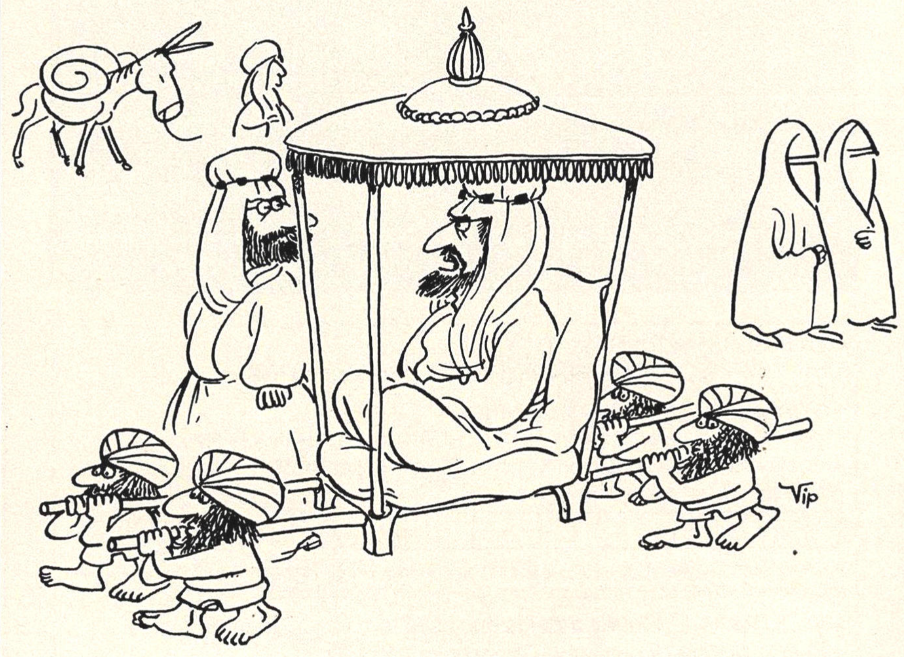
I have here a quote that may lay to rest the fears of many of your readers concerning the goings-on of the so-called Moral Majority, written by one of the greatest authors ever—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe:

Who will teach the world
Must have powerful lungs,
Who will convert the world,
Shall dig their own grave.

—*Stephan O. Hatfield, Bad Liebenzell, West Germany*

I've been reading the replies you've been receiving about your articles on Jerry Falwell. They really make me laugh! The stupidity of these people! I'm a believer in God and Jesus, but I'm not necessarily a believer in man. Reading these letters, you

CONTINUED ON PAGE 218



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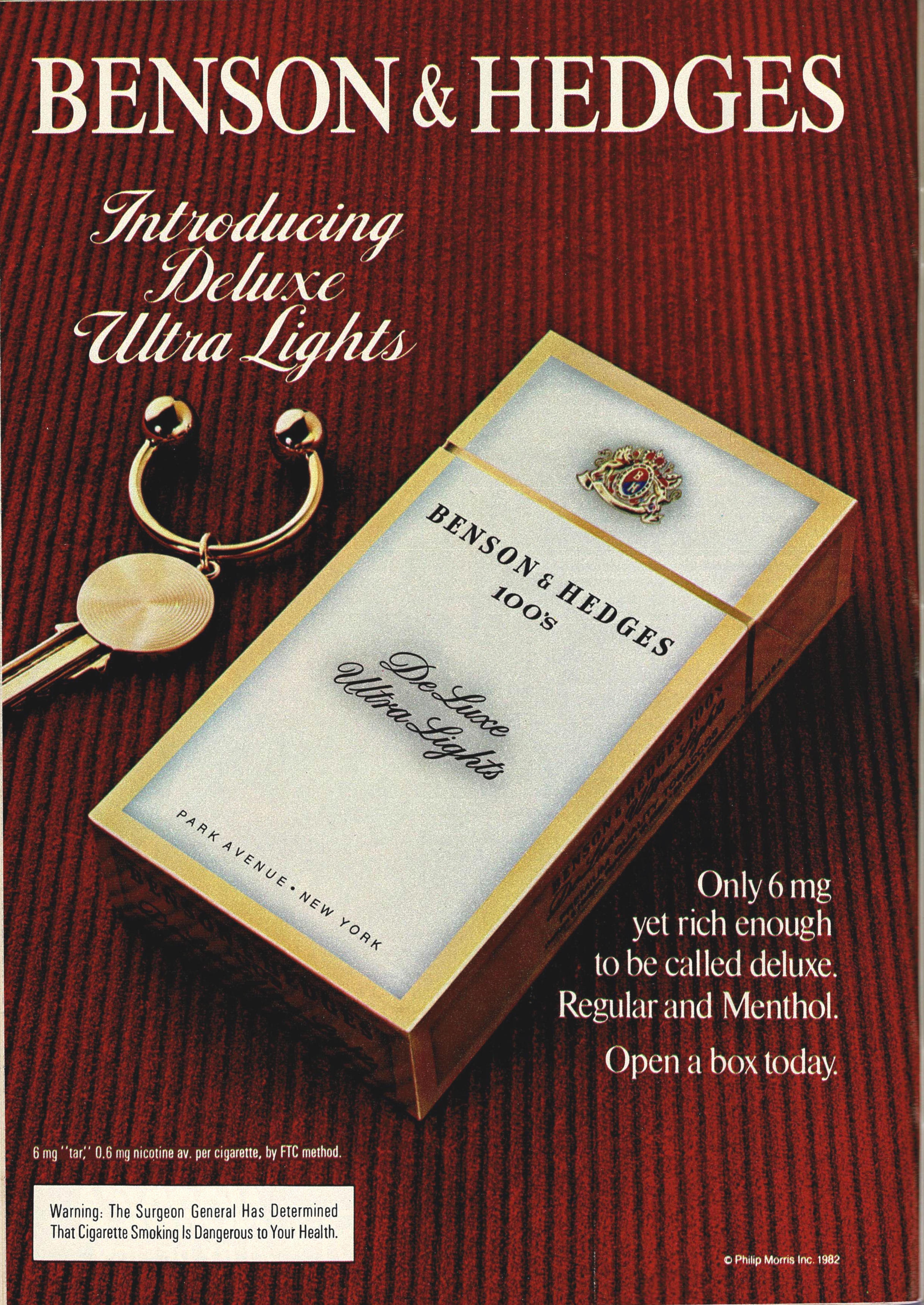

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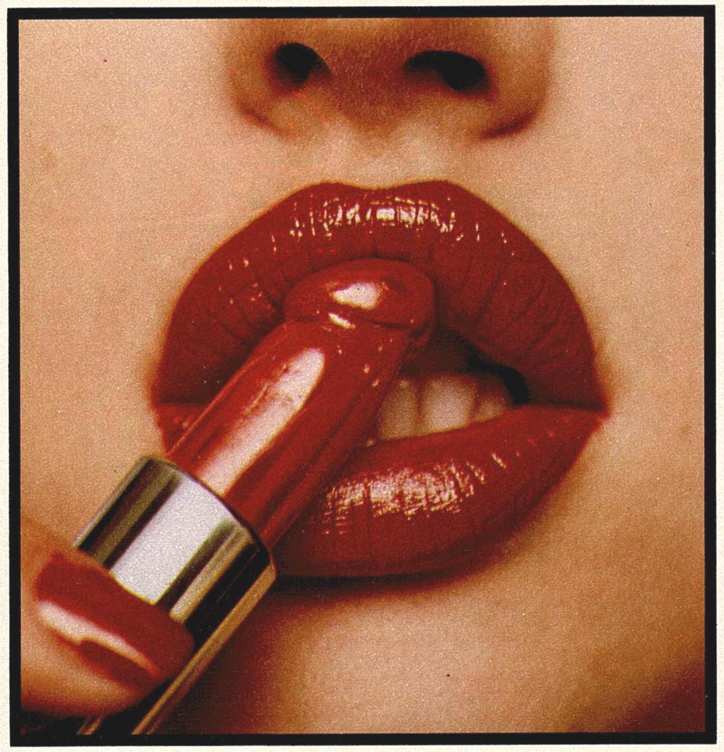

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a twenty-six-year-old single female and have been told that I am very beautiful and that I have an attractive figure. I tan rather well and can usually maintain decent skin color well into the winter months. Even though I am blessed physically, I do not have a great deal of self-confidence and tend to stay home a lot. I am a billing clerk for a large corporation, and this is where I meet most of the males in my life.

I do not have a steady lover, and I guess it has been about three months since I have been in bed with a man. My most recent relationship ended on a sour note, and I am in no great hurry to get involved with anyone new.

I have been getting quite horny of late, and a late-night masturbation session has been my only relief. I am writing you to discuss the reasons for my intense horniness and for advice on my recent behavior.

I firmly believe I am turning into an exhibitionist. I enjoy taking small chances and I am sure that I don't want to go very far with it. As I said, I have a nice tan and can wear my skirts without pantyhose. This gives a female an immense feeling of freedom and exposure. When I am sitting at my desk I like to open my legs as wide as possible and pretend that I am being watched by someone. The other day I went into the bathroom and removed my panties and went back to my desk. I was really horny and excited, so I hiked my skirt up about twelve inches above my knees and slowly started spreading my legs. I would have been mortified had any of my friends known what I was doing. Fortunately, the new office partition system recently installed made any accidental discovery impossible. That night, when I got home, I was ready to come the moment I walked in the door. I stripped off my clothes, put on a skimpy robe, smoked a joint, lay down on the bed, and fingered myself for over an hour before coming. It has gotten to the point now where on certain days I simply leave my panties at home. A skirt with just a slip rubbing against my full ass cheeks is a real turn-on.

One day I decided I would wear a rather short jumper with no slip and a pair of pink panties. The reason I chose the pink panties is because they are a bit too small and my cheeks get quite a bit of exposure when I bend over. I wanted to have the guys ogle me as I climbed the stairs to the second floor. The guys were always good-natured and none of the girls felt that it was really a problem at all. I was really excited about the possibilities of a man getting a quick look-see at my hot, jiggly ass.

It was break time, and I decided I would take the stairs to the lunchroom for a quick cup of coffee and to see who I could find on the way. My timing was perfect! When I started up the stairs about five feet in front of this one guy, we were the only people on the stairs. I could feel his eyes on the backs of my legs. At the landing I decided to go for broke and dropped the paperback I was carrying. I immediately bent over from the waist to pick it up, and I know he got a good look at my panties stretched over my round ass cheeks. John was very nice and tried not to act flustered as he finally walked by. I immediately headed for the ladies' room, where I locked myself in a stall, pulled my panties off, and began a slow masturbation. This was too much, I thought. I put my panties in my purse, got myself composed, and put my orgasm off until I returned home.

The incident I just related to you was planned; I had thought about it and finally gotten up the nerve to go through with it. This next maneuver wasn't planned and was very stimulating.

Anyway, yesterday I wore a sleeveless blue dress that I had

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hemmed to about an inch above the knee. I wore no slip and no panties that day. My plans were, as usual, simply to sit at my desk and think horny thoughts all day. I did manage, early in the day, to get my bare ass on the leather seat with my dress spread out around me.

After lunch, my phone rang and David, my boss, asked me to come to his office to pick up a folder that must go upstairs to accounting. I never use the upstairs lunchroom during the day or ever have to visit the offices on the second floor. I had grabbed the folder and started walking down the hall to the stairs when I heard someone walking behind me. I was half hoping he would follow me up the stairs. He followed me into the stairwell and, sure enough, he started up the stairs. I had about five steps on him. This skirt, I am sure, enabled him to see at least midway up my thighs. If he knew my bare ass was just out of his eyesight, he would have orgasmed in his pants. I was wondering if he could see the goosebumps all over my legs as I got more and more sexually excited. I decided to play a little, so I faked turning my ankle. This fellow rushed to my side as I clung to the handrail. He asked me to sit down on the steps for a minute and I gradually, with his help, lowered myself down for a minute. When I felt the cold metal stairs against my thighs and cheeks, I suddenly found myself getting braver and braver.

This man did not work for the company—it was obvious that he was a telephone repairman. As I clutched my ankle, I managed to draw my skirt up about twelve inches above my knees. I also had pushed the fabric between my legs, so all he could see were pretty, brown thighs. When I asked him to see if it was swelling, he stood in front of me and placed his hands on my ankle and began squeezing. He said it looked okay and offered me his hand. I reached out and he pulled me up, and at this point I was about three stairs in front of him. I thanked him and turned around and slightly bent over to test the ankle. I am sure he could see the bottoms of my cheeks at this point. Again, the goosebumps started to rise on my thighs and buns, and I knew he could see them. Oh, I was about to come! And suddenly I bent over completely to grab my hurting ankle. He gasped, as my skirt bared my ass at least halfway and his hand quickly found its way to my cheeks and crack. His finger started pushing immediately into my ass hole and I loved it. This all happened in a split second. I was very embarrassed, so I quickly excused myself and headed for the ladies' room. I locked myself in a stall and began a slow, continuous massage of my pussy lips. I began coming immediately and was humping up and down on the toilet seat. I regained composure, completed my errand, and went back to my desk, thinking everyone knew what had happened to the man and me.

Of course, no one had any idea, and I doubt whether I will ever see the man from the telephone company again. Please comment on my behavior and what I should do, if anything, to correct my ridiculous mistakes.—L.S.

We are all from time to time exhibitionists of a kind. Some women love to wear low-cut blouses to accentuate the size of their big breasts; others prefer to wear miniskirts or dresses with slits up the side or front if they have attractive legs. You, however, are driving it a bit too far in that you seem to be developing a kind of narcissistic love for yourself and can get off just on your own fantasy. I, too, have a funny telephone repairman story to relate, and one that is partially based on exhibitionism.

Last summer I had just moved into a new home in Spain and the telephones had to be installed. The most sexy-looking Spanish telephone repairman with pitch-black, thick hair, a big grin on his full lips, and two of the most penetrating brownish black eyes I've ever seen showed up. He gestured that he would not reject a bit of sex after the job was done. I told him in Spanish he ought to come back the following morning, since right then my lover, with whom I was living, was about to come home.

The next morning, shortly before the telephone repairman had promised to be back, I discussed the matter with my man. We had been totally faithful up until then and very happy. However, the thought of paying this horny Spaniard in trade turned me on tremendously. My lover, a Scotsman, said, "I won't pay him in money, so you can blow him if you want." I didn't think he was serious about the matter, and when the doorbell rang I excused myself and disappeared with the repairman into one of the guest rooms. I performed a glorious sixty-nine on my telephone repairman. The thought that my lover might catch us in the act was what really turned me on.

FOLLOWING YOUR NOSE

After twenty years of pure virginity, I almost lost it last night to a woman I met in a cafe. All we did was some heavy petting; we didn't fuck. Nevertheless, I tasted and explored my first female mouth, neck, and luscious breasts and massaged my first pussy. Furthermore, she gave me my first blowjob. It was heavenly.

Now, here's the problem: while we were squirming in bed, I wanted to eat her cunt out, but as soon as I started kissing her inner thighs, I got a whiff of that pussy and almost threw up!

I am now on my own; no sex talk ever reached my ears from my parents or relatives. My friends can give me no definite answers regarding unpleasant pussy odor or other questions of a sexual nature. Although she is quite clean otherwise, this pussy odor is too much for me. Do all pussies smell this horrible? What can we

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do about this disgusting problem?

My other questions are: can either of us get sick from the lubricative and ejaculatory fluids inadvertently swallowed during lovemaking? Will I get an infection from her if I give her anal intercourse? Will anilingus make either of us sick? Can a woman really be fucked too long, to the point of discomfort?

At long last I don't have to rely on my right hand and a sex magazine. Although I look forward to making love in every way with this woman, my mind is not at rest regarding these small, yet pertinent questions.—J.L.B.

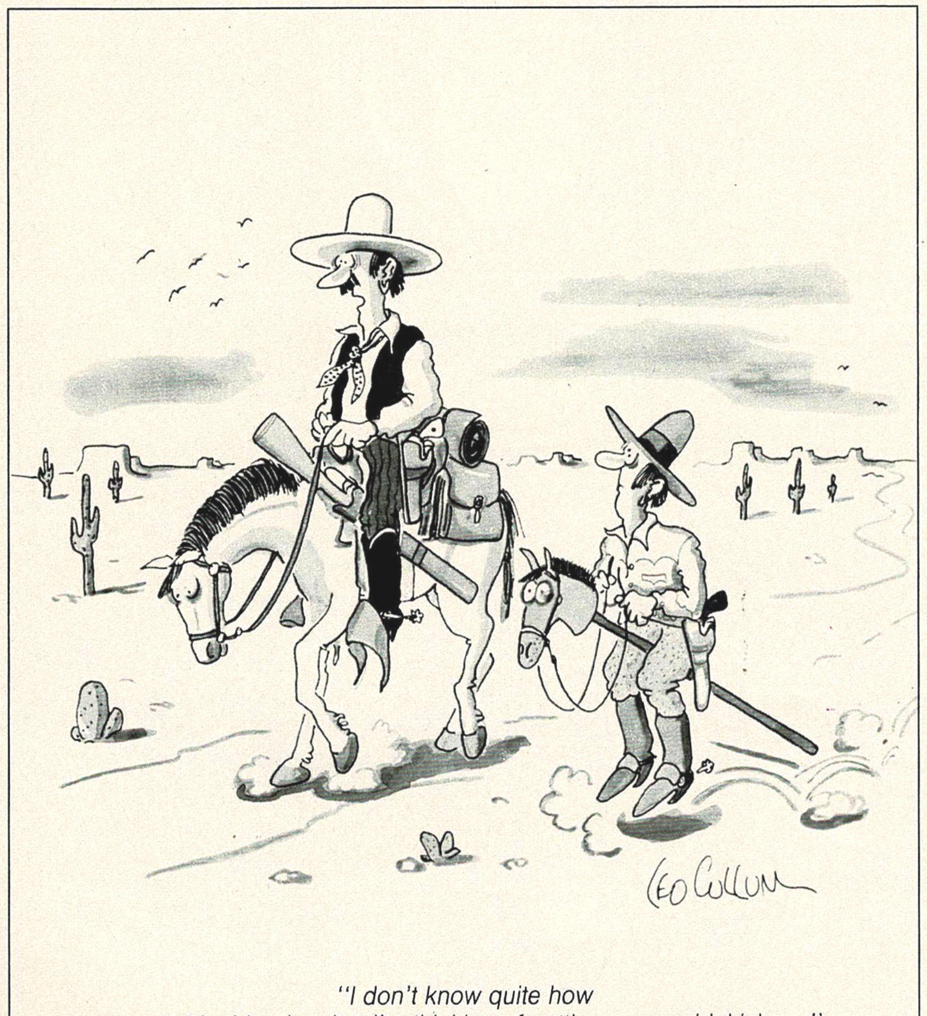
Fortunately, not all pussies smell as bad as your first one. Some women tend to hang around bars for hours, drink lots of beer, and pee a lot, much like men do when they have a night out on the town. They pick up someone young and green like yourself. Do you honestly think that such a woman is very concerned about what turns you on or off? All she probably wanted was to deflower you for her own kicks. Booze and good breath or smell seldom go together. Even sperm tastes bad once the man is drunk; it gets bitter and not very pleasant to swallow. But do you think that just because a man's sperm is not quite up to snuff when he is a bit drunk, I should give up sucking cock? If you like the woman, but were a bit put off by her pussy odor, tell her that maybe next time you both ought to be sober. Maybe you can shower together before getting into bed.

I must admit, however, that some women do have a rather unpleasant odor or taste, especially when they get excited. Others simply ought to wash their genital area properly and, if needed, insert a douche once in a while. Maybe your total innocence and your never having tasted pussy make you more aware of the strangeness of it all. Pussies come not only in all colors and shapes but also in different flavors.

I doubt that either of you will get sick from liquids coming out of either the male or female genital areas, not unless one of you has some kind of communicable disease.

Anal intercourse generally does not cause infections. It is best done *after* vaginal contact. Don't stick your unwashed cock in her anus and then in her vagina, since there are quite a number of bacteria floating around in the anus that will infect the vagina. Anal sex may hurt the woman if she has never done it and is not properly lubricated. So use your tongue to juice her orifice up.

If you're built like a horse and you fuck her dry, it may well hurt like hell. If she is properly excited and juicy, she may go on forever. Only after sufficiently getting to know their lovers do most people achieve mutual orgasms. Usually men pop their rocks in no time at all and leave women hanging. Devote more time to foreplay and oral stimulation. When she has had her clitoral orgasm, let your mouth embark on her glorious and, let us hope, nice-smelling, pussy.



"I don't know quite how
to say this, Maurice, but I'm thinking of getting a new sidekick . . ."

REAR ENTRY

I am a twenty-two-year-old male. My woman is thirty-four. Three years ago I moved into the house she shared with her husband, a friend of mine, and their children. When she told me of her plans to divorce him, I began an affair with her that became extremely passionate.

It was only after several months of lovemaking that I persuaded her to allow rear entry. She prefers fucking face to face so she can watch me when I come. I understand this, as I love watching her face reflect ecstasy, too. But I also get very excited watching and squeezing her buttocks and feeling them bounce against my thighs.

Eventually I realized I have a lust for her ass hole itself. During our front-to-front sessions I began taking the liberty of inserting a finger into her little hole. It seemed to add to her pleasure sometimes, and it always greatly added to mine. Two years ago she told me that her ex-husband had raped her in the ass. In an effort to keep him away from another lover, she let him fuck her up the ass. She said it hurt and she cried, and it was never repeated, even though he asked. (I should mention here that in ten years of marriage, this man brought her to full orgasm only once. Her experiences with me have been so much more pleasurable that I still feel I might get her to enjoy anal intercourse too.)

So, bit by bit, I have begun to make her more aware of her posterior orifice as a means of pleasure, by fondling it, frigging it, and licking it. She's agreed to let me enter her back there on a few occasions, but knowing that she really didn't want me to spoiled it for me and I was unable to go through with it.

Finally, I came home extremely stoned one night and, after fucking with her on top, moved to a rear position. With only the lubrication from her cunt, I slid easily and pleasurably up her ass hole. I came but managed to arouse her just a little. She told me it felt "weird" but was not painful. On another occasion, when she was drunk, she put me in herself, but I held off coming because I knew she wasn't having an orgasm. Since then I have playfully suggested doing it again, but it hasn't been attempted (though she does seem to be responding more to my finger, and has begun to derive pleasure from fingering and licking my own ass hole during oral sex).

How can I arouse her interest in having anal sex? She's not against it on principle so much anymore; it just doesn't seem to do much for her. I feel this is due to prejudice more than anything. It's no fun for me if she does it without real desire, and I

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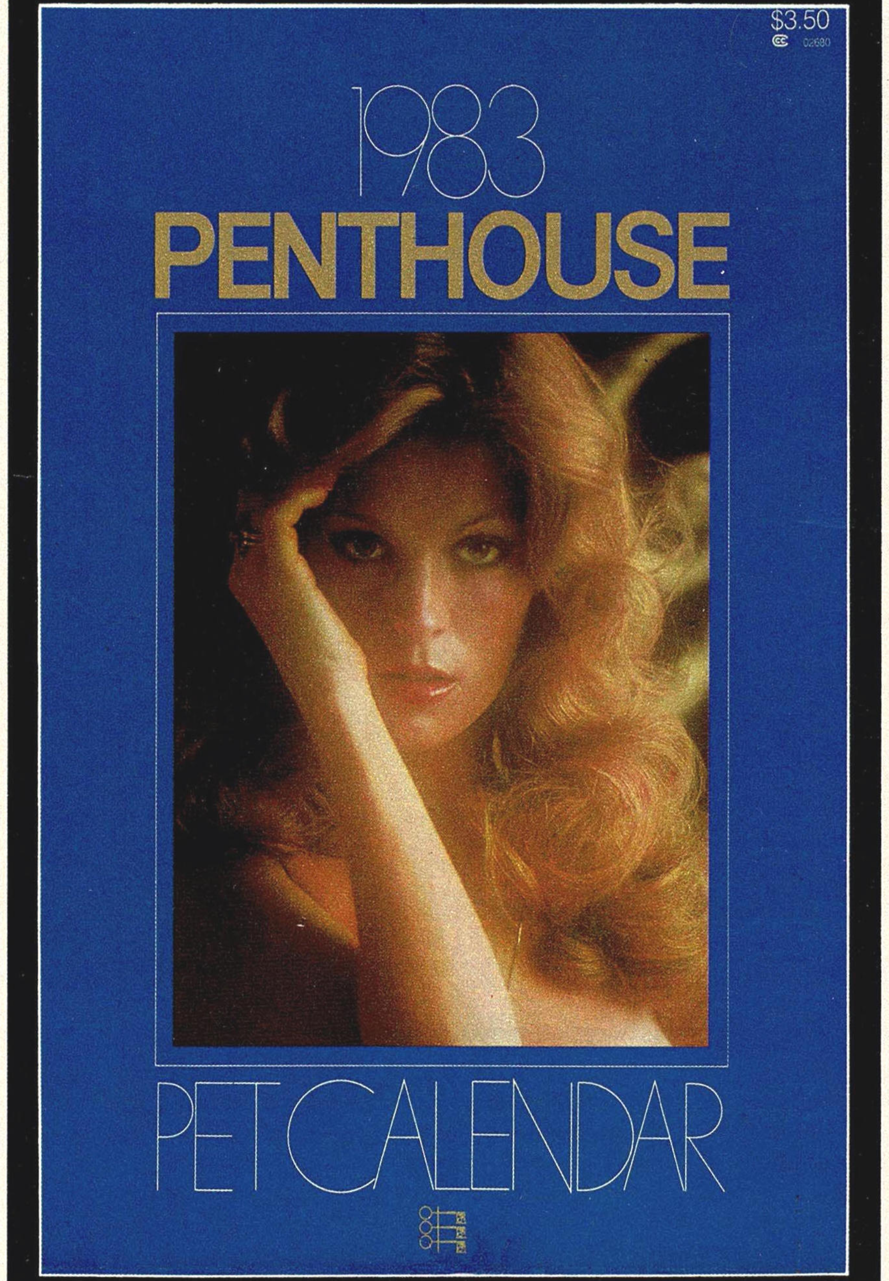
HOT DATES



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can't help desiring to do it. Her ass hole accommodates fingers and a cock quite well.

Do most women desire or dislike anal sex? I hear stories of women who want it more than most men, but I can't say I know any women who have ever said they really liked it, or would even try it. What do you say?—R.B.

I think advice from me is superfluous in your case. You seem to be operating on the right track as far as your love life goes. If your sensitive and ardent approach fails to turn her on to anal sex, then probably nothing will. My present lover lived for seven years with a girl who preferred anal sex to everything whilst he, an imaginative and inventive lover, did not really enjoy it so much. Prejudice or an unpleasant experience with a brutish lover may have turned her off, but there are people who, although highly sexed, are not really turned on by the anal angle. However, I don't think any harm can come from your obviously loving technique. Remember, Rome wasn't built in a day either.

BLOCKED PASSAGE

Next month I am marrying the man of my dreams. John is thirty-three, ruggedly handsome, and a skilled lover. He is the best lover I've ever had. After fifteen years in the army, he has traveled around the world and had quite a variety of women in his past. This doesn't bother me. I am thrilled by his sexual experience and expertise.

I am twenty-six and an attractive, educated redhead, and am no slouch in bed myself. I can please John in every way except one—anal sex. In theory it sounds great, and I'm eager to try it. The problem is that I cannot accommodate my Prince Charming's cock. I absolutely love his dick, but when we try it from behind, it hurts like hell. We've tried everything—baby oil, Vaseline. I even got inebriated one night on tequila. I've considered Quaaludes, but I'm not into drugs.

John is very patient and loving and has never pushed the issue. Every other aspect of sex is wonderful for us. I'm grateful to be marrying a stud. He says he loves me and that it doesn't matter to him if we don't have anal sex. It bothers me, though. Down the road I don't want him to seek satisfaction elsewhere because I can't please him this way. I want to be able to please him, but I don't think I'll be able to.

I've asked him if he has screwed a woman in the ass before but he refuses to talk about it. I suppose he feels I would feel upset and inadequate. So what do I do? The spirit is willing but the flesh is tight.—P.G.

Not every woman is able to accommodate her lover's penis in her ass. There are so many wonderful ways to make love (to a man or a woman) that it is not absolutely necessary, especially if you perfect your oral sex technique.

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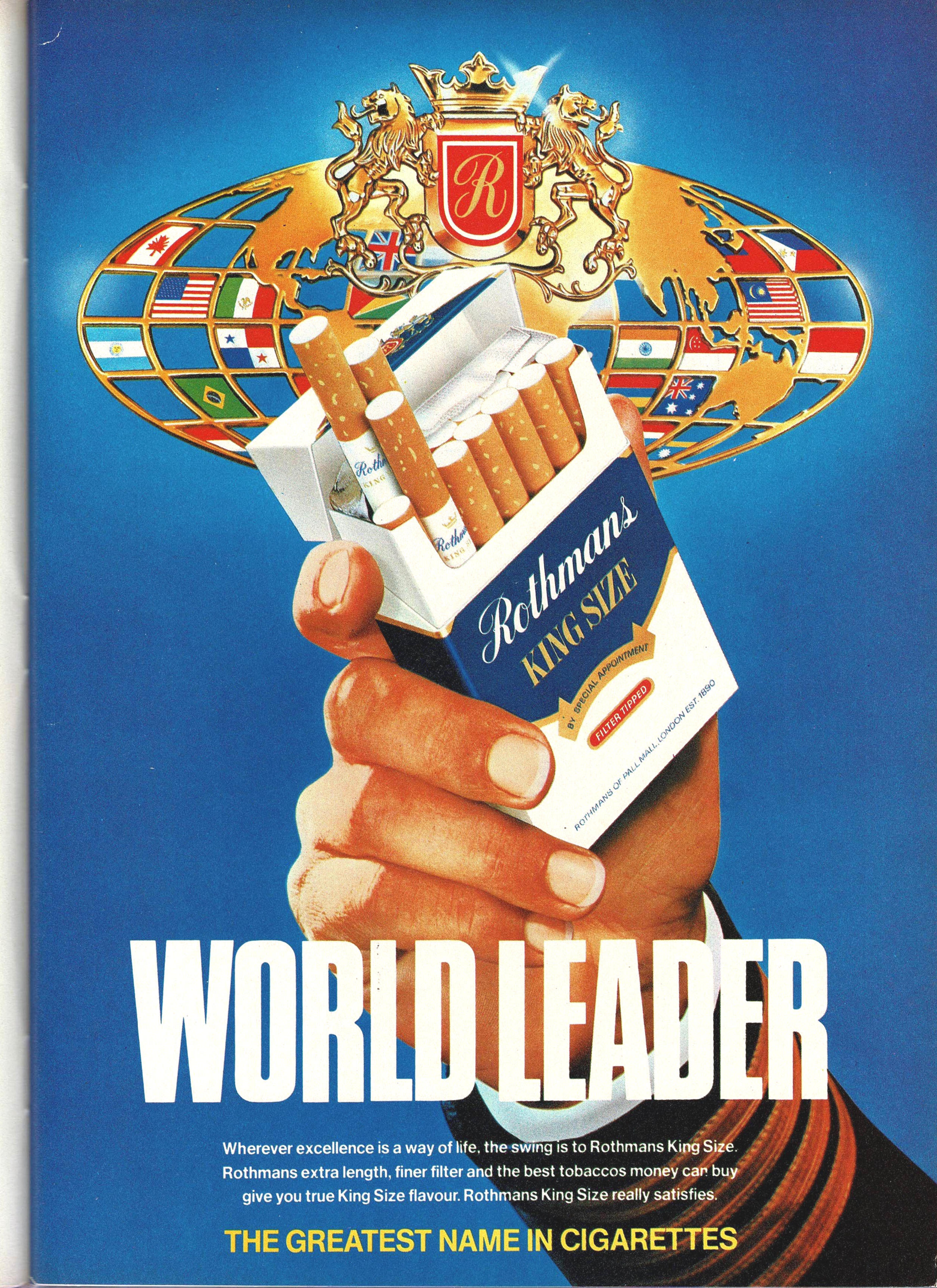

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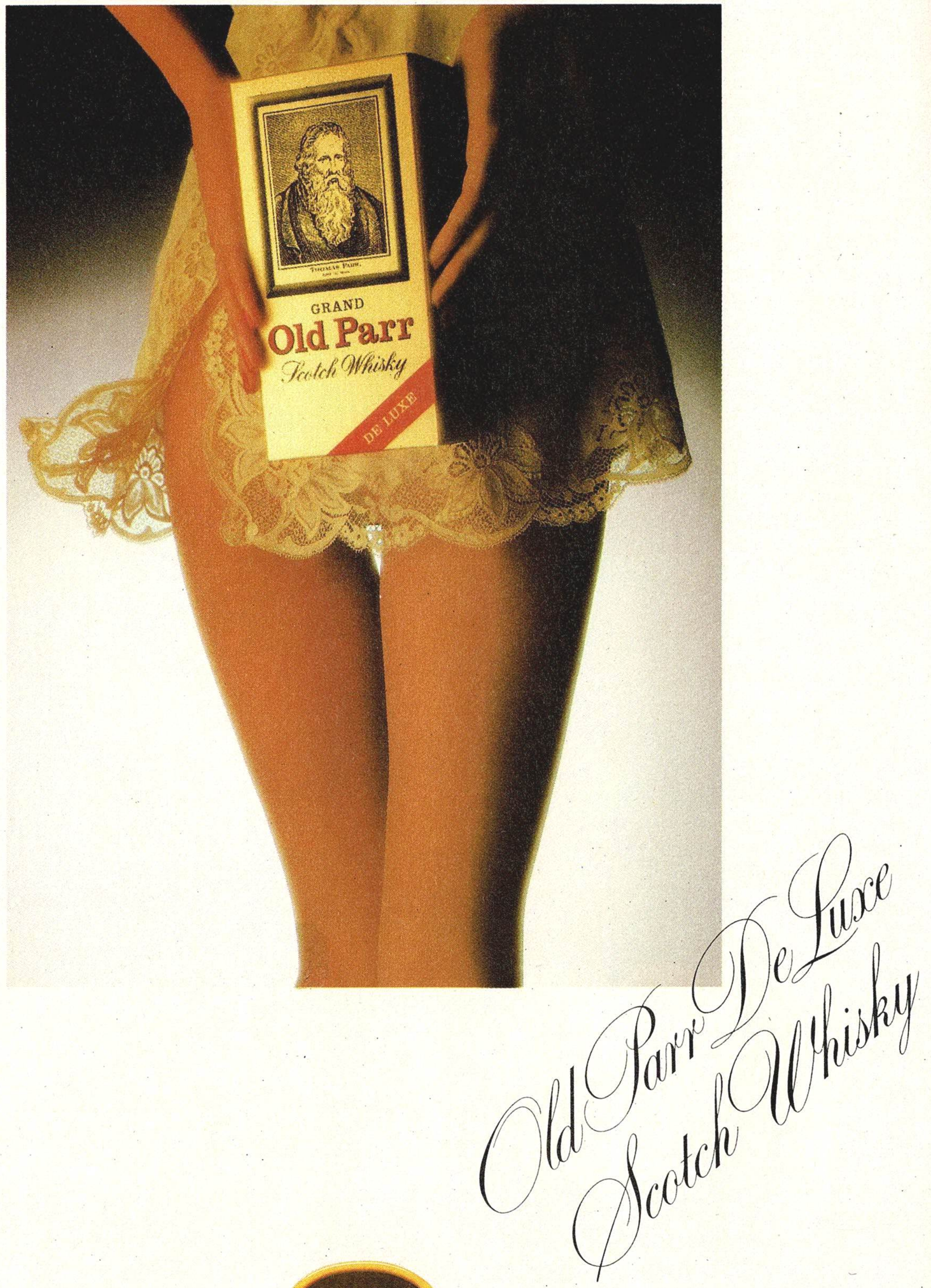
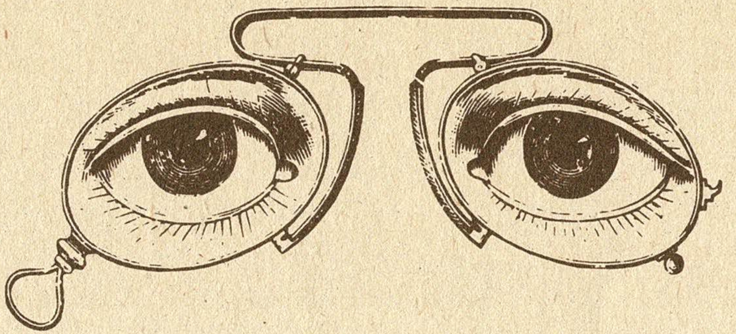




VIEW FROM THE TOP

GETTING RID OF FRIENDS AND LOVERS

BY NICK TOSCHES

That old blowhard Samuel Johnson was right when, more than two centuries ago, he remarked that "life has no pleasure higher or nobler than that of friendship." But true friends are rare and elusive quarry, and many of us pass our lives without bagging a one of them. Indeed, many of those whom we regard as our friends are nothing more than ships in the night lashed burdensomely to the moorings of our kind and beneficent greatness.

In the light of this cold, hard fact of life, we are wise to stand back and evaluate the situation before embarking on any relationship that threatens to end in friendship. Scrutinizing our potential friend, we must take certain questions into consideration. Does he give us money? Lots of it? Does he regard our sundry godlike attributes with proper reverence? Would he die for us? Without the impropriety of being asked to do so?

If we can answer these questions in the affirmative, we may rest assured that we have found, as surely as Dr. Johnson his Boswell, a true friend. (I myself was fortunate to have such a friend, a fair young lady from Texas. Alas, these past several years she has been cloistered in a vast-lawned Long Island institution, and I have known the pangs of emptiness. Now and then, I receive watercolors bearing one of her several signatures and depicting symbolic scenes from the life of Ralph Kramden, somewhat after the fashion of the Stations of the Cross. The hope that we will someday be reunited, lawnlessly, is, along with an occasional quinella hit, the only thing that keeps me going.)

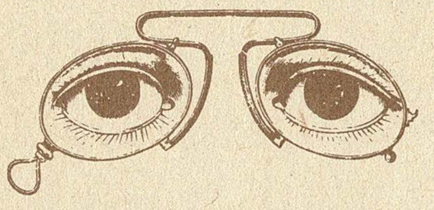
If, on the other hand, we find ourselves answering any of these questions in the negative, we must face the fact that the person we are dealing with is incapable of true friendship. He is a selfish person. He is, in the parlance of modern psychology and country-and-western lyrics, a user. Though our hearts beseech us otherwise, we must extract his grubby hands from the alms basket of our gracious fellowship.

The problem is, how to get rid of our so-called friends. If, like myself, you are a nice person, you find it extremely difficult simply to tell someone to take a long walk off a short pier. And, while diminutive doctors with shiny foreheads have in recent years produced a surfeit of books that tell us how to make friends, nowhere can we turn for professional advice on how to rid ourselves of same. This is a situation begging to be remedied, and it is toward that end that I light this candle, meager but bold, in the great darkness of silence.

Most friends, one discovers early in life, suffer periodic crises, caused by on-the-fritz biorhythms, too many reruns, the loss of a loved one or a contact lens, Dipsy Doodle crumbs in the underwear, or any number of life's other trials. These crises are intense, often shattering experiences for our friends; but, while not without a certain and slight value as entertainment, they are ultimately a bore for us. Such crises, however, afford us the most opportune circumstances in which to free ourselves from the fetters of friendship. I offer the following exemplum, drawn from truth.

I, in my generosity and goodness, had been ruthlessly victimized by a self-confessed friend for longer than I care to remember. He had drunk my water, used countless sheets of my toilet tissue, engaged me repeatedly in conversation, and twice used my telephone to call clear across the Hudson to Jersey. I tried everything—dropped casual slurs directed toward his ethnic persuasion, forbade him to address me by my Christian name in public, time and again asked his blond wife if her

DORON BEN-AMI



cuffs matched her collar—yet I could not rid myself of him. Then, at long last, God had mercy on me. His blond wife left him, and he suffered a crisis of splendid proportions. I seized the opportunity and assured him that things were bound to get worse. His crisis came to a head, and he began to hint at suicidal fancies. Finally, he called me at three in the morning and lamented that he simply did not know what to do with his life. In a compassionate voice, I suggested that he end it—but not before absolving me of having cock-comforted his estranged wife. I then resumed my viewing of "The Astro-Zombies" on Channel 9; and I have not heard from him since. While it is true that I was taken advantage of, I can console myself with the fact that whatever I lost in toilet tissue, I gained eightfold in wisdom.

Even more troublesome than our so-called friends are our lovers, as we have been taught to refer to those lucky people into whom we deign to stick our dicks (or by whom we deign to be stuck, as the case may be).

There is much to be said in praise of coitus. Not having to wipe one's hand afterward comes immediately to mind (especially in these days of ever rising toilet-tissue prices); and I am sure that there are other aspects of equal merit. We must, however, face the fact that repeated coitus with the same person often has the effect of bringing us closer together with that person. This togetherness, which Dear Abby occasionally calls love, is a wondrous thing while it lasts—for months or even years, as in rare cases such as that of Cugie and Charo. But within every selfless lover lurks a potential friend, an individual clawing to assert his or her own will; and it is only a matter of time before that beast within bursts forth to shatter the idyll of true love.

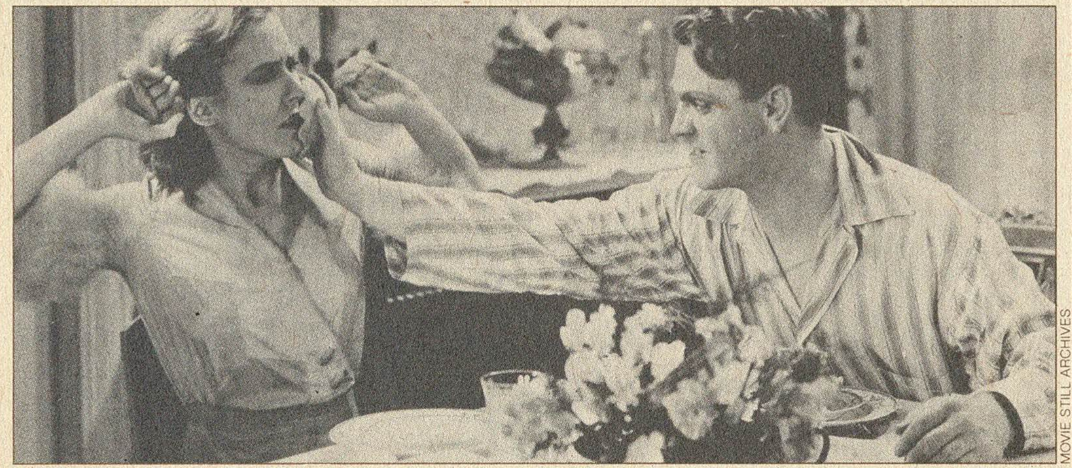
In trying to rid oneself of a lover, one should always remember to avoid rational arguments. Work directly on the neurotic nexus. (It's right near the clitoris. You'll find it if you poke around enough.) If one's lover is of the female persuasion, it is advantageous to draw attention to the signs of her aging. Notice how her breasts have begun to deflate—but, in so noticing, remind her always that you love her still. Remark that her child-bearing years are dwindling, and in the next breath that you are into the shylock for six grand. If she is near the age of thirty, praise her for growing old with dignity. If these devices fail to drive one's lover into the arms of the next sucker, it is time to haul out the big guns.

Perhaps milady has trouble in achieving orgasm. If so, make jest of the problem, especially among company. If milady has copious orgasms, inform her, with as much sensitivity as you can muster, that they aren't real orgasms. While lying atop her in the heat of lust, comment on a facial blemish that you've just noticed. After sexual congress, especially fellatio, make a great display of washing your generative organ. (Similarly, after cunnilingus, of flossing, brushing, and gargling.) If all else fails, confess to her your innermost desire: "I want to fuck your mother."

But the problem is never-ending. No sooner do we shake loose a friend or a lover, it seems, before another presents itself. The phone rings. We speak. Our toilet tissue begins once again to vanish at an alarming rate. We are slowly but ineluctably drawn into a new menstrual cycle, and, before we know it, we are made to suffer distractions from our viewing habits in order to read in soft blue eyes what silent love hath writ.

Ultimately, perhaps, all we can do is tell ourselves, over and over, that such is life among friends, lovers, and nice people like us.

Pass the toilet paper.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

The old Cagney Grapefruit Trick: a surefire way to dispense with friends and lovers.

SCENES

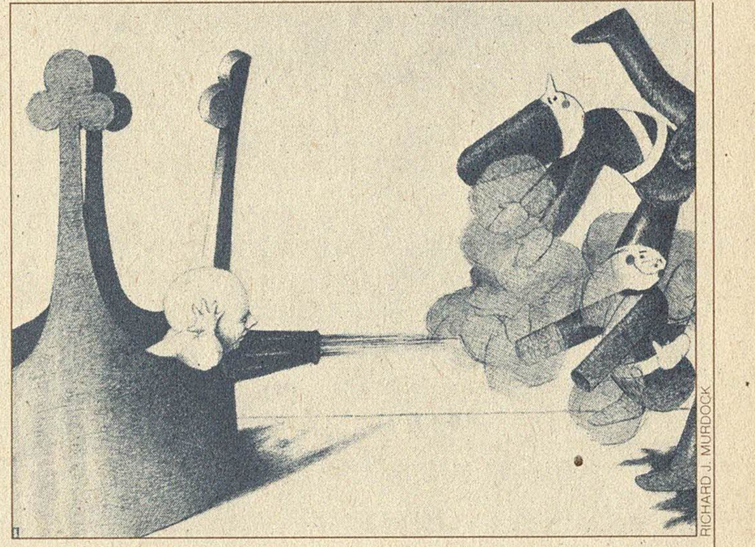
FIT FOR A PRINCE

It's Christmas once again, against all odds. And this year, the question is what to get for the most prestigious member of the new baby boom, Prince William Arthur Philip Louis, the twenty-second Prince of Wales. Why should you get him anything when there are so many new babies to buy presents for and your wallet, as Raymond Chandler so eloquently put it, could fit under the belly of a duck? Well, the British have always been our staunchest allies, they've had a hellish year, Lady Diana and Prince Charles are a really cute couple, and it would be nice. Now that there are all these new babies around, we at least have to appear to be generous, to set an example and make sure that, when they're grown up and we're old, they will support us in the style to which we've accustomed them. Otherwise it'll be the Icefloe Apartments, if you catch my drift, a senior citizens' condo run by Eskimos.

Prince William is six months old. Now, from my observation, humans of this age like nothing so much as a wadded-up brown paper bag, and an occasional handful of dog hair (if possible, still attached to the dog) to make them delirious with joy. But look, you've got to socialize your children. You've got to buy them toys or they will grow up to be Communists. And these toys have got to be relevant to their personal experience or else they'll drop out of college, become hippies till they're at least thirty, and then go into the record business.

The first toy I recommend for the English prince is the **Official Sgt. Rock: Military Figure Blister Assortment**. "A 3¾-inch posable action figure, combat ready with weapon and gear plus a free dog tag that can be personalized and has its own serial numbers," as the Remco catalog so eloquently puts it. Sergeant Rock comes in five different personas, one of which wears a beret just like a British soldier. By the time he's six, the Prince will know all about the Falkland Islands and he can retake Port Stanley in an afternoon's fun with the **Sgt. Rock Action Machine-Gun Nest**. "Includes: Machine gun nest, barbed wire barrier, shovel, weapon, walkie-talkie, and machine gun." He can stake out the 200-mile exclusion zone with the **Sgt. Rock Forward Recon Post**. "Includes: Cloth tent, field radio, machete, weapon, cot, bazooka, shovel, walkie-talkie." But best of all, he can down some Harrier jets with the **Sgt. Rock L.E.M. Attack Command Vehicle**, "a freewheeling, all-terrain-styled vehicle with two weaponry areas and accessories, including machine gun, launchable rocket, field command radio, and extra gas tank." Perfect for English boys and kelpers alike. All by Remco Toys.

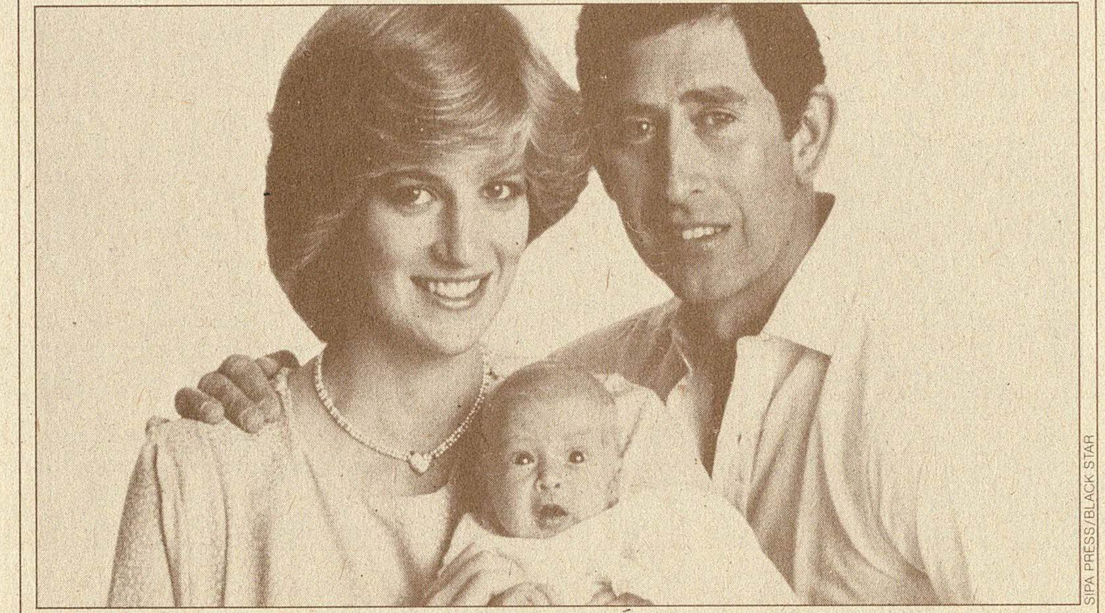
IRA terrorists bomb the Queen's Household Cavalry near Hyde Park! The three-year-old Prince gets there pronto on his **G.I. Joe 16" Power Cycle**. It's Hasbro Toys' "ultra-modern militaristic look" in tricycles, featuring "a handle-grip steering console complete with a cross hair sight and a sonic cannon" in case any terrorists are still within range. Disemboweled horses don't come in plastic, but the Prince can pretend with the Kenner Toys' *Star Wars* creature **Tauntaun**, "with open belly rescue feature." He can borrow his dad's cavalry soldiers, stick them in the open belly, and voilà! he's got the picture! Clearing the area won't be easy, but a prince can do it with Mattel's preschool **First Wheels Emergency Center**. There's a hospital, a fire station, a police station, and, best of all, a platform crane and spool with which he can drag Tauntaun to the knacker.



RICHARD J. MURDOCK

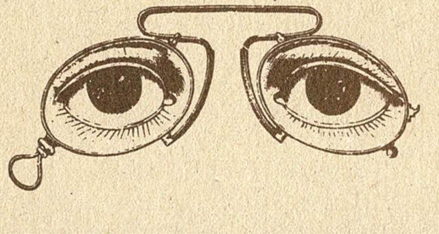
Intruder in the palace! Where can he be? Prince William can find out with Ideal's **Magic "8" Ball**. You know this toy. We all had one. The Prince holds it in his hands, asks where the intruder hides, turns it over, and the answer magically appears. *In the Queen's bedroom!* Oh no! Who'll be the intruder? How about Ideal's weirdest toy, the **Tombstone**. Comes in "Fiend," "Vampire," or "Skull." "Just turn the Tombstone upside down and fun blood starts oozing from the faces of the characters imprisoned in the tombstones." Right onto the Queen's bedclothes. Perfect. When the footman comes in with the corgis, the Prince has subdued the intruder with his **Nerf Wrist Flyers** by Parker Brothers. "The unique wrist-mounted launcher powers a delta-wing glider on a long and dramatic flight." Gay members of the Queen's bodyguard will adore this one, too.

It's raining in Kensington Gardens. The Prince is bored. "Let's play Cheltenham Spy Scandal!" says Nanny. "We'll need an 'old boy network.' " "I know!" says the Prince. "Remco's **3¾" Mini Monster Glow-In-The-Dark Assortment**. There's Dracula, Frankenstein, Creature, Mummy, Phantom, and Wolfman." "Righto," says Nanny. "Dracula can be Kim Philby. Frankenstein is Donald Maclean. Creature is Guy Burgess. And—" "Wolfman is Geoffrey Arthur Prime. Who can the others be, Nanny?" asks the Prince. "Unnamed Russian agents of the homosexual persua-



SIPA PRESS/BLACK STAR

Di and Chuck with baby Will: the very real problem of what to give a little prince for Christmas.



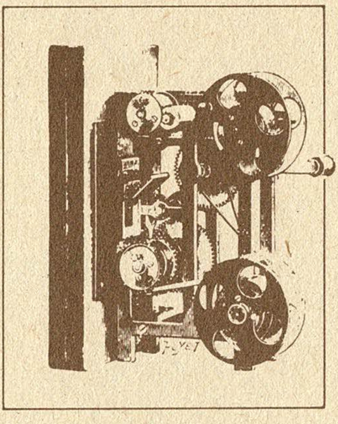
sion, William—who else?" replies Nanny. "All right. What about the **Mini-Monster Glow-in-the-Dark Monsterizer?**" asks the Prince as he places Guy Burgess onto the platform, turns the crank, and watches as he enters the monsterizing chamber. "Well," says Nanny, "it could be GCHQ." "No," says Prince William, pressing a side lever, delighted as Guy Burgess's face begins to glow. "I think it should be Cambridge." "What a conceptual boy you are, William!" says Nanny and bustles off to make tea.

If, for some reason, you're not fond of the British monarchy—maybe you have bad memories of the partitioning of India and Pakistan or were taught those islands were the "Malvinas" in school or whatever—there are several toys you can send the Prince that are guaranteed to make life for anyone around the child rather trying. Ideal's **Kaboom Game**, for example, is the perfect thing for any family that's jumpy about bombs. "Put a balloon on the push 'n' puff Kaboom machine, pick a number from 1 to 10, and pump. One pump too many and you'll kaboom the balloon!" Sound like fun? You bet it is!

Or how about Kenner's **T-zzzers Hot Rod Smash-Up Derby Playset**: "Two Terrific Hot Rods That Smash Together and Fly Apart! Doors and hoods fly off on impact. Including two jump ramps for head-on, mid-air smashes!" Princess Grace banned this one long ago. Lady Di's too young to know about it. Really noisy and fabulous fun.

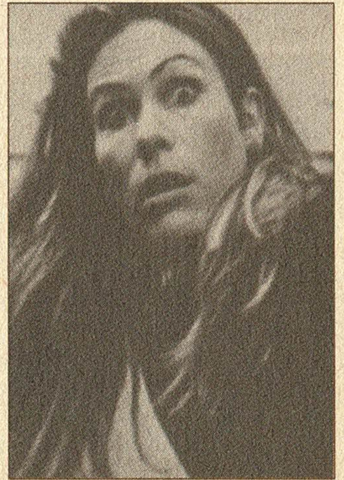
But the toy that any prince will covet forever (rumor has it Prince Charles still uses this on his mum) is Mattel's **A Bad Case of Worms**. "Two icky, yucky worms in a case! Toss 'em on the wall and watch 'em crawl!" Or on the Queen Mother's hat and watch her react. Merry Christmas, Prince William!—*Emily Prager*

FILMS



LIGHT SNACKS

Eating Raoul is Paul Bartel's fourth feature movie. I've had a better-than-sneaking fondness for him ever since the first, a study of voyeurism, role-playing, and dismemberment called *Private Parts* (1973), one of the great double-entendre movie titles of all time. The ingredients remain the same. Well . . . not the ingredients exactly. Raoul is good for only one meal, plus maybe a doggie bag or two. But the ambience—a combination of low-budget schlock, throwaway plot, and utterly imperturbable aplomb in the face of every outrageous indignity—does remain. Like that of Hitchcock, Hawks, or Eisenstein, the name of Paul Bartel on the marquee will tell you something even before you enter the theater.



Woronov: gourmet treat.

Prudish wine snob Paul Bland (Bartel himself) and his gourmet-cook wife Mary (Mary Woronov) face life, he as a liquor-store salesman, she as a hospital dietician, all the while nurturing a financially unattainable dream to open a restaurant, "Chez Bland," in the suburbs. Life is in fact a succession of minor hard knocks and major disasters—until, quite by accident, Paul kills somebody with a frying pan, a lustful swinger hot for the virginal Mary. In their panic they steal several hundred dollars from his wallet and stuff his body down their building's garbage compactor.

O'Toole and Linn-Baker in My Favorite Year*: star turns.*

With renewed hope for the future, the Blands advertise sadomasochistic sex for sale, with Mary as the bait. The frying pan dispatches each well-heeled customer, and they seem on the way to financial security until a Chicano named Raoul (Robert Beltran), while burglarizing their apartment, stumbles upon two corpses in the kitchen. Under great duress, Paul and Mary go partners with Raoul. He soon opens up hidden wellsprings of sexiness in Mary. But he also cheats on the victim-disposal profits, and when the chips are down . . . But that's what *Eating Raoul* is all about.

The several elements of this happy ghoulishness interact to a degree hard to appreciate without experiencing it from the screen. In the history of American independent film, people like Bartel and the enormously talented Mary Woronov go back to a time in the 1960s when its major achievement was a sophisticated stylishness won against all odds of being able even to pay for the film stock on which it was printed. Bartel's mild-mannered gallows humor and Woronov's outraged sexuality belong to a satirical movie tradition of which they are among the few not-so-ancient survivors. It's a tradition in which the tackiness of the sets, the improbability of the story, the energetic exaggeration of the acting, all promote a sense of fun so different from most movie comedy as to hit us with the shock of what we've been missing. *Eating Raoul* won't become a standard for the film industry. The industry could never justify spending so little money. But it could go broke trying to manufacture the threadbare modishness that Paul Bartel seems to discover just by opening his eyes.

For another extreme, in a very decent example, look at the care in reconstructing a period for ***My Favorite Year,*** Richard Benjamin's debut as a feature-film director.

The year is 1954. The medium is television—the live television of the old days. The place is New York City, especially Rockefeller Center, site of the NBC studios, an architectural monument that hasn't changed in the last thirty years. Real locations notwithstanding, a lot has gone into carefully recreating a sense of time and place and character. Take for example Benjy Stone, the up-from-Brooklyn youngest writer for a TV comedy hour modeled on the famous old "Your Show of Shows." Benjy (Mark Linn-Baker) has a girl (Jessica Harper—playing, I'd guess, the Teresa Wright role), and between them they've been saddled with so many elements of late 1940s–early 1950s screen romance as almost to furnish a living museum of cute boy-girl attitudes and types. That's *My Favorite Year* at its worst. Everything else improves on it.

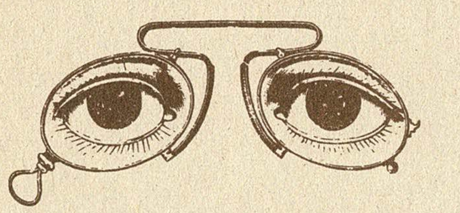
Benjy, because he worships the man and because he is the youngest writer, is given the job of overseeing the show's guest star, an aging, womanizing, alcoholic, swashbuckling movie matinee idol played by Peter O'Toole. Getting O'Toole onstage, reasonably sober, and meanwhile protecting the show's lead comic (Joe Bologna) from the menace of a mob boss he's been satirizing, is the major business of the movie. Not much business, really. But the slack is taken up by a lot of inventive actors playing the mob, Benjy's co-writers, and his family in Brooklyn, and above all by Peter O'Toole, whose performance is so gallantly extravagant all by itself as to earn him the reputation he's been enjoying for years. This, and not the mannered excesses of the recent, overrated *The Stunt Man,* is the best O'Toole—charming, relaxed, outsized, but wonderfully in contact with everybody around him in the film. Whether he is letting himself be upstaged by Benjy's Jewish mother (Lainie Kazan) and uncle (Lou Jacobi), seducing all the women in mid-Manhattan, collapsing in one of half a dozen drunken stupors, or rescuing Joe Bologna in a climactic transfer of derring-do from screen to live TV stage, he is the ultimate graceful caricature in a film that knows the value of caricature.

Matt Dillon and Jim Metzler in Tex*: thankless tasks.*

If you examine *My Favorite Year* closely, it will not seem a flawless movie. But you'll never get the chance to examine it closely, and perhaps you won't have the inclination to, either. In this connection the film's real star—even alongside O'Toole and the excellent Joe Bologna—is Richard Benjamin, a sharper, more resourceful comedian here than I've ever seen him as an actor, and a wizard at seizing the advantages in his material. Where there are no advantages, his pacing and his direction of actors make the difference. That its period nostalgia never overwhelms the movie owes in part to his success at turning typical gags, typical characters, and typical situations into a comic continuity that makes sense, and that deepens and grows funnier as it goes along. If I had to choose between films, I'd choose *Eating Raoul.* But as mainstream moviemaking, *My Favorite Year* looks a pretty good second.

There's already been much praise for Matt Dillon's title performance in Tim Hunter's ***Tex,*** so it might also be worth pointing out how fine Jim Metzler is as his bright, ambitious, harried older brother, virtually raising the kid on his own. Metzler's role is a collection of thankless tasks. But he handles it in ways that suggest real understanding of the emotional life of his potentially complex character.

Everyone does well in *Tex,* but it remains minor work, this story of troubled contemporary Oklahoma adolescence, because its virtues are all matters of tact, understatement, and good taste rather than of any larger ambitions. Like the recent *Tron, Tex* is a Disney Studios movie. And like *Tron* (which it in no other way resembles), it gives the impression that at some level a decision was made that it should not mean too much. A lot slips in under the barrier, with people like Dillon and Metzler, Bill McKinney (as their not quite ne'er-do-well father) and Meg Tilly (as the lively rich girl Dillon loves), but the essential sunshine remains, an excess of institutionalized good feeling against which the mere sufferings of human beings can't make much impression. The famous sadism of the old Disney cartoons has long gone. The sentimental plot formulas remain. But the ideas and feelings beginning to go into these movies are too good for such formulas. It would have been pleasant had *Tex* been a first step into the real world it so tantalizingly resembles.—*Roger Greenspun*



WORDS

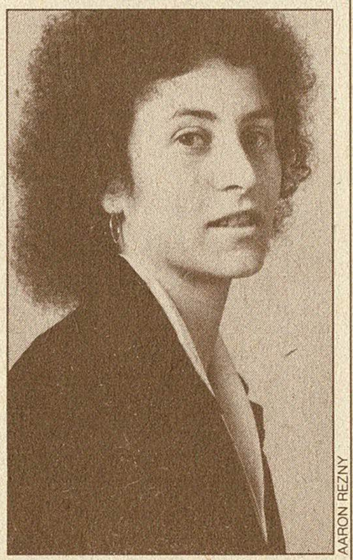
A NOVEL APPROACH

The first thing they teach you at Famous Writers' School is that there are but five original story plots; the rest qualify as variations on a theme and are ultimately recycled as ersatz assembly-line best-sellers. Despite that standard advice, writers are still banging their brains against the keys to turn out something they consider to be fresh, witty, and inscrutably original. Which goes to prove that you can lead a horse to water, but . . . well, you know the rest.

All things considered, the novel is alive, well, and living (like the rest of us) in a depressed economy. That explains why most books on the drawing board have an unmistakably familiar ring and the gleam of an eye on the commercial blockbuster. And since fiction follows the latest trends, we're being treated to some kicky offerings about international terrorists, kidnappings, tycoons, would-be Rockys, and Garp-alikes. If writers seem to linger over the same old stories, they certainly haven't run out of new ways to do it.

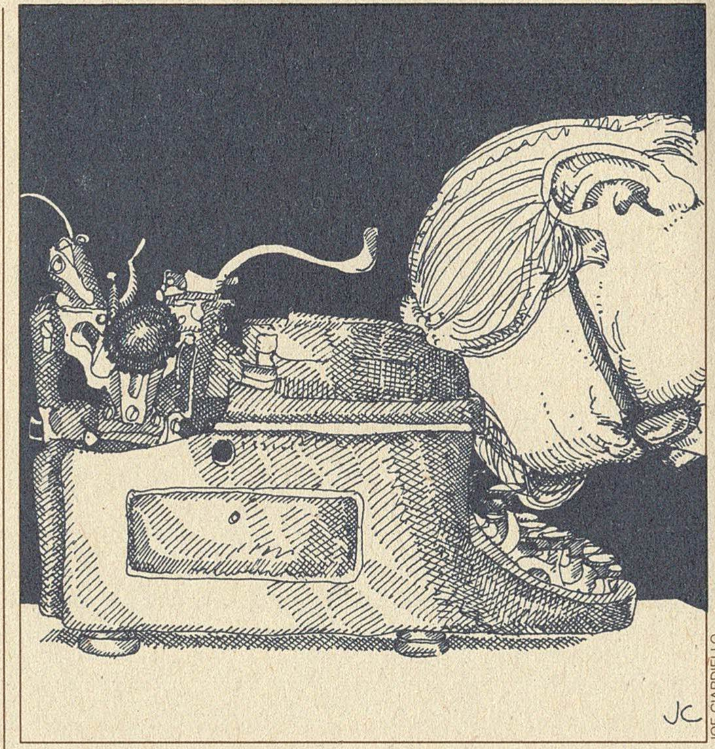
Case in point: James Michener, the dean of data, whose geographical epics have served as our soot-streaked windows on the world. Having exhausted his run of exotic locales, Michener turns to the last frontier, ***Space*** (Random House), for his latest adventure-cum-travelogue about the deployment of our space program. The vicissitudes of Michener's tale involve two orbit-bound astronauts who trained in tandem following a stint as enlisted men, their wives and mistresses, several well-placed skeletons in as many well-concealed closets, and the scandals that ensue, with just enough bad luck to keep the pages turning. In between subplots, we're held captive by Michener's patented pontification on the space age, culled from the author's vast index-card collection of facts. It's all here, too—everything from life on Mars to life after death, which, by the end of this long-winded narrative, becomes the least bit lifeless.

If in fact you become a bit *Space*d-out, begin wading through Jenifer Levin's ***Water Dancer*** (Poseidon), a penetrating and haunting story about aquatics and the athletes whose lives hinge on winning the ultimate race. Sarge Olsen, perhaps the quintessential long-distance swimming coach, throws in the towel when his son drowns in training to cross the San Antonio Strait. Dorrie Brenner suffers a breakdown while preparing for the Olympics. But Dorrie's determined to fight back and dogs Sarge until he promises to train her for a crossing of the same strait that claimed his son.



AARON REZNY

Levin: the ultimate race.



JOE CIARDIELLO

The challenge is at once primal and familiar. But if you think this is merely a retread of *Rocky*-meets-Mark Spitz, have another think. Levin's characters are complex and compelling; everyone from Sarge's neglected wife to the team physician harbors deep presentiments that threaten the swim. And Dorrie contributes a few of her own: not only does she sleep with Sarge, she also beds his wife in a ménage that guarantees to complicate matters. Levin's underwater swimming scenes are so well crafted and exciting they almost leap off the page. This, together with her graceful prose and sheer storytelling skill, holds the reader breathless, in a powerful grip.

Less multifarious, though every bit as evocative, is ***A Midnight Clear*** (Knopf), by William Wharton, whose slight parable of wartime duty behind enemy lines strengthens his reputation as one of the best writers we have working today (even if he might already have worked under the name J. D. Salinger). Similarly short-winded and allegorical are Bernard Malamud's ***God's Grace*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), dealing with the sole survivor of a postnuclear flood, and ***Monsignor Quixote*** (Simon & Schuster), by Graham Greene, in which Cervantes's classic is comically updated to reflect modern spirituality and the author's catechistic misgivings.

Let there be no misgivings, however, about the wonderfully absurd moments (of which there are many) in ***Cadillac Jack*** (Simon & Schuster), by Larry McMurtry. It's impossible not to be charmed by Jack McGriff, a flamboyant antique dealer of sorts, whose penchant is to hunt down the "finds" of a lifetime from the back of his pearl-colored Coupe de Ville. But McMurtry's hero is a jack of many tirades—a contemporary cowboy, law-abiding outlaw, self-professed roué, and pussycat, who deep down is all heart. His contagious enthusiasm for life and the people with whom he comes into contact—including two of the most unconstrained women in recent fiction—makes this one of the most enjoyable, moving, and intelligent reads of the fall season.

Too bad the same can't be said for ***Jane's House*** (Morrow), by Robert Kimmel Smith, although it's being touted as the one book this season that can't possibly miss. The trouble is, it's so damn manipulative, you want to drop everything and turn on the tears but can't. Take the plot, for instance, about good ole Jane—everyone's Supermom, the calm, loyal, steady center of the Klein family—whose sudden death creates a bottomless chasm of grief for her kids and husband, Paul. So far so good. Except that when Paul predictably falls in love again, the kids predictably cold-shoulder the girl friend. She finds herself fighting a losing battle with the children's memory of their mother—consistently being compared to Supermom and coming up short. The stick-figure characters are loaded with pathos and self-pity, the same sticky ingredients that fueled vapid soapers like *Love Story* and *Kramer Vs. Kramer*, so that in the end, *Jane's House* stands vacant and mortgaged to the hilt.

Ditto for ***Second Heaven*** (Viking), Judith Guest's long-awaited follow-up to *Ordinary People*. On the surface, the novel purports to be about one youth's difficult struggle to manhood but wallows in the same type of tedious TV melodrama that surrounds two worldly-wise divorcées.

As follow-ups go, stick to Gerald "11 Harrow-house" Browne's ***19 Purchase Street*** (Arbor House) for a first-rate thriller about the laundering of Mob-stained megabucks, or P. D. James's spine-tingling ***The Skull Beneath the Skin***.—*Bob Spitz*

SOUNDS

JUST FOR THE RECORD

Video games, cassette technology, and the lousy state of the economy continued to eat into the record industry's profits this year, resulting in massive firings and other cost-cutting measures. But for music fans, particularly discriminating sorts whose tastes don't always coincide with the best-seller charts, the industry's travails weren't necessarily tragic. It's true that plummeting sales and reduced company staffs made it harder for new performers to get a hearing. But on the positive side, the major companies reached into their vaults and released a treasure trove of vintage material that they already owned but had been sitting on. And they leased their historic recordings to the Smithsonian, Book-of-the-Month Club, and other institutions that have recently entered the record business. The major labels got a few bucks out of these leasing arrangements, and the consumer got superb compendiums like *The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Country Music* and Book-of-the-Month's *Count Basie: The Early Years.*

PAUL COX/RETNA

Ferry: unabashedly romantic.

As usual, a number of great records failed to attract radio play and big sales, and here are some of them—rock, reggae, African beat, swing, modern jazz, and country albums that will still sound just as great next Christmas, and the Christmas after that.

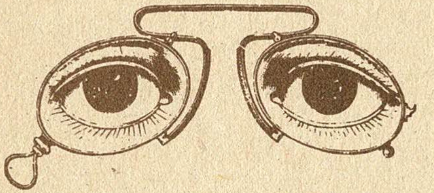
DEBORAH FEINGOLD

Black Uhuru: some of the most atmospheric head music around.

Pop. Roxy Music's LP ***Avalon*** (Warner Brothers) is one of those albums that just keeps finding its way onto your turntable. There are no rough spots, no jarring discontinuities; everything flows, and everything is unabashedly romantic, making *Avalon* a perfect make-out record. But unlike most albums that work as soft-focus aural environments, this one stands up when you actually listen to it. Singer Bryan Ferry isn't just sighing sweet nothings, he's offering provocative observations on life and love, and Roxy Music's mesh of synthesizer, guitar, and woodwind patterns is ingeniously fashioned.

Warren Zevon's ***The Envoy*** (Elektra/Asylum) is romantic, too, but there are rough edges aplenty. Zevon is the Los Angeles-based singer-songwriter who penned "Poor Poor Pitiful Me" (which Linda Ronstadt recorded) and black-hearted fantasies like "Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner" and "Werewolves of London," which won him the appellation "the Sam Peckinpah of rock." On *The Envoy*, love conquers all, but not without a struggle. There are songs about a crime spree on wheels ("The Overdraft," with lyrics by novelist Thomas McGuane), the murder of a drug dealer, self-destruction as performance art, and digging up Elvis (who goes "walking on the water with his pills" in one of the weirdest Presley tributes ever). Each side of the album begins with songs about mayhem and ends with an indelibly lyrical love ballad, making this Zevon's masterpiece to date.

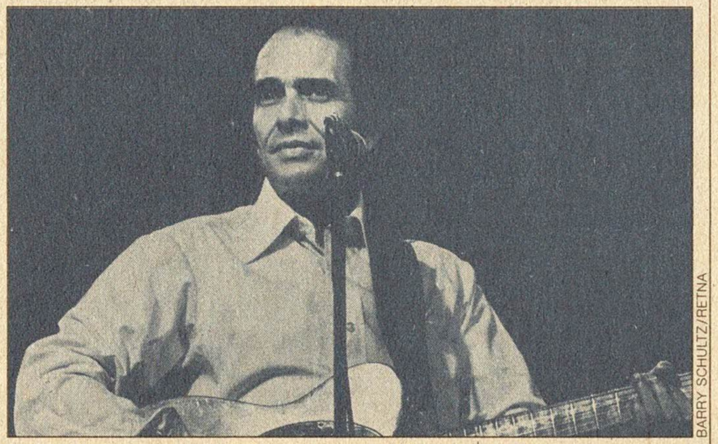
The group that calls itself X is from Los Angeles, too, but from the crazed underside of Los Angeles previously mapped by groups like the Doors. In fact, ex-Door Ray Manzarek produced ***Under the Big Black Sun*** (Elektra), X's first album for a major label after two independent-label best-sell-



ers on Slash. People used to call X's music punk rock, but it's really just rock 'n' roll, with a fast, snappy attack offset by country and rockabilly flavorings and some of the most supercharged vocal exchanges since the early days of Jefferson Airplane. The songs are about marriage, adultery, boozing, and a death in the family, and the music is American rock at its fresh, careening best.

Black Uhuru's ***Black Sounds of Freedom*** (Greensleeves) is a reggae classic from 1977 that was first released in America this year. It was the first mature statement from the vocal trio that has become reggae's front-running group, and one of the first albums to use "dub" effects behind singers. Dub, which involves stripping various instrumental and vocal parts from a completed recording and running what's left through echo, phasing, and other psychedelic effects, is the most atmospheric head music around when it's done interestingly. A lot of recent dub releases get bogged down in the same studio effects, but ***A New Chapter of Dub*** (Mango), by the group Aswad, really is the breakthrough its title proclaims. This is another record that will leap onto your turntable unbidden if you give it a chance. And so is ***Juju Music*** (Mango), the first American release from one of Nigeria's most popular bands, King Sunny Ade and his African Beats. Even people who aren't particularly interested in African and other exotic Third World pop styles find Ade's album irresistible. Its careful layering of guitars and talking drums sets up a swaying, hypnotic dance groove, but the sound is spacy and open rather than overpowering, and the addition of an inventive steel guitarist, playing in a kind of mutant Hawaiian style, was a masterstroke.

Jazz. Count Basie came roaring out of the Southwest in 1936 with a ferocious big band that gave new meaning to the word "swing." ***Count Basie: The Early Years*** ($29.95 plus $1.75 for shipping and handling from Book-of-the-Month Records, Camp Hill, Pa. 17012) captures that first Basie band and its most revolutionary soloist, tenor man Lester Young, at the height of their powers. It also chronicles the rise of the second great Count Basie band, the early-fifties unit that reconciled swing and modern jazz in similarly spectacular fashion. Clark Terry, Buddy DeFranco, and Wardell Gray are the impressive soloists on these later recordings.



Haggard: capturing a country music and barroom legend.

BARRY SCHULTZ/RETNA

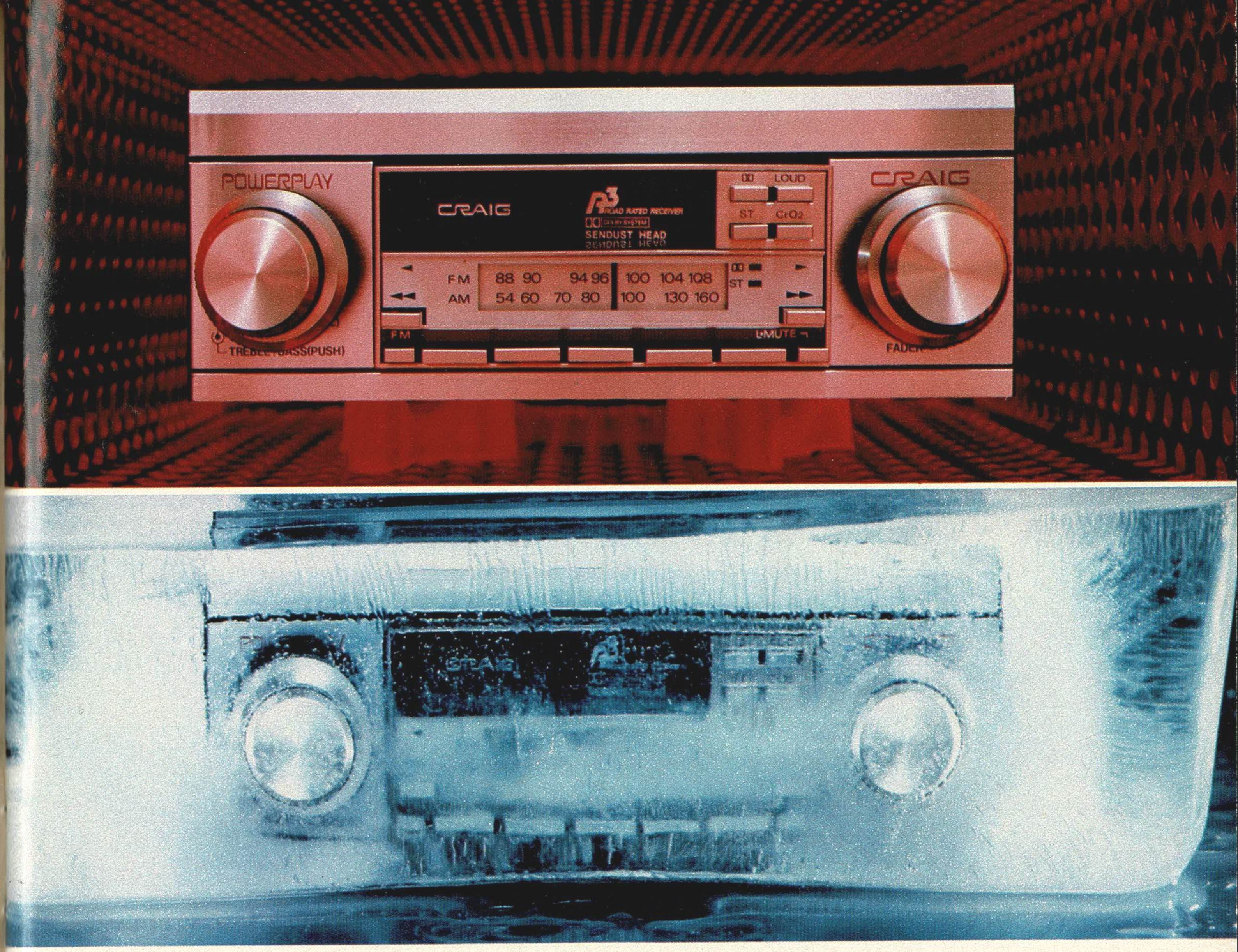
In 1957, the Basie band encountered alumni Lester Young and Jo Jones (the original Basie drummer) at the Newport Jazz Festival, and sparks flew. The album that was recorded that day, ***Count Basie at Newport***, has been reissued by Polygram classics as a top-quality Japanese pressing. This music was so hot even the concert's announcer, John Hammond, was left tongue-tied. ***Jam Session #4***, another Japanese pressing from Polygram, offers more swinging Basie from the early fifties but in an informal jam session setting. The horn players—Buddy DeFranco and Wardell Gray again plus Benny Carter and Stan Getz—make the most of the opportunity to stretch out.

Basie was from New Jersey; his arrival in Kansas City in the 1930s (he was stranded there by a traveling show) was a fortuitous accident. In the 1940s, New Yorker Thelonious Monk toured middle America with an evangelist, and out of *that* fortuitous accident came another fusion of East Coast formalism and southwestern blues feeling. Monk's droll angularity and chugging train blues light up ***Live at the It Club***, a double album of previously unreleased quartet performances that Columbia's Contemporary Masters Series has unearthed. Two members of the quartet, saxophonist Charlie Rouse and drummer Ben Riley, got back together early this year to form a cooperative group called Sphere, and their first album, ***Four in One*** (Elektra Musician), is devoted to Monk's music. The Monk and Sphere albums are similar in style; Thelonious's approach was timeless. But Sphere's pianist, Kenny Barron, plays his own ideas rather than attempting to copy Monk, so the albums offer different perspectives on one of the most enduring bodies of work in all of jazz.

Ornette Coleman's music is another lasting pleasure. ***Broken Shadows*** (Columbia) was assembled from unreleased performances in the Columbia vaults, but everything on it is first-rate. It includes two blues performances, with vocals by a southwestern shouter named Webster Armstrong, that update the Basie legacy for the space age. All the members of Old and New Dreams, the Coleman alumni band, are heard on *Broken Shadows.*

Country. ***A Taste of Yesterday's Wine*** (Epic) captures what sounds like a riotous session featuring two country music and barroom legends, Merle Haggard and George Jones. Haggard's conversational singing and Jones's remarkable vocal resilience aren't exactly an even match, but what the hell, these guys were having fun, and it sounds like it.

If your favorite country outlaw or inlaw rates a more elaborate gift, why not go all the way with ***The Smithsonian Collection of Classic Country Music***? This eight-record set, packaged in a reasonably sturdy box, roams freely through the catalogs of every major and a number of minor labels and traces country music from 1922 (fiddler Eck Robertson's "Sally Gooden") to 1975 (Willie Nelson's "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain"). Along the way, you'll encounter Hank Williams, Red Foley, Bob Wills, Lefty Frizzell, and lots of other familiar voices, and some that are not so familiar but just as soulful. Some highlights are Jimmie Rodgers's "Waiting for a Train," Roy Acuff's "Great Speckled Bird," Ernest Tubb's "Walking the Floor Over You," Hank Thompson's "Wild Side of Life," and Kitty Wells's "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels." The set is available only through the mail, for $54.95, from Smithsonian Recordings, P.O. Box 10230, Des Moines, Iowa 50336. If you're in a Christmas rush, call 800-228-5454 and charge the records to your MasterCard. *—Robert Palmer*



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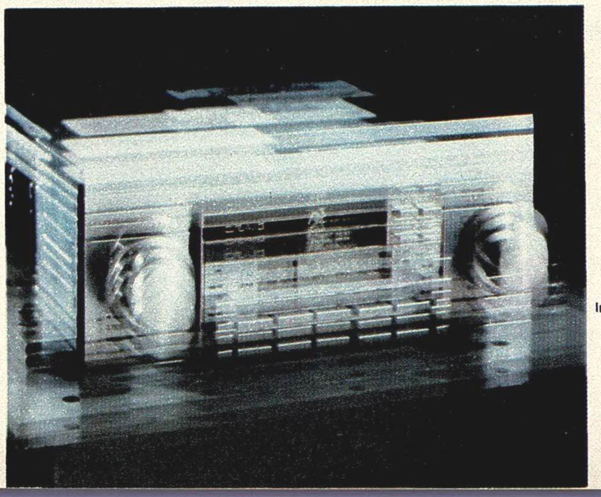

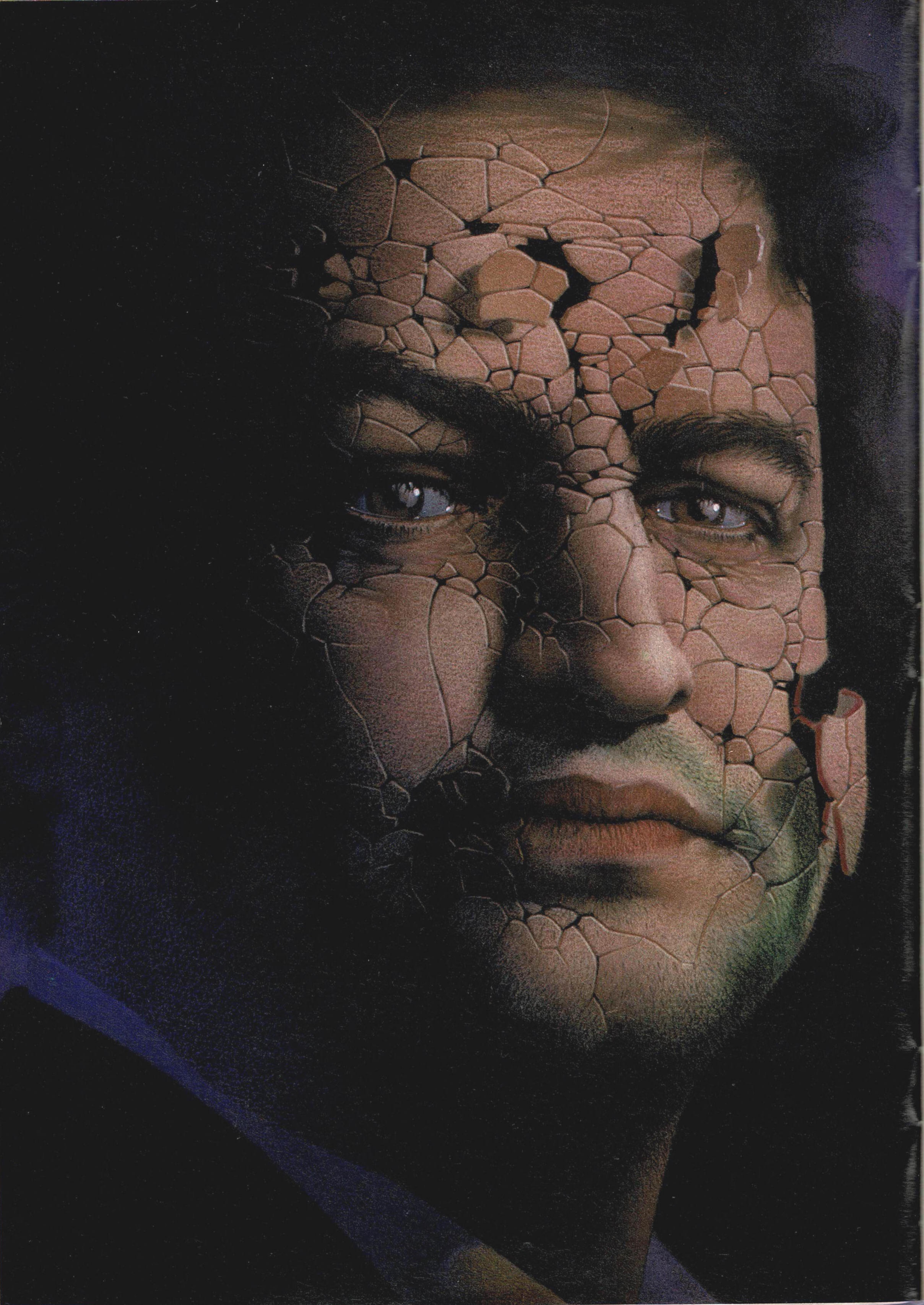

Perhaps the most shocking fact
about the bizarre death of one of America's
most popular young stars is that so
many people have tried so hard to keep
the truth from being told.

JOHN BELUSHI'S LAST FIVE DAYS

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN AND JAYNE DANA

Sometime on the cool morning of March 5, 1982, John Belushi died in Hollywood. The official verdict of the cause of death came five days later, and for many it was not unexpected: "acute heroin and cocaine intoxication." Another superstar from the precarious high-wire world of rock culture had been playing with fire once too often. Rather than being remembered as the cavorting Bluto from Delta House, or the hip Jake Blues, John Belushi has as his ghastly final image that of a man lying naked and dead in a rented bungalow, with multiple needle marks on his swollen arms. The gifted young

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO

comedian's legacy of laughter quickly has been transformed into a pot of gold for sensation-mongers, tabloid exploiters, and self-appointed moralists.

However, as is usually the case, the true story is much more complicated. Belushi, far from being the gentle, needle-fearing creature pictured by his family and fans, was also not simply a wild and hedonistic and degenerate drug addict, uncaring for anything but the next chemically induced thrill. The truth is that John Belushi had become a very sad and confused person, and the manner and timing of his death were extremely inconvenient for many people.

There are still some facts about the death of John Belushi that are not known. There are still some witnesses who, either from fear or from a desire for anonymity, have gone into hiding and have refused to talk about what they know. But this article, based on a six-month investigation involving hundreds of separate interviews, is as definitive an account as we are likely to have for a long time—if ever.

Obviously, in a situation as complicated and emotional as this one, there are sometimes conflicting versions of certain parts of the story. In these cases we have chosen to believe those people whose overall accounts were consistent with the truth as we learned it. Of course, whenever possible, we have corroborated our story with as many eyewitness sources as we could discover.

One final note: it is evident that we were not present and on the scene in Hollywood during this fateful first week in March. We do not have tape recordings of Belushi's final conversations and so have had to reconstruct them from the accounts of those individuals who spent these days with him. Because people often tend to recollect conversations with slight inaccuracies, we are presenting the information we have received with the assurance that this article is as complete an account as is presently possible.

Among the new facts that you will learn are the following:

- John Belushi may have died from a heart attack.
- Contrary to a well-publicized article in the *National Enquirer,* it is very unlikely that Cathy Smith injected Belushi with the fatal dosage of drugs.
- Cathy Smith, a heroin addict and the so-called mystery woman in the case, had, in fact, been helpful to the police in the past.
- Los Angeles Police Department officers discovered the body several hours before the time officially reported.
- The Los Angeles Police Department has apparently covered up very important circumstances surrounding Belushi's death.
- The Los Angeles Medical Examiner's office has refused either to conduct or to reveal crucial postmortem tests that could determine the actual cause of death.
- Belushi and other Hollywood superstars had been under surveillance by L.A.P.D. narcotics officers.

But perhaps the most surprising and shocking aspect of this story is the fact that so many people have tried so hard to keep it from ever being told.

"Pimps, Prostitutes, and Parasites"

John Belushi spent the first five days of March 1982 and his last days on earth amidst the glamour and sleaze of Hollywood. His days and nights were spent in the bars, nightclubs, hotels, restaurants, and other gathering spots for the supersonic living crowd along West Hollywood's Sunset Strip. It is an area where pimps watch their prostitutes gather for blocks, descending in droves on passersby and cruising cars whose occupants have a few dollars to burn. It is an area where out on the streets one can hear the decibel-shattering sounds of punk rock bands from places such as the Troubadour and the Roxy. Watching its costumed denizens, one can easily conclude that he is in the land of Oz.

> It was 5:00 A.M. and John Belushi was leaning on April Milstead's doorbell. "Do you have a couple of bucks?" he asked. Then he turned back to her: "Do you think you could score some heroin for me?"

In the words of one who lives and works on the Strip: "When you live in Hollywood, you are living with pimps, prostitutes, and parasites." With enough cash, credit cards, or connections, life can be exciting on the Strip. Women are as available inside its bars and clubs as they are on its street corners. If you are famous enough on the Strip, you can get to see and be seen at such private "in" clubs as On the Rox. And most of all, if you are part of the West Hollywood scene, cocaine, the area's hottest commodity, is readily available all over.

Hollywood tends to bathe its obsessions in an aura of glamour and fantasy. Cocaine and cocaine dealers are no exception. Studio honchos and coke dealers will sit elbow to elbow inside the bars along the Strip, sharing drinks and intimacies. Few parties hosted by the stars will lack the presence of sleazy coke dealers. Even would-be rock and movie stars find it necessary to maintain drug connections along the Strip. Indeed, it can truly be said that cocaine is the great Hollywood equalizer, making it the most egalitarian community in the country. On March 1, 1982, John Belushi moved in.

March 1, 1982—5 A.M.

The sky is still dark when the doorbell rings at 914½ Martel Avenue. April Milstead and her boyfriend, rock musician Charlie Pearson, are asleep. April—twenty-six, thin, long-legged, her short black hair cut in punk style, and pretty—left her hometown of Washington, D.C., two years earlier to pursue a modeling career in Hollywood. Suddenly, April found herself in a city of thousands of pretty and ambitious women. Her career seemed less promising.

April's Washington boyfriend, Charlie Pearson, was a rock composer and singer who had also enjoyed some mild success, on a few occasions backing up the Rolling Stones. However, out West he was no more successful than April in advancing his career. Their relationship had often been stormy, partially because of their career frustrations, and also, according to Charlie, because of April's fondness for drugs.

April underplays her use of drugs, especially cocaine. But like Belushi and his West Hollywood acquaintances, she was a night person. Day and night are turned upside down in this world, where one parties all night and sleeps until late afternoon. A typical evening for April will begin at places like the Improv or Comedy Store, with admirers and/or coke dealers paying for the drinks. Later on, the party adjourns to somebody's home, where a few grams of coke will be made available.

April had been introduced to Belushi a few months earlier. John was physically attracted to her and found her directness and candor refreshing. He spent the better part of an evening talking with her about various topics, one of which was the fact that April knew several drug dealers. At this time, April was convinced that John used only one drug—cocaine. Now he was back in Hollywood, and he was leaning on her doorbell at five in the morning.

"It's a *little* early, don't you think?" April greeted him. John explained that he had arrived in town only a few hours ago. "I feel like having breakfast," he said. "Do you have a couple of bucks?" Although a millionaire at thirty-three, John Belushi had no money in his pockets. April loaned him five dollars, and while Charlie slept, the two chatted for a while. As he was leaving, John suddenly turned to her. "Do you think that you could score some heroin for me?"

April was shocked. It was the first time that she had gotten any idea that he had any familiarity with the drug. "Oh, yes," John explained, "I've snorted it a few times in New York."

April was not to be the only person surprised to learn that John was using heroin. Family and close friends still swear that the late comedian never used it. Danny Aykroyd told *Penthouse:* "He liked the coke, but the Jones thing [heroin] was not

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"his thing." But Danny was wrong.

April told John to return later that afternoon. In retrospect, she realizes that she probably should have simply refused John's request. But at the time, the promise of a week with John Belushi seemed exciting. To have turned him down may have excluded April from that week. Moreover, he could have scored heroin easily from other sources.

April's role in John's life was not a large one, but it was to be crucial. In addition to using her as a go-between, the star was somewhat infatuated with the struggling model. When she was around, John would often be indifferent and rude to others, especially her boyfriend, Charlie. One late evening at John's bungalow—in front of Charlie—John asked her to stay the night with him. April politely refused. Charlie sizzled and kept quiet. Despite their strange relationship, April says that they never had sex.

March 1, 1982—4:30 P.M.
John Belushi parked his rented red Mercedes in front of the house on Martel. It appeared to April that John had not slept since she saw him earlier that morning; but that was nothing unusual for the *Animal House* star, who would speed through several days and nights before crashing at somebody's house. John repeated his request for heroin.

April decided to have a serious talk with John. "John, look, you're a big boy, but I've got to warn you about the person I'm going to introduce you to. The heroin crowd is a lot different than everybody else." Belushi only laughed at April's admonition, and repeated with bravado that he had done heroin back east. A few minutes later the doorbell rang.

Catherine Evelyn Smith was approaching her thirty-fifth birthday. She had been around Los Angeles for several years and was well known in the Strip's various clubs and bars. Born near Toronto, "hard" Cathy had aspirations of becoming a rock composer or singer. Meeting no success, Cathy did the next best thing to keep her close to the world of rock 'n' roll, where she continues to fantasize that she will achieve her place of stardom: she became a groupie. Cathy, whose face and body do not hide a long period of drug abuse, had been, in the words of one who knew her, " a real beauty when she was sixteen." Her first sanctuary was in the home of singer-composer Gordon Lightfoot, a fellow Canadian.

Lightfoot was in love with the young Cathy, dedicating the song *Sundown* to his loss of Cathy when the two ended their romance. Cathy had entered Lightfoot's home as a rejected and unhappy teenager, having been placed for adoption when she was very young and feeling that she was never really loved in her adoptive home. Although many people have found Cathy coarse and seemingly cold, a few individuals, Lightfoot being one, have found something softer beneath "hard" Cathy's surface. One individual who lived with Cathy in Los Angeles described her as "a warm and trusting friend." A female friend called Cathy "fragile." These friends were to demonstrate their feeling for Cathy with loyalty and assistance after Belushi's death. When she flew back home to Toronto, broke and mentally anguished, Lightfoot was to help her financially, while others provided sanctuary in their homes.

After Lightfoot, Cathy moved on to others in the rock world, living at various times with members of the Rolling Stones and the Band. Some of the members from these groups make no secret of their dislike for her, yet others, Rick Danko of the Band being one, remain friendly with her.

Cathy became well known for her ability to score hard drugs, in addition to her expertise in their intravenous use. Shortly after Cathy arrived in Los Angeles she was a heroin addict.

Cathy would stop taking drugs from time to time, replacing her addiction with alcohol. Her loud, often obnoxious behavior in the bars along the Strip resulted in not a few bartenders' throwing her out. In January 1981 Cathy was stopped by a California State highway officer for a traffic violation. Her behavior caused the policeman to search her car. Heroin was found. By the time Cathy had to show up in court, a deal was arranged. She was placed on probation for the heroin possession and, as is typical in California, was expected to attend a drug rehabilitation program. Cathy never did attend; neither did she stop injecting herself with heroin. At the time of John Belushi's death, Cathy was still on probation.

> Cathy Smith jabbed the needle into John's arm. For the next few days they were to be nearly inseparable. Cathy herself, with typical perversity, told us: "I kept that sucker alive for five days."

Cathy Smith has told others that she had met John Belushi on the set of *1941*. In addition, there is some evidence that Cathy had spent some time with John only a month earlier in Hollywood. A free-lance writer, Chris Van Ness, told *Penthouse* that he shared a table at a restaurant with Cathy Smith and John Belushi a little more than a month before the star died. A security guard recalls delivering a message to Cathy for her to call John in New York while she occupied Belushi's bungalow at the Chateau Marmont in his absence. John's closest friend and business partner, Danny Aykroyd, refuses to believe this: "She was not a friend of his. She was a means to an end. Maybe she was just there. I never even met her."

April Milstead is sure that Cathy Smith and John were never friendly with each other before she introduced them to one another. "There's no way they knew each other. In fact," she says, "John took an immediate dislike to Cathy that day in my house."

John's seeming distaste would probably have been more intense if he had realized something that none of Cathy's friends, including April, knew. Sometime earlier, during her dealings with L.A. police officers, Cathy Smith had found a way to keep them off her back: by becoming friendly and cooperative. This fact, which has never been disclosed before, was to become a critical factor later that week in the police behavior in handling certain aspects aspects of his death.

However, on that evening of March 1, John welcomed Cathy's delivery of a small quantity of heroin. Then John turned to April and told her he wanted to leave, asking her to return to his bungalow at the Chateau Marmont. Cathy left. "I don't like her," John told April. "I don't need her crap." April reminded him that she had warned him earlier about Cathy Smith. "If I give her back the heroin," April told him, "that will be the last time I can get anything from her for you." John calmed down.

Meanwhile, Cathy was having trouble starting her car. She asked April if she could get a boost from John's red Mercedes. John was annoyed, but after April said that it would be a favor to her, John relented. Then something strange happened. John suddenly asked Cathy if she would like to come back to the bungalow. There is no reason to explain why John changed his mind, but if he had not, he very possibly would still be alive. Cathy agreed to go, and she followed April and John to the bungalow.

After they arrived, John and Cathy sat close together on a couch as Cathy shot herself up with heroin. John was fascinated—a far cry from a year or so earlier. A visitor to John's home on Morton Street in New York's Greenwich Village told *Penthouse:* "When I showed John my track marks, he was repulsed. He couldn't believe that I would use a needle."

But on March 1 John did not ask Cathy Smith to put away her needle. "Hey, I'd like to try it," he told Cathy. April, a witness to the scene, was shocked. "John, I didn't know you shot up." Belushi didn't respond, and Cathy expertly jabbed a needle into his arm. For the next few days they were to be nearly inseparable. In the words of someone who witnessed them: "Cathy was John's nurse. He trusted her and needed her more than anybody else." Cathy herself, with typical perversity, told us: "I kept that sucker alive for five days." The arrangement suited both individ-

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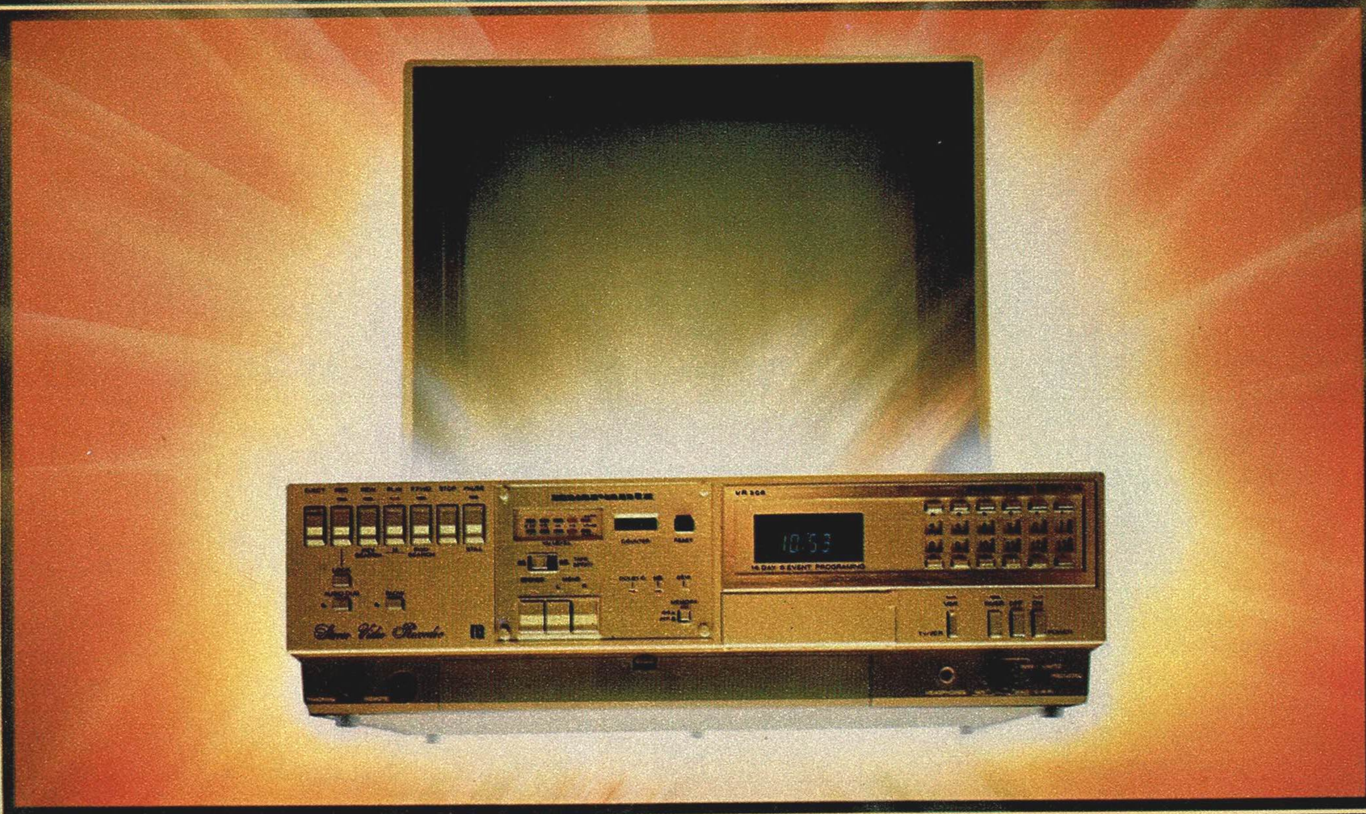

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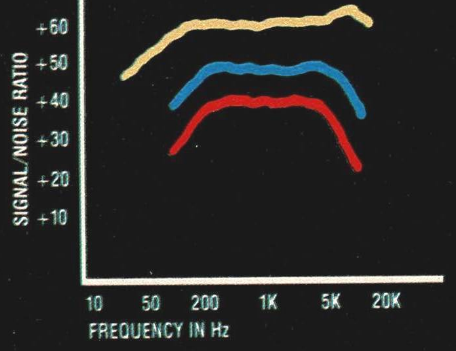

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uals—John had an expert shoot him up, mostly with cocaine, while Cathy was able to score heroin to satisfy her addiction. It was a symbiotic relationship that was soon to end tragically.

March 2, 1982—1:00 P.M.

By Tuesday, another female had joined the party. Leslie Sharon Marks was young and attractive, and Cathy Smith took an instant dislike to her. But whatever Leslie may have meant to John, she was no replacement for Cathy Smith. One source told us that "John would get a shot, and twenty minutes later he would beg Cathy for another. It went on like that into the night." John would never inject himself, trusting his nurse to inject him. In addition to being injected with cocaine, "John was snorting so much coke that his nose was bleeding," someone else reports. Only one incident marred the party atmosphere that evening and early morning at the bungalow, and that was when Cathy Smith demanded that Leslie Marks leave: "You're just a baby. We don't need any kids here."

March 3

John was going full-steam ahead. He was maintaining himself on cocaine and heroin and little else. He never slept, partying in between business deals with the studio on his rejected script for a movie called *Noble Rot*—a rejection that caused him to fall into a deep depression. It was becoming obvious that he could not continue on this way. For a healthy person it would have been impossible, and John Belushi was anything but in good shape. John was terribly overweight and suffered from an enlarged heart. Although thirty-three, he had the body of a much older man.

Early in the morning of March 3, John was alone at the bungalow. Cathy and the other partygoers had gone their separate ways and John was exhausted, tiring of the whole Hollywood scene. At four o'clock in the morning John took the Mercedes out of the garage and drove a few blocks to an all-night diner, the Beverly Hills Cafe, for breakfast.

Billy Kopecky is a twenty-seven-year-old rock musician in a city of thousands of rock musicians awaiting stardom. While Billy waits for his breakthrough to fame, he pays his bills by driving a taxi all night in the city of Los Angeles. Billy is very familiar with the Hollywood drug scene, and when not working is a frequent visitor to the same rock clubs that John Belushi favored. That morning he was having breakfast at the Beverly Hills Cafe.

"I was waiting for my food when John walked in," Billy told us. "I think he wanted to be alone. He came in alone and sat two seats away from me at the counter. He didn't take a menu. He just ordered eggs." Billy did not want to bother John, and while he waited for his order to be served read the newspaper. John leaned across the empty stool and asked to borrow a section of the newspaper.

"He started talking off the wall about how he should go to El Salvador, that there was a lot going on there. He felt that it was an important place to be. He was kinda expressing negative feelings about being in Los Angeles. He started talking about a movie script I think he wrote. He was upset that the options weren't going to be picked up as soon as he wanted them to be. He was kinda feeling screwed over by the business he was in. He felt he was being taken advantage of. He felt he should be given a little more priority than he was getting."

Billy told us that John did not appear high when the two met, and that the comedian "wasn't what I call real depressed, but more like upset. When he walked out, I asked him if he would like to smoke a joint. He said, 'Yeah.' We went over to his car and got in. It was the Mercedes. The red one. I didn't have any rolling paper on me, and I asked him if he had any. He said that he didn't.

"He reached into his pocket and pulled out one of those little 'snow seals' and poured some coke on me. He opened up the glove compartment and poured it out on there. He said, 'Well, here, you can do some of this.' So with the coke on the glove compartment, at exactly that time, a Beverly Hills patrol car cruised by and pulled into the parking lot across the street. The car was facing directly at us with the lights still on it. I looked at John and said that they come here and have breakfast here a lot. It ain't a good place for you to be pouring cocaine out in your car. Let's split and go someplace else.

> Clearly, the very inconvenient timing of Belushi's death would have proven more than embarrassing to the police had it been known that Cathy Smith had been involved with them.

"So he backed the car up, hit the curb, pulled it forward, and hit the curb again. He wasn't high from the cocaine, just nervous. Then he looked at me, gave me one of those Belushi looks with his eyebrows, and asked me: 'Well, how am I doing?' I said, 'You're doing just fine, you're in an expensive car. You're in Beverly Hills and you're a celebrity. You got nothing to worry about.'

"When the cocaine was gone, he said: 'You can't have anymore.' I said that I didn't want anymore. Then he looked hurt and said that he was hanging around with the wrong people. They were taking advantage of him. It just seemed that he wasn't comfortable with the people here in Los Angeles. It seemed that he didn't trust me, even though I didn't give him any reason not to."

John left Billy to return to his bungalow, but didn't stay there long. He was tired, and the phone at the Chateau Marmont never stopped ringing. He needed to sleep, to come down from his frantic activity. He headed for the apartment of Leslie Sharon Marks, where he collapsed into some desperately needed sleep.

Throughout the day there was some concern about John Belushi's whereabouts. April, who was calling the bungalow all day to try to retrieve Charlie's guitar, kept getting a busy signal. She knew that John was not with Cathy, because Cathy was calling April to find out where her patient was that day. Finally, April and Charlie drove to the Chateau Marmont. When they entered John's bungalow, they found Belushi's friend and physical trainer. Bill ("Superfoot") Wallace was on the telephone. Wallace had the task of looking after John, and the karate star had lost sight of his wayward charge. Wallace was calling all over town in a futile effort to locate John. At one point during the visit, Wallace turned to April and asked: "Are you the one selling John all that coke? I mean, it's okay for him to do some, but it's getting out of hand." April told Wallace that she was not John's drug supplier, and then decided to leave the bungalow. She told Wallace that John might be at Leslie's apartment.

March 4, 1982—9 A.M.

The telephone is ringing in April Milstead's apartment. She answers it, and before she can get past "hello" she hears John Belushi's frantic voice: "Where's Cathy? Do you know where she is?" After April tells John that she has no idea where Cathy Smith is, ten minutes later the phone rings again. "April, it's John, did you hear from Cathy yet?" And so it goes on for most of the morning. John Belushi is calling all over to locate Cathy. He's awake and ready to be shot up again.

At approximately one o'clock John and Cathy Smith arrived at April's apartment. April was on the telephone, but from her vantage point she watched Cathy jab a syringe into the star's arm. April was getting nervous watching the couple, who were giggling and talking loudly. Before April finished her conversation, Cathy and John got up to leave. April, very annoyed, asked where they were going. John said they were going to visit a friend, *Saturday Night Live* writer Nelson Lyon. John told April that he would come back to pick her up later, when they all would party at the bungalow. It was April's good fortune that he did not. Within twenty-four hours John Belushi would be dead.

March 4–5, 1982—Evening and Early Morning

By the time of John Belushi's final party on

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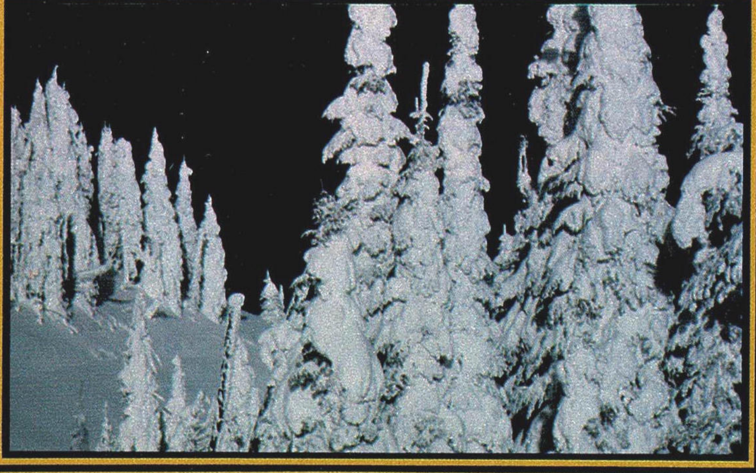

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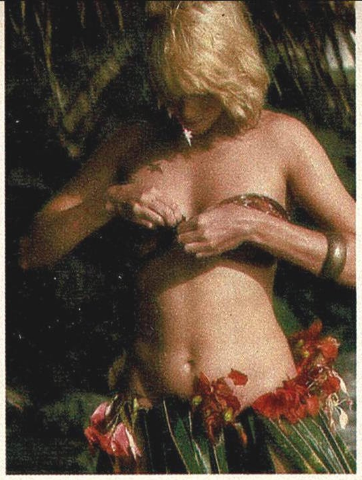
DEMONSTRATION MODEL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may...or in this case tropical flowers. We gathered hazel-eyed Ingrid Angstrom onto these pages upon discovering her on a beach in Martinique. It's doubtful all work and no play could make Ingrid a dull girl, but we didn't get a chance to find out...

Hair, makeup, and wardrobe styling by Theo Monett.

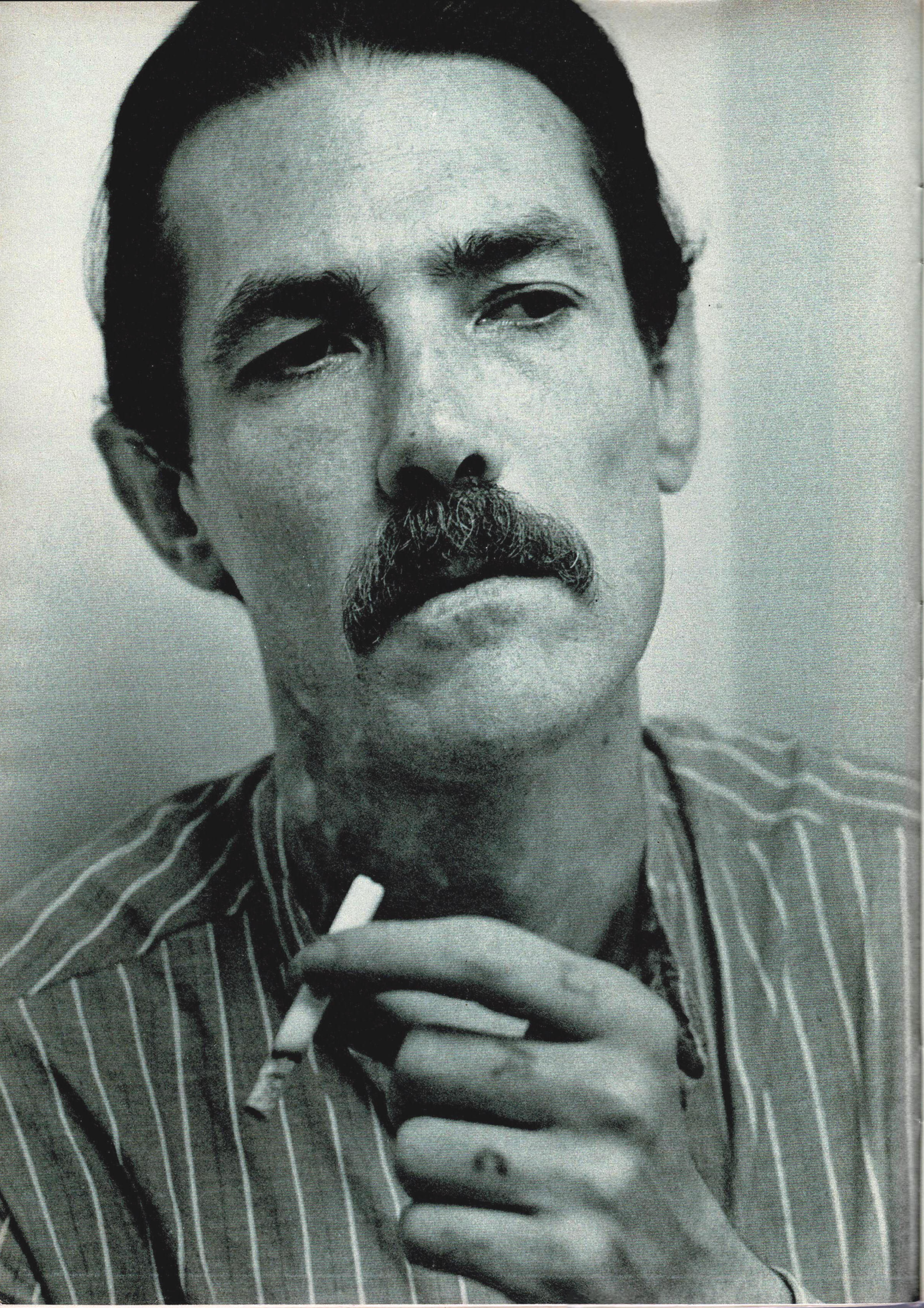
A professional bookkeeper, Ingrid cheerfully consented to switch from juggling private figures to displaying a public one (hers!) at the drop of a halter top. "My lover says he loves playing with my 'full deck.' But he also loves me for my mind: the more I mind him, the more he loves me!"



Let the ledger note: five feet eight inches tall, 37-24-36 inches terrific. And naturally blond. A second-generation Swede, our twenty-five-year-old temptress is an outspoken liberal, a believer in free love and socialized medicine.

She's also a firm advocate of nude beaches. "You might even call this my own personal protest demonstration," our cavorting Pet suggests. If so, she's making quite a splash...

Any man she consents to share her life with will have to share her liberal world view, she cautions. Even a rich, handsome movie star who just happens to be conservative? "Well," she amends, "it's always a lady's prerogative to change her mind!"



PHOTOGRAPH BY THEO WESTENBERGER/LIAISON AGENCY

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

❛The issue is really whether I can
handle myself in society. Can I? I'm not sure.
People better stay away from
me. . . . If somebody threatened my life,
I'd kill them. . . . Anywhere.❜

JACK HENRY ABBOTT

Shortly before dawn on July 18, 1981, Richard Adan, a twenty-two-year-old actor, playwright, and part-time waiter, stepped outside his father-in-law's restaurant on New York's Lower East Side with Jack Henry Abbott, a recently paroled ex-con who was living in a nearby halfway house. Abbott had wanted to use the restaurant's rest room, which Adan said was reserved for restaurant employees. Mr. Adan was showing him a spot he could use outside. Abbott maintained that Adan had aggressively taunted and provoked him into a fight in the street. In any case, Adan was lying dead on the sidewalk minutes after going out the door. He had been fatally injured by a single knife-thrust to the heart.

Later that morning, as police began a nationwide search for the fugitive Abbott, the Sunday newspapers carried the reviews of Abbott's just published book, *In the Belly of the Beast.* "Awesome, brilliant, perversely ingenious," asserted the *New York Times Book Review,* "its impact is indelible, and as an articulation of penal nightmare it is completely compelling." The *Washington Post, Time* magazine, the *Los Angeles Times*, and scores of others concurred.

The story of Jack Abbott did not, however, begin with the morning of Richard Adan's death, or even with Abbott's sudden literary celebrity. Indeed, as the *New York Times* editorialized at the conclusion of Abbott's trial, the killing of Adan as well as Jack Abbott's blasted hopes epitomized the "awful failure of criminal justice."

A self-described "state-raised convict," Abbott had spent virtually all his adult life behind bars. Born in 1944 in Michigan, he was the second oldest of seven children. With his father serving overseas in World War II and his mother unable to support the children on her meager earnings as a maid, all but two of the children were given up for adoption. Abbott and his sister were placed in what, for Jack, was to become a long succession of foster homes. He constantly ran away from the homes, and was finally deemed incorrigible and committed as a juvenile delinquent to the Utah State Industrial School for Boys at age twelve. In 1963, after being arrested for passing bad checks, he was sentenced to a maximum of five years' imprisonment at the Utah State Penitentiary in Draper. In 1966, while serving that term, he was given a concurrent sentence of three to twenty years for the fatal knifing of a fellow inmate, a trustee who Abbott claims had "snitched" as well as threatened him with gang rape.

On March 13, 1971, Abbott escaped from the Utah prison and within a week had robbed a bank in Denver, Colo. Captured the next month, he was convicted of armed robbery and given a nineteen-year federal sentence. With a self-admitted record of more disciplinary infractions than any convict in the federal prison system—although he argues that many were "frame-ups"—Abbott spent the 1970s in a half-dozen penitentiaries, including Atlanta and Leavenworth, before being transferred in 1979 to Marion, the "hardest joint" in the federal system.

While in prison, Abbott was an enthusiastic reader and regularly received books through P.E.N., the writers' prisoner's-aid organization. In 1977, after a correspondence with Jerzy Kosinski, the Polish-born novelist, Abbott noticed in a newspaper story that Norman Mailer was at work on a book based on the life of Gary Gilmore, the convicted murderer. Writing Mailer, Abbott offered to help him understand the true nature of violence and brutality in American prisons. Abbott's letters, written by hand, often ran to twenty pages or more. Philosophical, ruminative, angry, and above all terrifying in their descriptions of maximum-security confinement, Abbott's writing outlined the code of courage and wit needed to survive not as a "punk prisoner" but as a man. By June 1980 the *New York Review of Books* published a selection of these letters, and shortly thereafter Random House, the distinguished New York publisher, signed Abbott to edit and shape his writings into a book.

The consensus through out the literary community was that Jack Abbott, the emerging writer, was nothing less than a phenomenon.

Meanwhile, Abbott, still serving his nineteen-year bank-robbery sentence, was seeking parole. Mailer, editors at Random House, and the *New York Review of Books* all wrote to the parole board officials, testifying to Abbott's extraordinary abilities. Thirty-six years old at this point, he had been in custody for all but nine months of the previous twenty-two years. Among fellow inmates he had acquired the reputation of a reformer; among officials, as a troublemaker. The lead plaintiff in a class-action suit in which eighty-seven inmates sought reform of prison regulations concerning mail—a suit supported by the National Prison Project of the American Civil Liberties Union—Abbott had spent long stretches in solitary confinement, which, by his own account, were often accompanied by beatings from prison guards. In Marion, which was gripped by a prisoners' work stoppage in the spring of 1980, the brutality allegedly worsened. On May 5, 1980, Abbott was notified by the U.S. Parole Commission that his June 20 parole date was being put off because he had "engaged in and encouraged a group demonstration." Abbott was given a new parole date, August 1981, again conditional on good behavior.

"Jack took the delay very badly," said a Midwestern attorney who was in touch with him then. "He wanted out of Marion; he had become deathly afraid of ending up in a cemetery plot there. Jack knew the system as well as anyone. He had seen inmates killed just because others didn't want them to go free and he thought maybe the administration was setting him up. He was frightened."

It was at this point, Abbott having been "broken," that he began cooperating with prison authorities, providing the names of inmate leaders in the Marion work strikes. Though he insists that the information provided was already known to officials, the Marion Prisoners' Rights Project was barred from the prison ten days later. Within three weeks, on January 16, 1981, Abbott himself was transferred out of Marion and turned over to Utah State Prison, allegedly for his own safety. Three months later the Utah Board of Pardons ruled that Abbott's state sentence could be "terminated." His book was about to be published, and although psychological testing had shown him to be "angry and hostile," "his hopes were up and he had a lot of plans." Indeed, for Thomas R. Harrisson, chairman of the parole board, people "who knew better than I" had attested in letters to his "sensitivity, talent, goals, and accomplishments." Given Abbott's testimony at Marion, it was altogether possible that a deal had been struck. On June 5, inmate Jack Abbott was turned back over to the Federal Bureau of Prisons, which placed him in a federally supported halfway house on the Bowery in New York City, his full parole to become effective August 25.

The rest is current history. After a highly charged three-week trial in which the defense claimed "extreme emotional disturbance," Jack Henry Abbott was convicted of first-degree manslaughter in the death of Richard Adan and returned to prison. For all of New York's dailies, as well as for *Time* and *Newsweek,* the verdict and the issues of the case stimulated an editorial outpouring. Prisoner rehabilitation, recidivism, literary radical chic, and the woefully inadequate procedures for "readjusting" long-term convicts to the street—all were debated. Abbott, his book, and the killing of Richard Adan, it seemed, had touched the most sensitive, fibrillated of nerves.

To plumb these issues, as well as the personality of Jack Abbott himself, *Penthouse* assigned writer Peter Manso to travel to the Springfield, Mo., U.S. Medical Center for Federal Prisoners and speak with Abbott. Manso reports:

"The notion that Jack Abbott had mastered something in himself by learning to write as well as he does, learning in the worst of circumstances, wasn't untenable. That he later stabbed Richard Adan was fact. Still, I'd first met Abbott two weeks before the killing, had dinner with him after walking the beach in Provincetown with him, and there was no sign of violence.

"Thus, when it all came down, one had to ask why. And beyond that, eclipsing the tragedy all around, there was the broader issue of responsibility, not to say the nightmare paradox of Abbott's own head. If a man could so perfect his vision, so sharpen his sensibility, then how (and here one must insist) could he have so misread Adan? What for others might have been little more than a rebuff? It was a problem not for psychologists, no, nor even the keenest of sleuths. One had entered the land of convict dread.

"At Springfield, Abbott had been limited to one-hour-per-month 'media time.' This was extended to a single six-hour session. The setup: a conference room with Abbott locked into the equivalent of a telephone booth, the interview conducted through the finest of steel-mesh gratings. A guard posted outside in the corridor (spic-and-span, for sure), bombardment-like fluorescent lighting, and, finally, a nonstop cacophony of announcements from the prison's P.A. system, all added to the institutional scenario.

"Two packs of cigarettes later, the time was up. As the complement of four guards arrived to return Abbott to his cell, he merely nodded his good-bye, once again dealing with officialdom."

Penthouse: On July 18, you were in New York City, awaiting parole after spending nineteen years of your adult life in jail. You had just published a book that the *New York Times* called "brilliant." One of America's most famous authors was acting as your sponsor. Dante writes about the *vita nuova*—"the new life"—a form of deliverance. You had everything all laid out in front of you. Why did you fuck up?

Abbott: Because I didn't get delivered to no *Paradisio*—they didn't put me in the right place. They delivered me right back to prison.

Penthouse: Start from the beginning. What happened after you were released from jail?

Abbott: Norman Mailer met me at the airport at about 1:00 A.M. My plane was late. Then I took a cab to the halfway house. When I got there everything was closed down. The doorman showed me to my room and I laid down and tried to sleep, but I couldn't. I had jet lag. So I sat there until it started getting to be daylight, then I got up and looked out the window. All I could smell was garbage. There was like a real fine dust of garbage everywhere. I saw all these people out on the sidewalk: old winos stumbling around, people who looked like they were hallucinating, people just laying out in the gutter. I wondered, what the hell was this? I went downstairs to get a cup of coffee, and as soon as I got outside all these people started running up to me begging for money. They were just rolling around on the sidewalks. As far as I could see in all directions it was like that. There wasn't that much traffic at that hour; newspapers were blowing across the streets. All the people looked like they were in a state of death. Dead but upright.

Penthouse: Did you know where you were in New York?

Abbott: I knew it was the Lower East Side, that's all. I came to find out that there was a men's shelter across the street with thousands of crazy patients turned loose. You've heard of the Slasher? They arrested him about half a block from the halfway house. It's the most violent part of the whole city. The most stabbings and the most killings take place down there. I saw a guy stabbed right in front of me. His blood splashed onto me. Another time, I was talking to someone on the street and a car was fire-bombed right behind us. You know how they do that? They put gasoline in the car and they ignite it and it just goes up in a big *kaboom*!

Penthouse: Were you conscious of the possibility that it was a mistake for you to be in that neighborhood?

Abbott: Well, I was very conscious of the possibility that I would get in trouble, that somebody would jump me. That there would be a little bit of blood somewhere and that I would probably be sent back to prison.

Penthouse: Did you tell this to anyone?

Abbott: I went to see my parole man and I told him, "Look, you've got to get me out of this halfway house." But I was told that it was the only halfway house in New York that would take me. The officer said it would take about two or three weeks of paperwork to get transferred—that they'd

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO. N Y BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY 80 PROOF
Crown Royal
My sock runneth over.

A greedy department store owner,
a hysterical, sex-obsessed window designer,
and a wily, homeless boy
unite in an unusual twist on Christmas.

CHRISTMAS AT FONTAINE'S

FICTION BY WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE

Up and down Fifth Avenue, store windows were filled with mechanical Santas, prancing reindeer, dancing elves, and hundreds of other Christmas displays. But the center window of Fontaine's Department Store was covered by a heavy red curtain. Christmas shoppers glanced at it curiously as they walked by, and some tried to peer behind the edges of the curtain, to see what it concealed.

It concealed Dann Sardos, the store's window decorator, who was on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

"It doesn't make it," he said, looking at the toy village he'd created.

"It's beautiful," said his assistant, Jeff Beck. "Pull the curtain."

"We've stalled this long," said Sardos. "We might as well get it right."

"Right? It *is* right." Beck stroked the head of a large reindeer and talked soothingly to the beast. "Your tail goes up and down. Your eyes light. But Sardos is never satisfied."

"Shut up," said Sardos softly.

"Don't be nervous," said Beck. "We'll get it done—by Easter."

The reindeer was parked outside a building marked Airport, at the end of the village street, far left in the window. Inside the Airport were fixed wooden figures of elves, weighing luggage marked *Santa Claus.* Beside the Airport was the village Inn, and next to it a General Store, then a Laundromat, and a Tea Shoppe, all of them big enough to admit a grown child or a desperate art director. Dann Sardos knelt in the street and shook his head. "The Inn isn't saying anything."

"Yes, it is," said Beck. "It's saying, please, Dann, pull the curtain." Beck turned toward Sardos. "May I remind you there are only three more shopping days until Christmas?"

"I'm way past caring."

Beck seemed to sag, back toward the Airport reindeer. "Your antlers glow. But Sardos doesn't want anybody to see you. Why? *Why, why, why?*"

"Calm down," said Sardos. We've got to do

PAINTING BY ROWENA MORRILL

something with this Inn, otherwise it's just dead space."

Jeff Beck swayed gently toward Sardos with his claw hammer, lifting it in slow motion as would a mechanical toy, in order to hit Sardos over the head with it. "Give up, Dann. For the sake of our future in the business, I beg you—pull the curtain."

"Not yet. I think I'm about to have a new inspiration."

"Nobody's *paying* you for any more inspiration. Who do you think you are—Pablo Picasso?"

"Every day we don't open this window," said Sardos, "more people come around, wondering what's in it."

"Wondering what's in your *head*. Wondering—" Beck moved the hammer, again in slow motion. "—wondering why you are such a nitpicking, never-satisfied, egotistical *screwball*."

The whole village was moving now, electrical motors and belts humming softly beneath the floor, animating a dashing wolf who was creeping up on the Pigs; farther down the street, at the village square, a pair of dogs were playing cards with an elegant skunk, her great fluffy tail moving slowly back and forth.

In front of the Tea Shoppe, as if about to enter it, were a pair of white lady hares in white fur capes. The only human figure in the village was Pinocchio, who stood at the end of the street, looking into it, his nose growing longer, then shorter, then longer again.

"The whole thing just isn't—radical enough," said Sardos.

"What are you anyway!" screamed Beck. "A revolutionary? Have you kidnapped us? Me—" He whirled with his hammer, pointing. "—and the Bunny Sisters?"

Sardos had moved to the end of the street, where he stood in front of Pinocchio. "We've got to shift the enchanted boy. He's lost down here."

Beck charged after him. "It's three days before Christmas. It's time to call it a night, Dann. Throw in your test-light, sign your name, and let me *pull the curtain*!"

"Relax," said Sardos. "I know what I'm doing."

"Dann, what if Louis Fontaine fires us? You know when sales are down, he fires people. Why shouldn't he fire you and me? We could be walking the streets tomorrow. And jobs like this are hard to find. In fact, there aren't any. I know, because I've been looking for one. To get away from you. If we blow it, we'll end up at the Warren Street Employment Agency, signing on as dishwashers."

"Did you know," said Sardos, "that someone is hiding in the store at night?"

"No, I didn't. Are they from the Internal Revenue Service? I hear they're after Louis Fontaine, which is another reason he's firing people."

"It was after midnight last night when I left. I saw a shadow moving through the aisles."

"It's the Ghost of Christmas Past," said Beck, "of which this window is a part."

"This is the window of the future," said Sardos.

"It's just a bunch of toy animals, Dann. Can't you understand? It's lollipop land. Who *cares* what you do here? It's a dead myth."

"Never say die," said Sardos.

The basement door of Fontaine's Department Store was attended by an elderly nightwatchman, asleep in a padded swivel chair, hands folded on his paunch, head down, soft snores escaping his frame.

"It'd be a shame to wake him," said Jeff Beck, and he and Sardos let themselves out, the door locking behind them, and snow falling upon them, in the street.

They circled the building so that they might walk past their windows, where they joined the late-night spectators who were enjoying the slowly lumbering toy elephant, and the dancing toy dog. The dog was wearing velvet pantaloons and twirled, paws up, a gypsy air about him. The elephant strode by him with gentle footsteps, in a bridle of silver and gold.

> "Would this be the conclusion of his window? Would the curtain open on a naked, quivering decorator sprawled out in cotton with the Three Little Pigs dancing around him?"

"Not bad," said Sardos.

"It'll do," said Beck.

They continued on down the block to the central window, where the heavy red curtain hung. A few curious passersby were trying to see through its folds, their faces pressed to the glass.

"I'm getting to like that curtain," said Sardos.

Beck blinked bloodshot eyes, matching the color of the curtain in their hue. Then he looked at his watch. "Everything's closed again. I'll have to do my Christmas shopping in the all-night drug store." He snapped up the collar on his coat. "Do you see what you're doing to me, Dann?"

"What am I doing?"

"Forcing me to give Delphin foam to a maiden aunt."

"Don't exaggerate."

"And chewable vitamins to a friend who lives for mussels in wine sauce."

"Give them gift certificates."

"For what—an enema bag?"

Beck stalked off into the storm, and Sardos remained on the street, gazing toward the red curtain. The window was the size of an Off-Broadway stage and more spectators were coming toward it, trying to see between its folds. "It better be good," he heard one of them say.

A sinking feeling entered his bones, as if the marrow had been sucked out, and he walked on, to the subway, and took it downtown. A pair of professional muggers strode through the screeching car in which Sardos rode alone; ordinarily such a lone rider would have been relieved of his wallet, his watch, his ring, and possibly his overcoat if it was new, but something in Sardos's concentrated air gave them the idea he carried a weird oriental weapon that shatters kneecaps or takes out eyeballs. Actually he was dreaming of waltzing toy rabbits in a cloudbank of fluff, but it got him off the train, untouched.

He climbed the stairs to Sheridan Square and the snow fell around him, its veil billowing in the little walks of Greenwich Village. He made his way along past the antique stores; some of the windows were well done, and a few of them opened out into that eternity he sought, where the old dreams lived, of magic sleds and the lost palace in the clouds.

As his analyst had said, he'd raised his childhood obsession to a higher octave.

Would this be the conclusion of his window? Would the curtain finally open on a naked, quivering decorator sprawled out in cotton with the Three Little Pigs dancing around him?

He turned off Bleecker Street, onto Perry, and entered the front gate to his building as a trio of mad motorcyclists roared past in a flash of chrome trim and red reflectors. They'd circle the Village all night, searching for something forgotten. "It's unfindable," said Sardos quietly, at the disappearing lights. But he knew that stopped no one from continuing the quest, round and round.

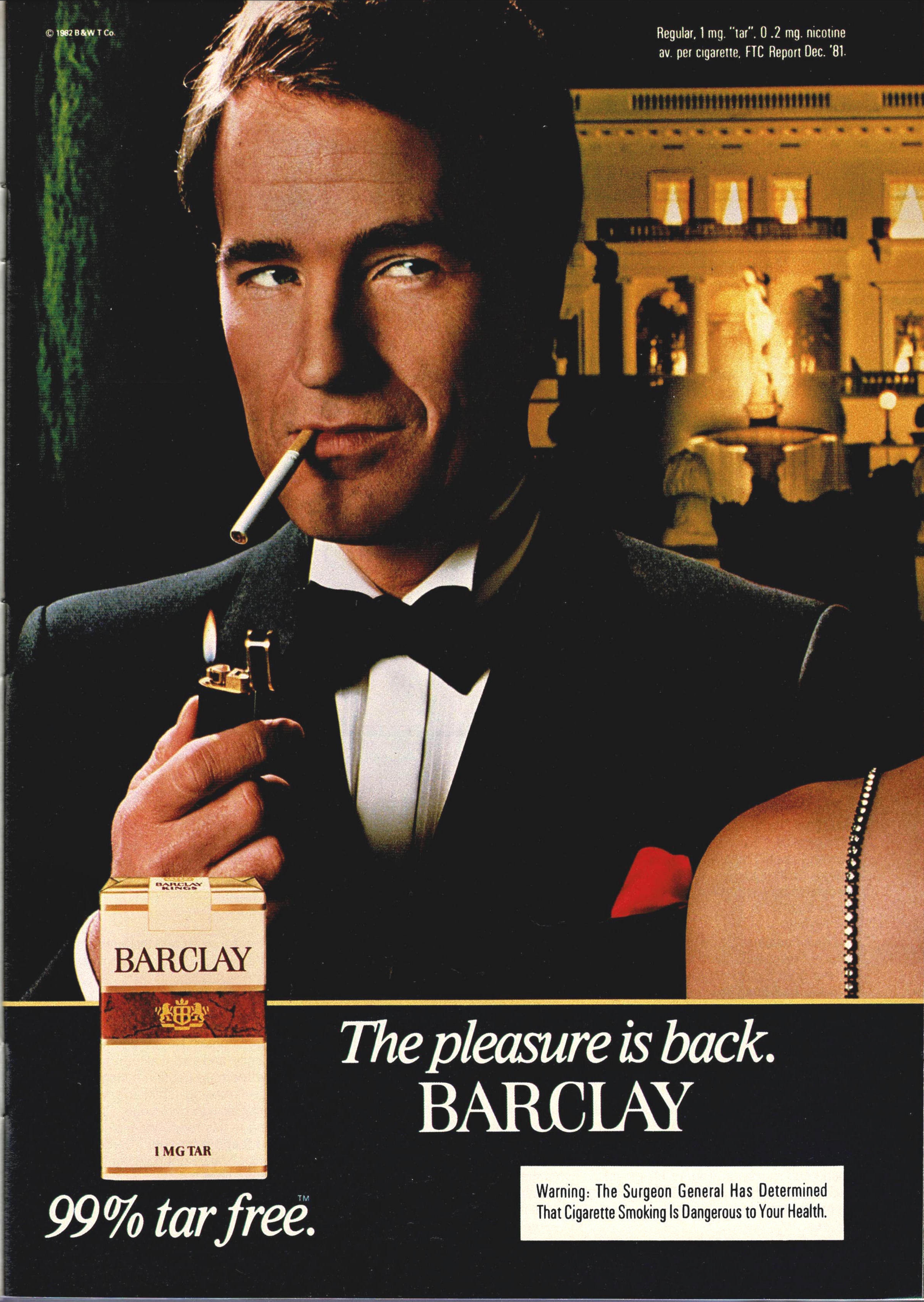
A heavy-paneled door swung open to his key. An impeccable interior received him, staircase polished to a high gloss. He climbed the stairs to his apartment and pushed on through, to another of his mad dreams, a living space out of the Arabian Nights, with stars painted on the ceiling, arches hewn between rooms, Moorish tiles on the floors, and all of it to be scrapped when his mood changed. He'd hire Jeff to help with the heavy work and they'd do it all again.

He dropped into the couch beneath a caliph's canopy. The place had cost him every nickel he had, and made him feel like a harem master.

Across the room, a bead curtain parted. "You're late again."

"Yes," said Sardos, as he poured from a silver decanter and sank back into his white cushions.

A pale reflection moved along the squares of Moorish tile, toward the caliph's chamber. A match flickered, and the candle on the glass-topped table was lit, casting its flame in a ring upon the glass. "You don't want supper, I suppose . . ."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Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.
BARCLAY KINGS
BARCLAY
1 MG TAR
The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY
99% tar free.™
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"No," said Sardos.

"How about a massage?" A delicate hand gestured above the glass, firelight on its nails.

"Sure," said Sardos, and flopped over on the couch. He stared sideways at the flame, as the hands came onto his back. He groaned several times, his neck muscles relaxing. "Did I ever tell you about the Bonwit Teller window?" He spoke toward the flame.

"No, when was that?"

"Nineteen thirty-six," said Sardos. "They commissioned Salvador Dali. The first thing he did was decapitate a manikin."

The hands worked down Sardos's back. Across the room a tree of silver twinkled from floor to ceiling, its branches hung with cultured pearls. Sardos closed his eyes, and his oldest dream appeared, the first vision of his life, seen under his family's tree, the year Salvador Dali was cutting off the dummy's head. Sardos had crawled toward the tree, beneath which a little cardboard village had been constructed, with tiny iron people on its fine gravel paths—a milkman, a mailman, a boy on skates skimming over a mirror of glass. Within each little house was a colored bulb, to light the painted windows, and the whole of it had entered his soul; to it he returned, to extract from this memory the secret wisdom he'd learned there.

"I hope you're not going to decapitate the reindeer," said the voice above him.

"No," said Sardos, "it's been done."

Louis Fontaine rode solemnly in the back of his limousine, reading the *Wall Street Journal.* Beside him on a swivel-tray was a cocktail and a cigar.

"I'm losing money hand over fist," he said, folding his newspaper and addressing his chauffeur through the glass partition.

"Yes sir."

The limo moved through the snow-laden street, its headlights brightening the falling flakes. "Sales are a matter of conditioning," said Fontaine, leaning forward again. "In the old days it was common for people to be executed in public. Did you know that?"

"No sir."

Louis Fontaine had not known it either, until recently, when he'd taken down one of the gold-tooled classic novels Dann Sardos had lined his office walls with. "There were places where you could see someone hung or drowned in the river almost any day at all. People got a *taste* for it. They were conditioned to it." Fontaine puffed his cigar, thoughtfully. "Maybe I should execute someone." Fontaine tapped his cigar ash. "In *that* window." He pointed to the red-curtained center window of his own store, for they were circling the block, as Fontaine did each night, round and round, praying for his gigantic building and all its contents. "I'll execute Dann Sardos."

"Yes sir."

"And his assistant. It should be quite a crowd-pleaser."

Within the darkened store prowled Officer Locke, a security guard of thirty years' experience. He was on the trail of whoever it was that had been hiding in the store throughout the Christmas season. Quietly, Locke entered Women's Underwear.

He groped on by, and crept into Signature Jeans, through an arch of jutting hips. He peered between a pair of feminine knees, toward Sporting Goods.

In the shadows ahead, he could discern the outline of his quarry—a small, slender figure clad in a silver jogging suit. Locke sprang at it, his arms wrapping around—nothing. His quarry had danced one step to the right. Locke sprang again, and came down on a jogging machine, $1,798.76, on sale. A silver arm flew out, switched on the machine. Locke found himself running in position on the motor-driven treadmill, as his quarry escaped.

> "Let's put Pinocchio in the center," said Sardos. "The ultimate punishment for the enchanted boy. Sold to some animals who will use him for bizarre, unnatural acts."

Locke panted forward, speed, distance, time, and heart-rate flashing on the screen of the jogging machine.

YOU ARE RUNNING AT 4 MILES PER HOUR . . .

On the following morning, Dann Sardos returned to his unopened window. He gazed at the gambling dogs and skunk, their arms moving slowly back and forth as they played their cards in the village square. "Let's put Pinocchio in the center," said Sardos, "as if they're playing for his body."

"Dann, please—"

"The ultimate punishment for the enchanted boy." Sardos spoke softly, his eyes starting to glow with inspiration. "Sold in a game to some animals who will use him for bizarre, unnatural acts."

Jeff Beck shook his head, and opened his tool box. "All right. It'll only take me ten hours of hideous work among the tiniest circuits imaginable."

"And I know what I'm going to do with that reindeer," said Sardos, pointing toward the beast.

"What?"

"Cut its head off."

"Surely you jest."

"Down to the wire frame. We'll illuminate that with pencil light and you'll see right through his head into a starry sky."

"I can see through *your* head, into the front door of the Warren Street Employment Agency." Beck took out his pliers as the store loudspeaker suddenly reverberated:

"Addenshun shobbers, come in to men's underwear—"

"—watch your language—"

"—and take fifty percent off—"

"Oh, take it all off," said Beck, working at Pinocchio's base, removing him from his levered pedestal.

"I've got this window on the run," said Sardos, taking a chisel to the lacquered fabric that formed the reindeer's head. "I'm starting to understand."

"I'm leaving tonight, Dann, at the normal hour."

"That won't be possible."

"I'm going to do Pinocchio for you, and fix the kangaroo's pouch, and that's *it.*"

"Shobbers, do you wand to lose weighd? Come ub and try bour eggsercyble."

Beck clicked his pliers toward the loudspeaker. "I'm going to come up and remove your adenoids."

Beck lifted a panel out of the floor, to reveal the thousand-armed frenzy of wire and levers beneath. "Oh my god . . ." He wiped a hand across his brow. ". . . am I really going into that again? For the hundredth time?"

"Think of it as a sacrifice to your art."

Beck lay face down and worked his arm under the floor. "It feels like Return of the Serpent Lady under here."

"Everything's coded," said Sardos.

"I threw the code away long ago." Beck's other arm disappeared in the tangle. "I'm working by instinct, *owwwwwch that's hot,* it must be the Bunny Sisters. While I've got their life in my charred fingers, do you want anything else done with them?"

"Let them be."

"Make them balance on one finger? Join them at the waist? Hang them?" Beck's head disappeared under the floor panels, and his voice was lost in the faint whirring of motors.

Louis Fontaine pressed the button to open his office door. Dann Sardos walked through.

"You're fired," said Fontaine.

Sardos sat in a mahogany armchair, circa 1815, and helped himself to one of Fontaine's cigars. He leaned back, puffed on it gently, and gazed at the objects gracing the room—a London racing trophy, a George III writing table, a seventeenth-century German commode. "Louis, everything in this room has tripled in value since I found it for you." Sardos leaned forward. "You've got no complaint."

"You're fired."

Sardos flicked an ash into an art-deco ashtray, supported by nymphs. "It's a jungle out there." He pointed toward the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 182

MONIQUE

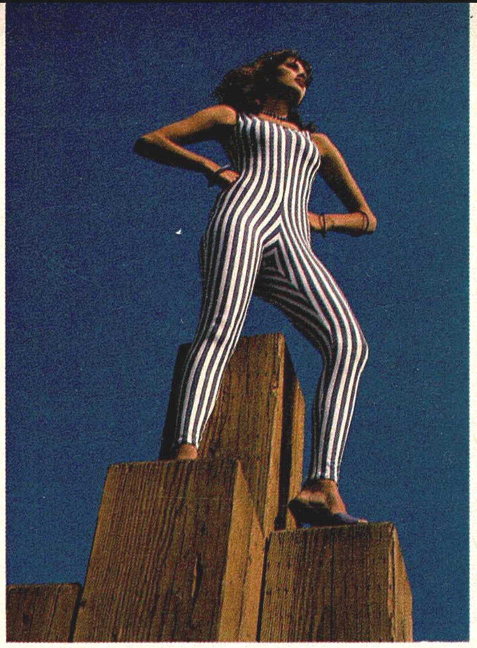
“Forget having your own home. I want to have my own harem...”

THE BELLS ARE RINGING

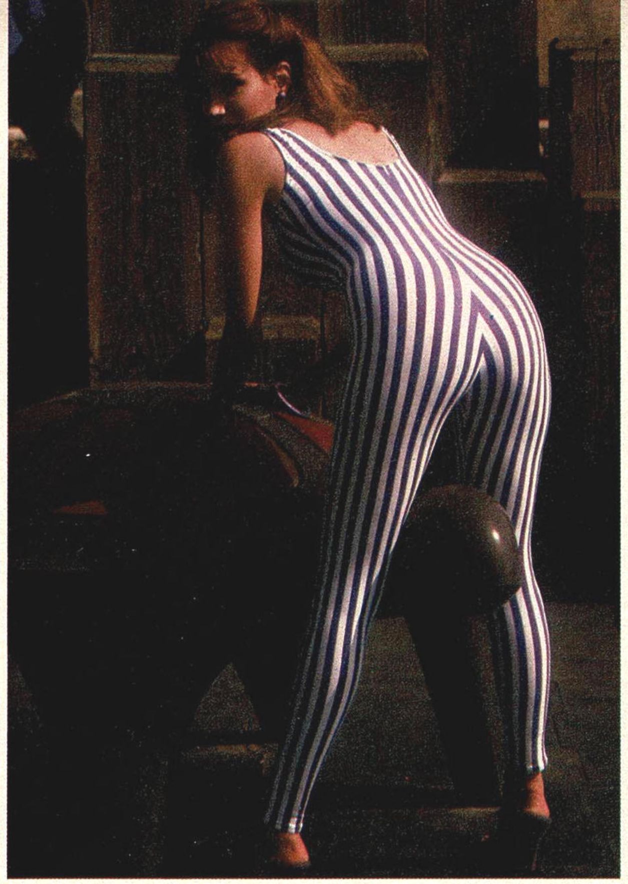
PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

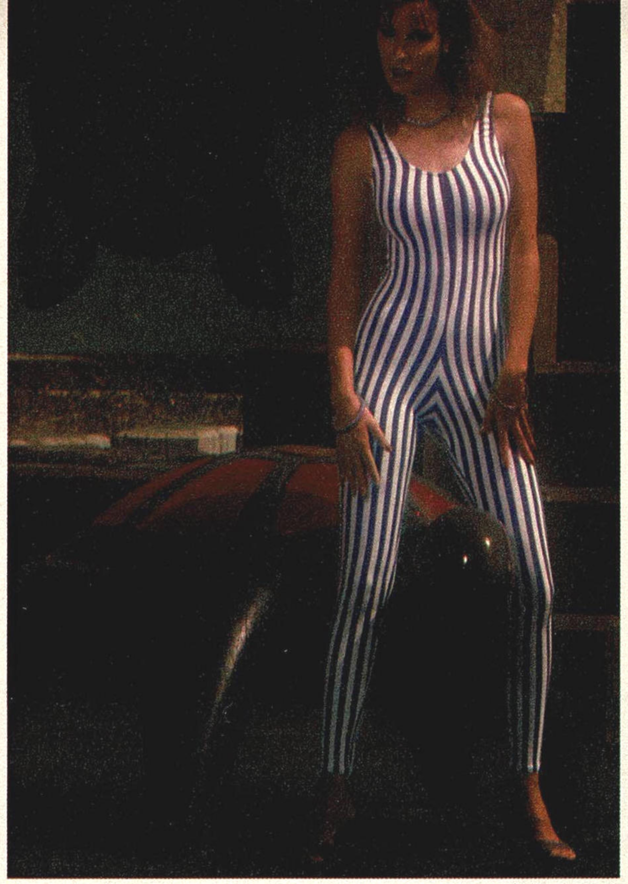
"Give me a pile of quarters," smiles delectable December Pet of the Month Monique Gabrielle, "and I can go crazy entertaining myself!" Feeding a vibrating bed? Making obscene phone calls? Nope. Seems our twenty-year-old young modern is a certified video game freak. "I'm addicted–it's a much better high than drugs!"

Ms. PacMan and Centipede are her favorites, though she'll invest two bits in anything that lights up and whistles. "TV makes you passive; I like active pastimes you can really get *involved* in," she adds, a hint of double entendre in her little-girl laugh.

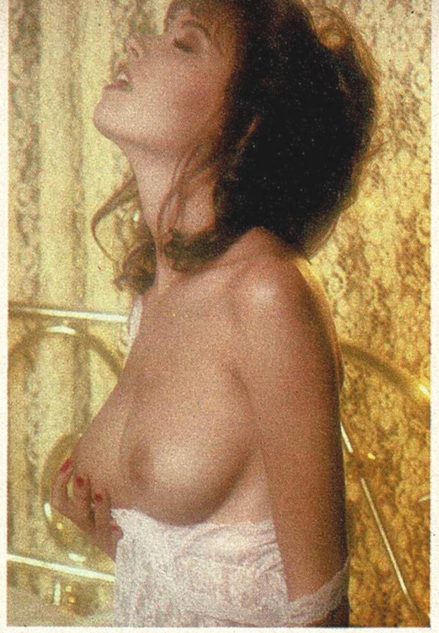


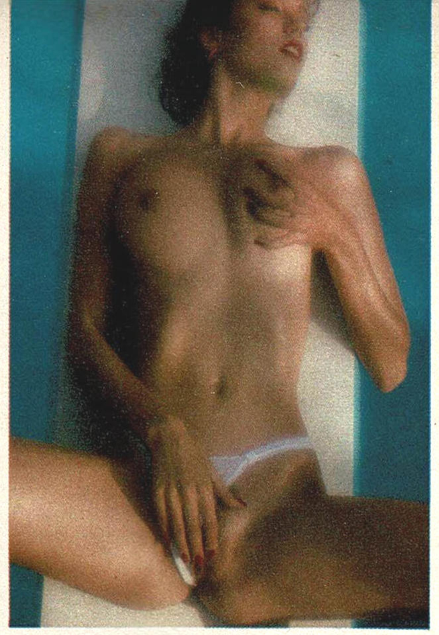
Even when she quits playing to work, lights and action are the rule. Already in demand as an actress, Monique worked on the comedy hit *Young Doctors in Love*, and appears in *Night Shift*, a film directed by and starring "Happy Days" veterans Ron Howard and Henry Winkler, respectively.





"I'm a crazy cutup who's always loved to entertain; I've acted in school plays since grammar school and modeled since I was sixteen. I guess I'm an early bloomer." And her nubile 36-23-34 inches beautifully back up her claim. Monique also claims her ideal man has to be in The Business.

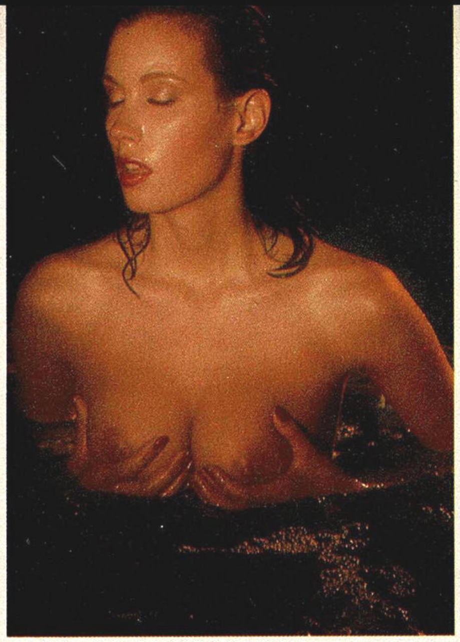


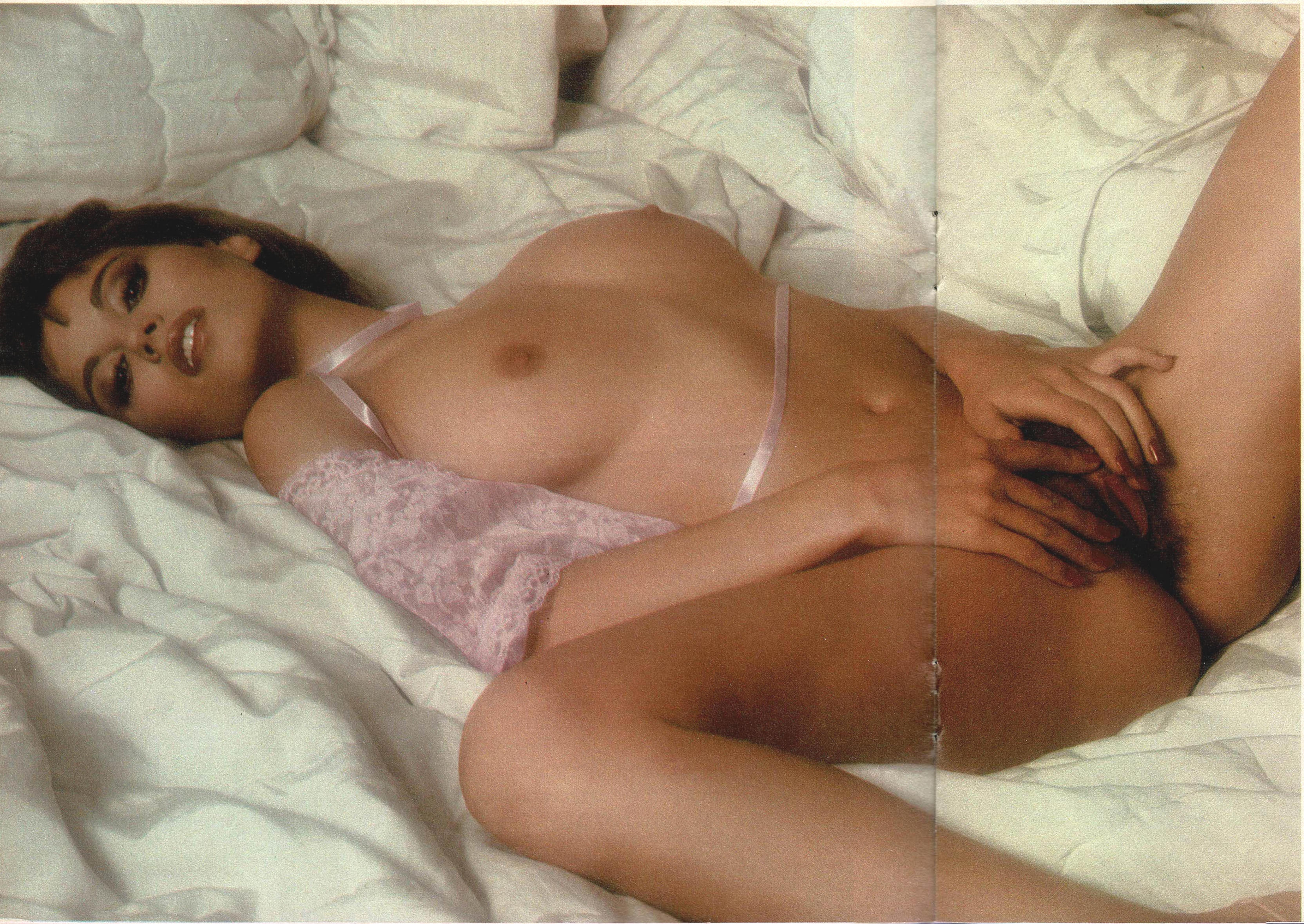


He should also be blond, blue-eyed, and willing to share, because our carefree California girl has precious few inhibitions. "I belong to a nudist colony called The Treehouse near San Bernardino. I go there with my dad and get a *neat*, all-over tan line!"

"Being naked frees your mind and spirit as well as your body." Amazingly, men go after her 100 pounds of perfection far more often when she's dressed than when she's bare. And, speaking of sex, our Pet rejects the old two's-company-three's-a-crowd notion.

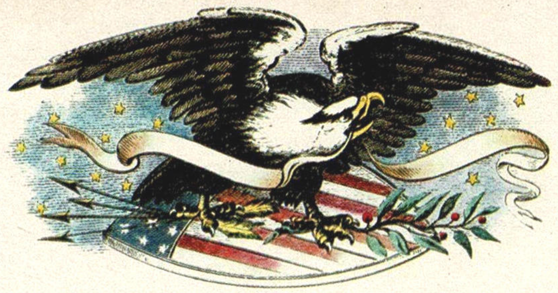
Forget having your own home. Monique wants to have her own harem. "I'd like a dozen men and women to do my bidding whenever I tinkle a little silver bell," says our seductive crowd pleaser. Meanwhile, she's pleasing the crowds with her various video endeavors.





By far her best and brightest role has been in a new film, produced by Bob Guccione, soon to premiere on Penthouse late-night pay television. In it, our Pet wreaks havoc in a health spa by working out in suggestive skimpies. Monique, we're working up a sweat just imagining!

MISS MONIQUE GABRIELLE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Nineteen eighty-two has been a particularly disappointing year for Vietnam veterans. As in the war, the casualty list has grown inexorably as recession and unemployment have taken their toll. At year's end, this is how it looks for vets.

Government-sponsored job-training programs and the use of GI Bill benefits have not been able to offset vets' economic troubles. Because of budget cutbacks, the job-training programs have been too little, too late. The GI Bill, due to its ten-year limitation, has also been unable to come to the assistance of most recently unemployed Vietnam veterans, whether eligible for unemployment compensation benefits or not. Just as the Vietnam veterans bore the human cost of the war, they are now bearing an inordinate share of the costs of Reaganomics.

As with everyone else in this economy, the number of foreclosures on vets' homes has increased across the country. According to the National Veterans Law Center, vets have turned to the Veterans Administration for help—and then to court when the VA doesn't come through. Unfortunately, going to court doesn't appear to do much good either. In a recent case, *Gatter* v. *Nimmo*, a group of veterans who either had defaulted on VA-guaranteed home loans or were about to filed suit against the VA. They believed the VA should have given them the opportunity to apply for refunding, forbearance, or some other arrangement to avoid foreclosure. The law establishing the guaranteed-mortgage program actually gives the VA the option of providing that kind of help. However, both the U.S. District Court and the court of appeals held that the VA could, at its own discretion, refuse to offer this kind of assistance. Furthermore, refusal is not even reviewable by the courts. The absurdity of this situation is that it literally puts the VA into the real-estate business. Under the guaranteed-mortgage program, the VA has to sell the foreclosed property. Rather than attempt to help vets avoid foreclosure, the VA seems content to let these tragedies occur. In one recent case, a vet whose VA-insured mortgage was foreclosed offered to pay rent to the VA until the VA sold the house. The VA refused, and the vet and his family were evicted.

> ‘Vietnam veterans are now bearing an inordinate share of the costs of Reaganomics. Recession and unemployment have taken their toll. As in the war, the casualty list has grown inexorably.’

In addition to these economic setbacks, Vietnam veterans have been jerked around by the government in a variety of other ways. Most shameful has been the VA's shilly-shallying on the Agent Orange issue. The VA's approach has been to study the problem to death rather than to come to grips with the fact that many Vietnam veterans who were exposed to Agent Orange are displaying symptoms and conditions that cry out for treatment. Whether Agent Orange is the sole cause of these symptoms and conditions is beside the point. These veterans need help and they need it now. Nevertheless, further delay on this vital question seems inevitable. The VA fears an upsurge in the number of disability pensions if it acknowledges a cause-and-effect relationship between exposure to Agent Orange and Vietnam veterans' health problems. Consequently, the VA can be expected to continue to stonewall on Agent Orange and hide behind the smoke screen of extraneous studies.

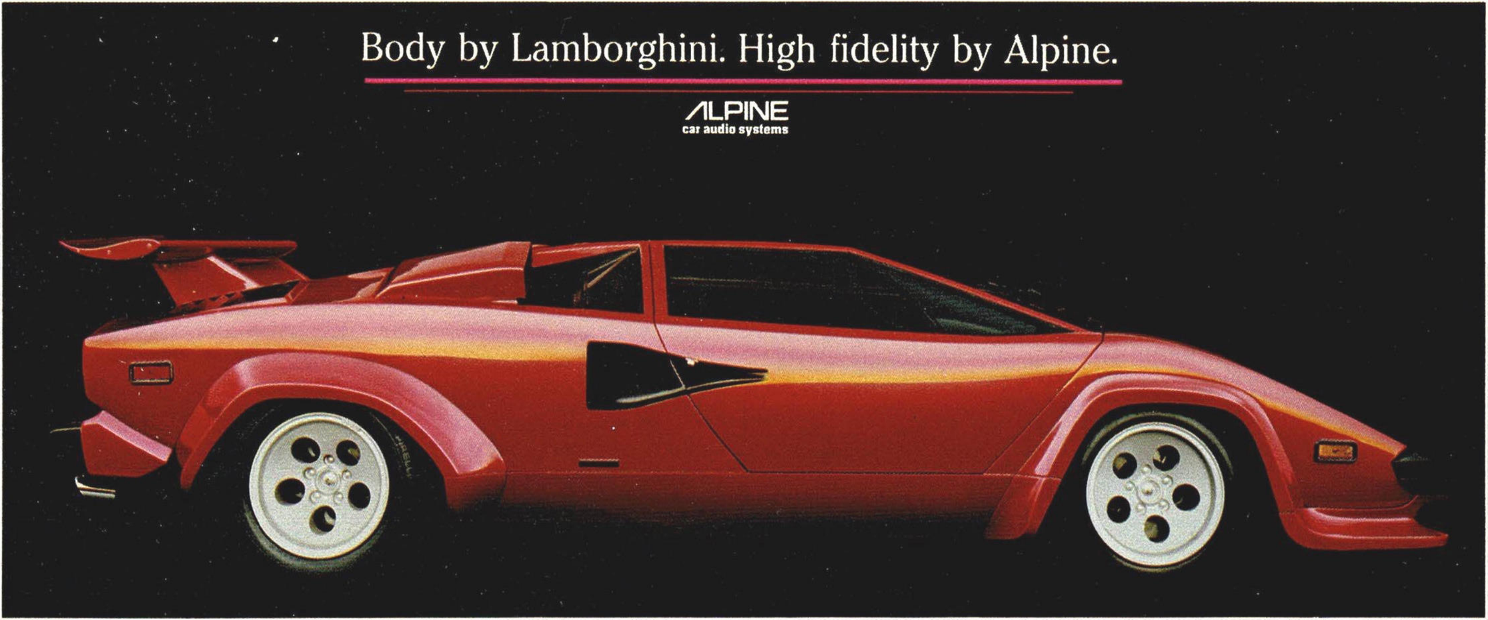
Another aid to veterans, the VA's Operation Outreach Program, has also taken its lumps this past year. Specifically, the vet centers have been systematically thwarted by VA headquarters in their efforts to have vets with serious mental illnesses receive psychiatric treatment from competent civilian doctors. Although it is provided for by law, the VA has blocked its implementation.

As for the Veterans Administration itself, almost all of the veterans organizations have publicly called upon President Reagan to fire VA administrator Robert Nimmo. Nimmo's abuse of the perquisites of his position, widely reported in the media, are less important than the widely shared perception among veterans that he is insensitive to their problems. Based on our observation of the VA's actual performance, we share the view that Nimmo should go. The issue is that the Veterans Administration needs someone possessing superlative managerial skills and political clout to straighten out its internal disarray. Unfortunately, Nimmo's deputy administrator, Chuck Hegel, resigned his position out of frustration with Nimmo's approach to the problems of veterans, adding to the confusion.

Finally, in 1982, Vietnam veterans have sometimes been their own worst enemy. First, veterans' criticism of the trip to Hanoi by Bobby Muller and three others from the Vietnam Veterans of America far exceeded the bounds of fair play. Individuals' motives were impugned, and words like "traitor" and "treason" were used too freely. We don't think that Vietnam veterans should be in complete agreement on all issues. However, we do believe that it is to everyone's advantage to disagree in a civil and constructive manner.

Second, and equally as divisive, there has been the controversy over the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, to be completed next year. The squabbling over various aspects of the memorial has produced a degree of ill will among veterans that should never exist. We have friends on both sides of this controversy and respect their views. To paraphrase a popular political maxim, Vietnam veterans will get the kind of memorial they deserve, and have worked for.

In the new year, if we want solutions to veterans' problems, we must work harder—and together.—*William R. Corson*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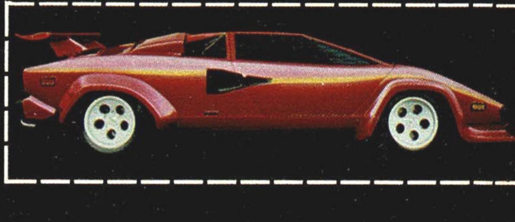
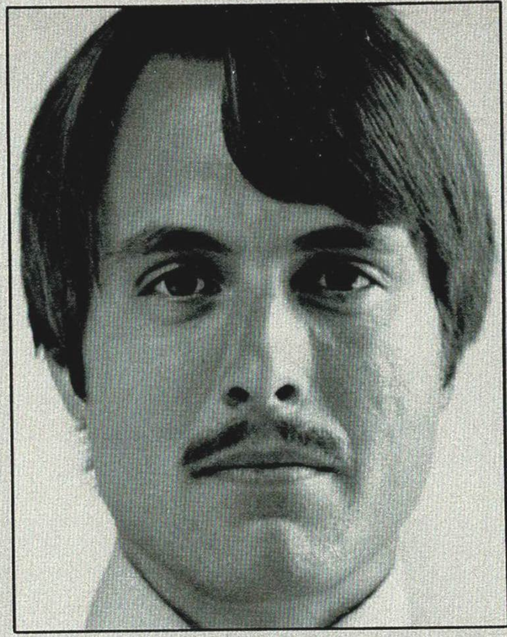




BY DOUG BANDOW

The author is the editor of *Inquiry* magazine and Senior Policy Consultant with the Cato Institute. He formerly served as Special Assistant to the President for Policy Development and as a Deputy Representative to the Third U.N. Conference on the Law of the Sea.

THE LAW OF THE SEA RIP-OFF

> Many Americans feel guilty about our abundant resources, technology, wealth, and know-how. It is time that we recognize we have nothing to apologize for, and tell the rest of the world to find some other sucker.

A gaggle of international diplomats, lawyers, and bureaucrats has spent the past decade preparing a greedy grab for American money and technology and a lockup of the abundant resources of the seabed: the Law of the Sea Treaty. Few Americans have even heard of the treaty (affectionately known as LOST to some of us), which is why the State Department came so close to giving away America's interests, and may yet succeed in doing so if President Reagan changes his mind because of political pressure (a not unknown occurrence) or if a later president says okay.

LOST began as a sensible attempt to forge some new rules for navigation, ocean research, and pollution control. Unfortunately, it entered an international fantasyland when it got caught up in the so-called Third World's desire for international income redistribution on a massive scale. In the Alice-in-Wonderland of LOST diplomacy (the "group of seventy-seven," which controlled the United Nations conference, is made up of about 125 Third World countries), free enterprise is "worn out," opposition to foreign demands for handouts is "greedy and selfish," and protection of American interests is "prejudiced."

The treaty finally adopted after twenty-four years and three conferences (the third conference with eleven sessions) matches the craziness of the U.N. itself in that it is apparently being written with the intent of preventing any deep-seabed mining from occurring. If such mining weren't important, we might be able to dismiss the whole LOST business as a diversion for petty tyrants and accept it. But the deep seabed has more than one trillion tons of manganese nodules, which contain manganese, nickel, copper, and cobalt. The seabed also possesses vast sulfide deposits, which contain zinc, copper, lead, and silver. Losing access to these minerals would cost American—and world—consumers millions or even billions of dollars, and would increase our reliance on unstable suppliers, such as Zaire, for minerals critical to our military power and economy.

The seabed section of the treaty starts out by declaring that the seabed is the "Common Heritage of Mankind." This sounds wonderful, ranking up there with truth, justice, motherhood, and apple pie. But what does it mean? Most people would think it means open access—anyone wanting to mine could. But it doesn't. LOST defines it as meaning that every country, no matter how small or how far away from the ocean, owns a few shares in the seabed. Moreover, these shares entitle such countries to create an enforcer to keep the rest of us from mining.

This enforcer is the "International Seabed Authority," which will be housed in luxurious quarters in Jamaica (where would you prefer to be—your home country of, say, Paraguay, or Jamaica?), will employ thousands of people (including, of course, many of those who negotiated the treaty, and their relatives), and will be totally independent of anyone or anything else (perhaps with its own army and navy). The ISA (there are almost as many U.N. acronyms as U.S. government ones) would be ruled by an Assembly and a Council.

The Assembly is one-nation, one-vote, a form of international democracy dominated by nations that abhor democracy. There is no doubt that the U.S. would lose any decision of importance before such a body: we need only look at our experience with the U.N. General Assembly. Yet the Assembly would be the "supreme organ" of the ISA, to which everything else would report.

Almost as bad is the Council, the "executive organ" of the ISA. The Council has thirty-six members, who sit in five different chambers. The U.S. was finally guaranteed a seat last April, only after the Soviet bloc had had three seats guaranteed to it years before. The U.S. has no veto, as it does in the U.N.'s Security Council, or even the ability to form a coalition with other Western nations to protect our national interests.

The objectives of the ISA are openly anti-mineral development, and the regulatory system is set up almost to guarantee that no mining occurs. A mining company seeking permission to mine must survey two mining sites at its own expense, and give one to the ISA. To mine the other site, the company must apply for a "production authorization," which the ISA might decide not to grant. After all, some developing country might want the site. Or granting permission might give the U.S. too many mining operations. Or it might violate the production ceiling that the treaty sets (to protect some mineral-producing countries, such as Canada and Zaire).

A mining company seeking to mine sulfide deposits instead of manganese nodules is in even worse shape, because no mining of them can occur until special rules and regulations governing such mining are adopted by the ISA. Unanimous consent is required in the Council to approve such rules and regulations—how soon do you think Canada and Zaire are going to allow new competition into the field?

But LOST becomes even stranger. The treaty creates the Enterprise to mine the seabed for all of humanity (that is, that part of humanity that controls the Enterprise). The Enterprise would, of course, also be dominated by the Third World, and would have the money it makes from mining redistributed to "needy" Third World nations (in other words, those that have the votes). But guess who pays to set up this wonderful creature? If you guessed the Arab sheiks, you're wrong. It's us—we are liable for 25 percent of the loans and loan guarantees mandated by the treaty.

The Enterprise also benefits from a few other advantages. One is that private miners may be ordered to sell their own mining and processing technology to Enterprise (or some Third World country) on the whim of the Authority. The definition of technology could include know-how as well as equipment, compensation is not likely to be enough, and companies are stuck if their secrets are leaked to others.

There are many other blatant discriminations against our miners. The Enterprise gets that second mine site that private miners have to give up. It gets subsidized financing from us and is exempt from taxes and payments to the ISA, which include an application fee, a fixed annual fee, a production charge, and a royalty fee. Never fear that this discrimination might violate some treaty requirement for evenhandedness. Discrimination against private miners is not discrimination: the treaty directs the ISA to give special consideration to the 125 developing countries and some 105 "geographically disadvantaged" countries as a sort of international affirmative action.

Is this the end of the LOST travesty? No. The treaty theoretically allows private mining, but since the Third World wasn't sure that this system would work out—that is, give them enough control—they scheduled a "Review Conference," to be convened fifteen years after seabed mining starts under the treaty. If the Third World decides that the private miners have been doing too well, they can simply vote to amend the treaty to eliminate all private mining, and the U.S. could not stop them. Would you go out and invest in the seabed knowing that you might lose everything a few years down the line?

But even if no seabed mining were likely, there would be another reason why the U.S. should continue to stand firm in rejecting LOST. This treaty provides the Third World with the legal, political, and economic tools to create the New International Economic Order (NIEO)—which would force the U.S. and the West to pay "tribute" for "past wrongs" to the Third World. In fact, it is the critical first step toward a radical restructuring of international economic and political relations, with us the victims.

LOST establishes a legal duty to bail out tin-pot dictatorships across the globe. It provides for Third World domination of unowned natural resources throughout two thirds of the world's surface, and may lead to similar agreements on Antarctica and even on outer space. It gives control of a major international organization to those with the least stake in it (next, the Third World wants to control the World Bank—wouldn't you like to control the local bank with everyone else's money for you to borrow?). Finally, LOST sets the principle that even terrorist groups are entitled to receive the benefits of income redistribution from the West.

Thankfully, the Reagan administration, despite much whining and crying amongst those who believe the U.S. owes everyone else a living, has announced that it will not sign the treaty. It must now seek to work out some arrangements with other potential seabed mining countries, and shrug off the pompous attempts of Third World diplomats to bind the U.S. to the treaty without its consent.

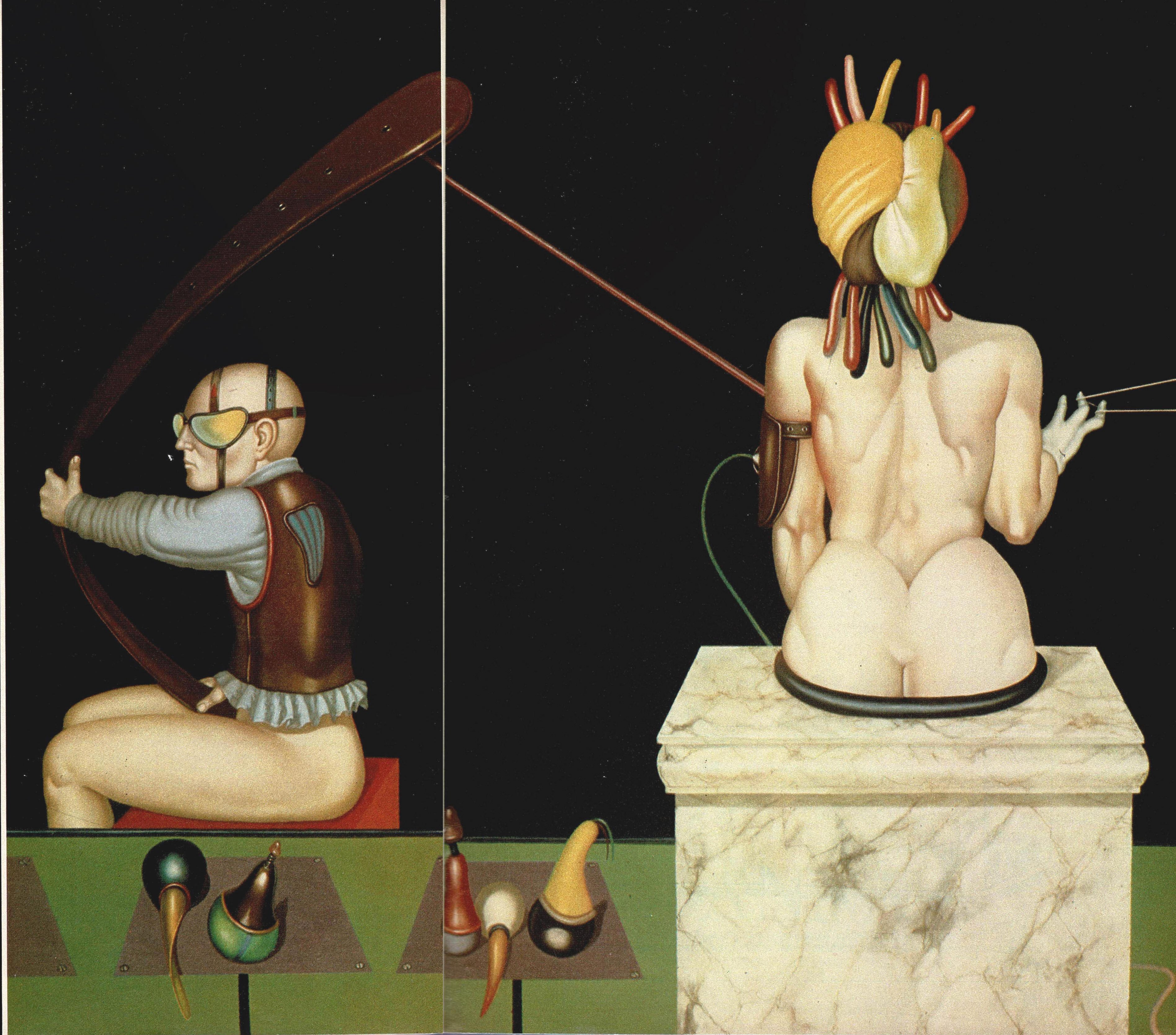
America has allowed itself to be pushed around by a bunch of hypocritical and self-important dictatorships for too long. The fact that it almost agreed to this treaty—and that it still will, if many of our national leaders and opinion-makers get their way and have us pay for everyone else to exploit us—shows how guilty many Americans feel about America's abundant resources, technology, wealth, and know-how. It is time that we recognize we have nothing to apologize for, and tell the rest of the world to find some other sucker.

If you have more
money than you can ever
possibly spend, the
only vice left is . . . *vice.*

SEX IS NOT ENOUGH:

THE EROTIC LIFE OF SUPER-RICH MEN

BY MONIQUE VAN VOOREN
PAINTING BY CARLOS REVILLA



The glare from a single large, overhead spotlight is harsh and hot. The clink of instruments being set up, steel upon cold steel, is the only sound in the green room that smells of disinfectant and alcohol. Sweat beads on the brow of the man who is holding the razor-sharp scalpel. The woman mops his forehead as he brings the blade to the scar-thickened flesh kept apart by clamps. With deft sureness, he kneads, binds, cuts, and stitches.

A hand clutches his hand—the hand of the man on the table. Blood spatters in torrents. Anguished howls fill the tiled room. The man and the woman smile under their surgical masks. The man on the table whines, quivers, then ejaculates with a mighty roar. Now he too smiles, just as he passes out.

Of course, the masked man is a doctor. His assistant, a nurse. But what hospital would permit such unmitigated torture?

There is no hospital—just one stark, hospitallike room in an imposing Victorian mansion of Back Bay Boston. Otherwise it is a perfectly normal, opulent millionaire's mansion. And the man on the table, piercing the air with his screams, is not sick—except in the way he chooses to be mutilated without anesthesia. Our patient is not the prisoner of the doctor and nurse but rather their employer, rewarding them richly for the pain they inflict. One of America's most successful industrialists, he can easily take time off to indulge himself, claiming to be leaving "on a vacation." He can effortlessly afford this $15,000 operation. He's counting on the exquisite agony to bring him to orgasm. It usually does, several times a year.

One of the characters in my novel *Night Sanctuary* summed up the dark needs of the super-rich thusly: "Sex is cheap. Vice is *very* expensive."

Sex—the natural act of sexual intercourse—is not only cheap but often free with the consent of a willing partner. *Vice*—a biologically unnatural approach fitting Webster's definition of "a particular immoral, depraved, or degrading habit"—is not so easy to come by, since partners less willingly agree to being beaten, humiliated, or otherwise abused. Clearly, the more unnatural the craving, the higher the price tag to satisfy it.

What I have found in the course of several years of constantly observing the exceptionally wealthy is that their lives provide the perfect breeding ground for vice, creating an environment basically hostile to sex. In my own informal study, I've seen ample evidence that the sex life of the super-rich is often extravagantly debased, bizarre, and downright perverted. Excessive wealth and excessive perversion go hand in hand. In a remarkable percentage of cases the perversion is neither heterosexual nor homosexual, nor even masturbatory—*not even coital*—because these multimillionaire thrill-seekers are impotent.

Every facet of the world of the super-rich draws vice like a magnet while repelling the sort of scrutiny that could expose these ultraconservatives as the incredible hypocrites they are. If breath of scandal does happen to leak out, it's automatically dismissed as a shocking aberration rather than the shocking norm. The general public turns its wrath on the hapless scapegoat, leaving his fellow satyrs to roam free as ever on their randy Elysian fields.

This privilege of the very rich was set forth by American gilded-age tycoon J. P. Morgan, who knew a few things about debauchery. Magnate Charles Schwab, incredulous at the wave of scandal his own behavior in Monte Carlo was provoking, approached him with the words "But I didn't do anything behind closed doors." "That's your problem, Charles," replied the enlightened J. P. "You forget what doors are made for!"

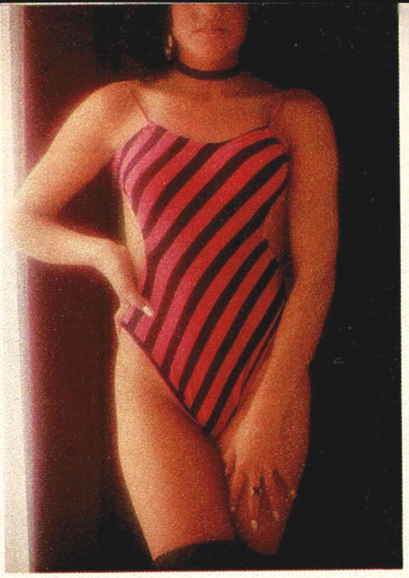
CONTINUED ON PAGE 228

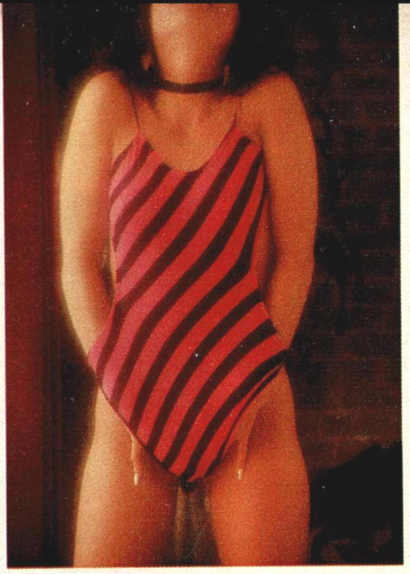
"Bert, remember those season's greetings I sent you saying 'May the Lord restore confidence in American products'? Well, unfortunately, they've been recalled."

‘You might say I insist on having control and I get away with murder!’

ANNA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

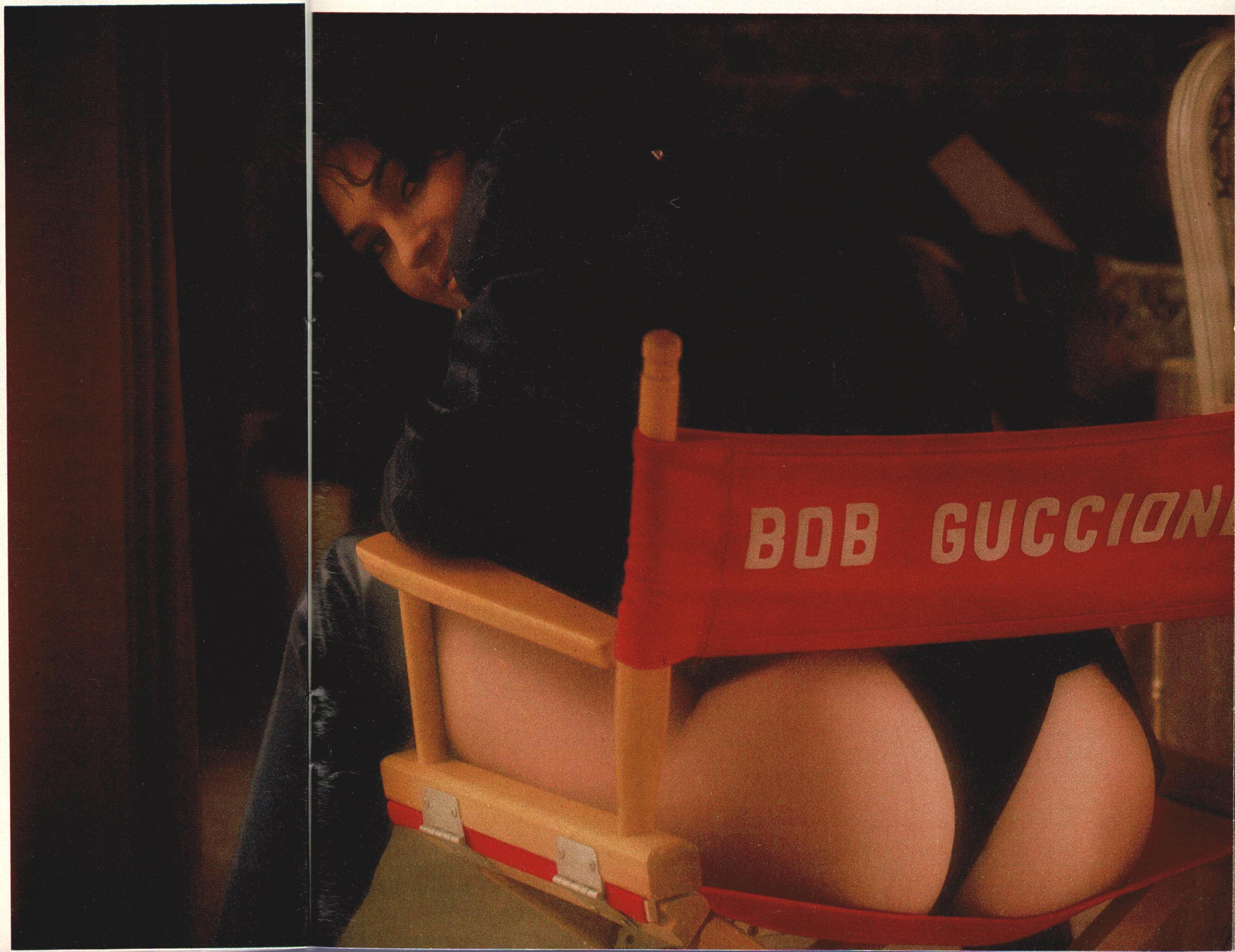




Striped bathingsuit and black boots courtesy of Ian's Boutique, New York City

Pet of the Year
RUNNER-UP

If the face (and body) looks familiar but the name doesn't quite, it's only because Anna Fraley, our Christmas 1980 centerfold, appeared with the moniker Ava Monet. Once hesitant about the glare of public limelight, our unflappable Pet now proclaims, "Who cares if the Moral Majority doesn't approve–the discriminating minority does!" And how. At a festive 36-23-35 inches, small wonder Anna's been voted Pet of the Year Runner-Up...



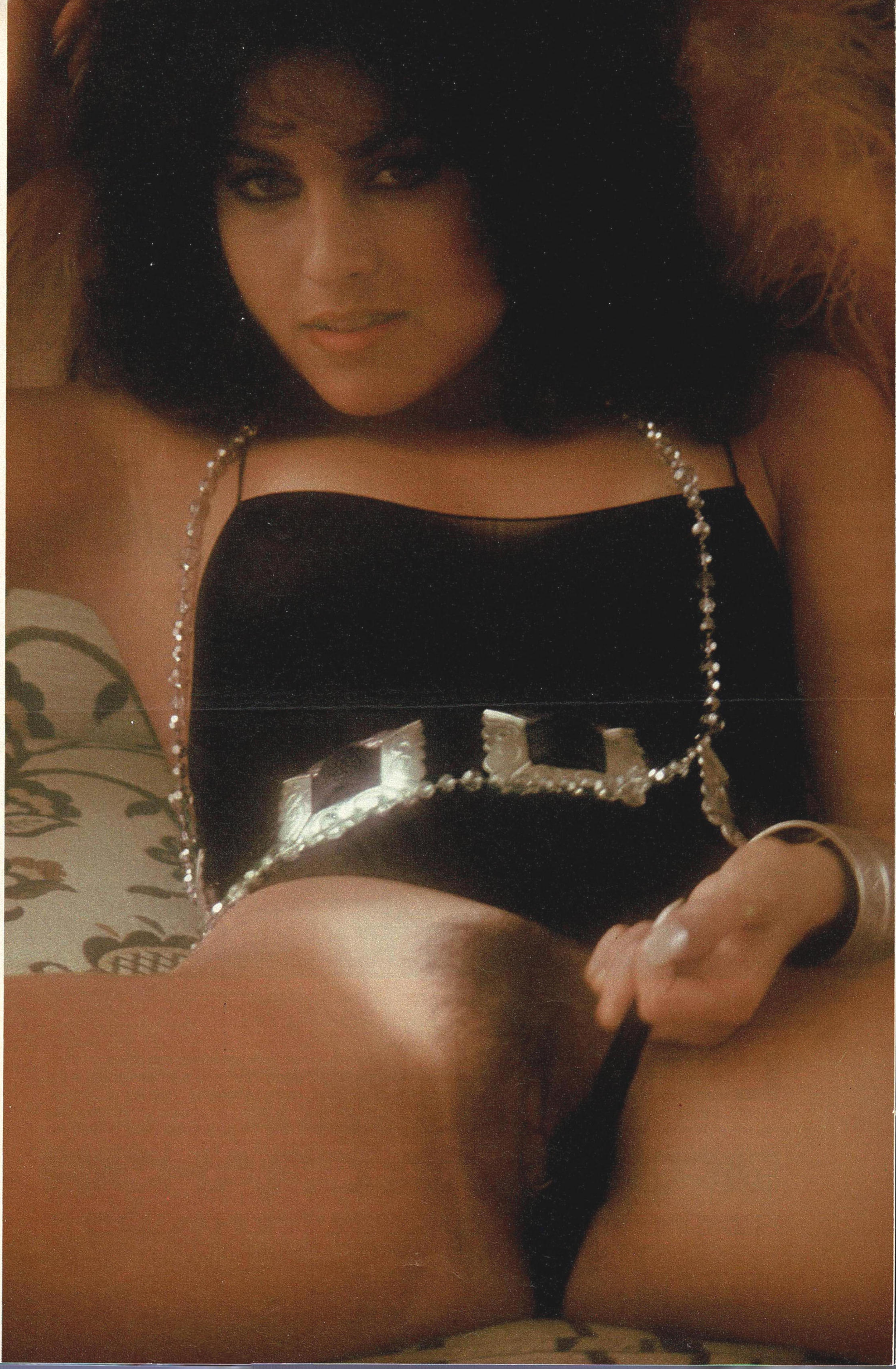
"It's a dirty job," Anna quips, "but somebody has to do it!" She is also thrilled that Bob Guccione called her one of the two or three sexiest Pets of all time. "Now *there*," our Pet grins, "is a man of *extremely* good taste!"

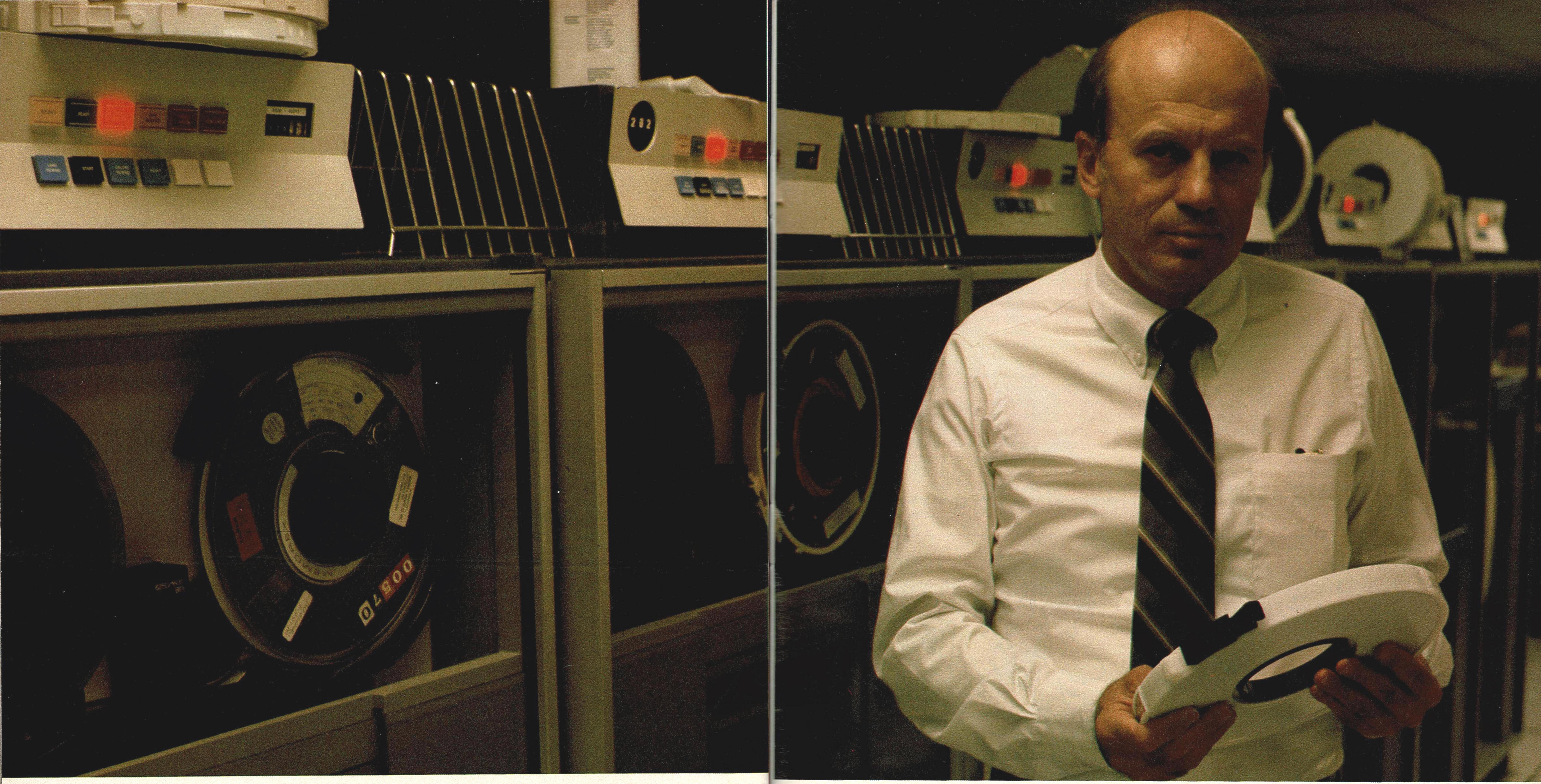
In the past two years, Anna's continued her modeling, acted in several TV shows, traveled extensively, been lead singer for a rock 'n' roll band. And even when not behind the wheel of her racy Datsun 280 (with a "JADED 9" license plate), she's managed to drive men crazy.

"You might say I'm a continual source of delight and confusion for my lovers. I insist on having control and I get away with murder!" Still, she keeps hoping to meet a man who'll tip the balance of power. Stand up to her when she acts like a *bitch*—even if he has to get rough to make her repent.

A man, in short, with a healthy ego, big ambitions, enormous strength. Looks don't matter. In fact, she prefers the sexy-ugly magnetic types to mindless beachboys. "The last thing I need in the morning," says our night owl, "is a man who looks better than *I* do!"

Our outspoken eccentric admits she's something of a malcontent. "I always want things to be better. I doubt I'll ever be satisfied, even if the world were run by poets instead of politicians, even if we had world peace." Frankly, we'd be satisfied with just a *little* piece of Anna!





The conservative war
chest is burgeoning. But the money doesn't fall off
trees. It comes in the mail.

RICHARD A. VIGUERIE

THE NEW RIGHT'S SECRET POWER BROKER

BY PERRY DEANE YOUNG

Like a summer storm suddenly filling a clear sky with wind and noise, the forces of the New Right seemed to come out of nowhere and be everywhere at once in the 1980 elections. They took credit for electing a president, creating a new majority in the Senate, and defeating several of the most prominent liberals in Congress. Their claims were "more self-serving than factual," said Republican Sen. Mark Hatfield, among others. But they were nonetheless a major new force to be reckoned with in American politics.

Almost to a man, their leadership can be traced back to a meeting of ninety-three young conservatives at the Sharon, Conn., estate of William F. Buckley, Jr., in September of 1960. The Young Americans for Freedom was organized there, and the spokesman who drafted the "Sharon Statement" also named the movement the "New Right" as a counterforce to the New Left, then so popular on college campuses.

For a decade, the YAF floundered along, with tiny college chapters that were considered unfashionable, bor-

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHEPARD SHERBELL/PICTURE GROUP

ing, and dull in the most exciting of times. They were preppie when preppie wasn't cool. But this youthful radical-right movement grew stronger and stronger in the 1970s, to the point where its leaders could boast that the Republican platform of 1980 "reads like a YAF tract from around 1963." By 1981, the YAF advisory board included President Reagan, six members of his cabinet, nineteen senators, and 102 representatives. While many of these young men did become die-hard political pros, the group itself cannot be credited with the kind of power politics that brought conservative victories throughout America in 1980. That distinction goes to a man who was not even invited to the Sharon party and whose name rarely appeared on the roster of any New Right boards or committees. Richard A. Viguerie is the man most responsible for the development and success of the New Right, and he will be the first to claim that honor. He was always there when the decisions—and the big bucks—were to be made. It was his direct-mail expertise that made winners of the New Right; they, in turn, brought success and multiple millions of dollars into his life, which had known only failure before.

If the business of government is business, as conservatives are forever saying, then the business of the New Right is a company called the Richard A. Viguerie Company, or RAVCO, and more recently just The Viguerie Company.

In his 1980 book, *The New Right: We're Ready to Lead*, Viguerie makes a point of his not being invited to the Sharon meeting. The implication of Viguerie's absence at the Sharon meeting is that the real messiah of the New Right had still not emerged from Texas. The YAF founders would learn soon enough who was the most important person to their movement.

Richard A. Viguerie was born September 23, 1933, in Golden Acres, near Houston, Tex. His parents were from Louisiana, of French descent, and Roman Catholic. Young Richard attended public schools except for part of one year at a Catholic school. He was a strict believer in Catholicism, but he was always comfortable among the more devout Baptist fundamentalists, with whom he also attended college. His dream was to earn an engineering degree, go to South America, and make a fortune so he could come back, run for Congress, and serve there for the rest of his life. But his problems with college algebra convinced him he was no builder of bridges. Later, his poor grades in law school told him he could never be a lawyer either.

His poor aptitude for algebra, however, didn't keep him out of politics, at least as a campaigner. He worked for Eisenhower in 1952 and then became president of the Young Republicans Club in Houston.

In 1960, Viguerie worked for John Tower in his campaign against Lyndon Johnson—who won reelection to the Senate the same year he won the vice-presidency. Although he wasn't invited to the founding, Viguerie did inadvertently end up with YAF. In 1961, he answered an ad in the *National Review* calling for a field man to work for an unidentified national conservative organization. He didn't know about YAF and so assumed it was the older Americans for Constitutional Action.

But when he got to New York City, he found that he was to be executive secretary of the younger group, and that it faced an indebtedness of $20,000, with almost no money in the bank. Viguerie has described himself as a shy person who didn't take to the kind of face-to-face, door-to-door pitches that were necessary to fund-raising in those days.

He reasoned that if he couldn't do it comfortably in person, maybe he would do better writing letters. Out of that simple inspiration, as Viguerie himself tells his story, came the enormously successful direct-mail operations that helped change the character of American politics and in the process managed to overburden the postal service with billions of extra pieces of mail written by a computer and read by only a small fraction of the millions of people who receive them.

When YAF moved to Washington, D.C., in 1962, Viguerie and his wife, the former

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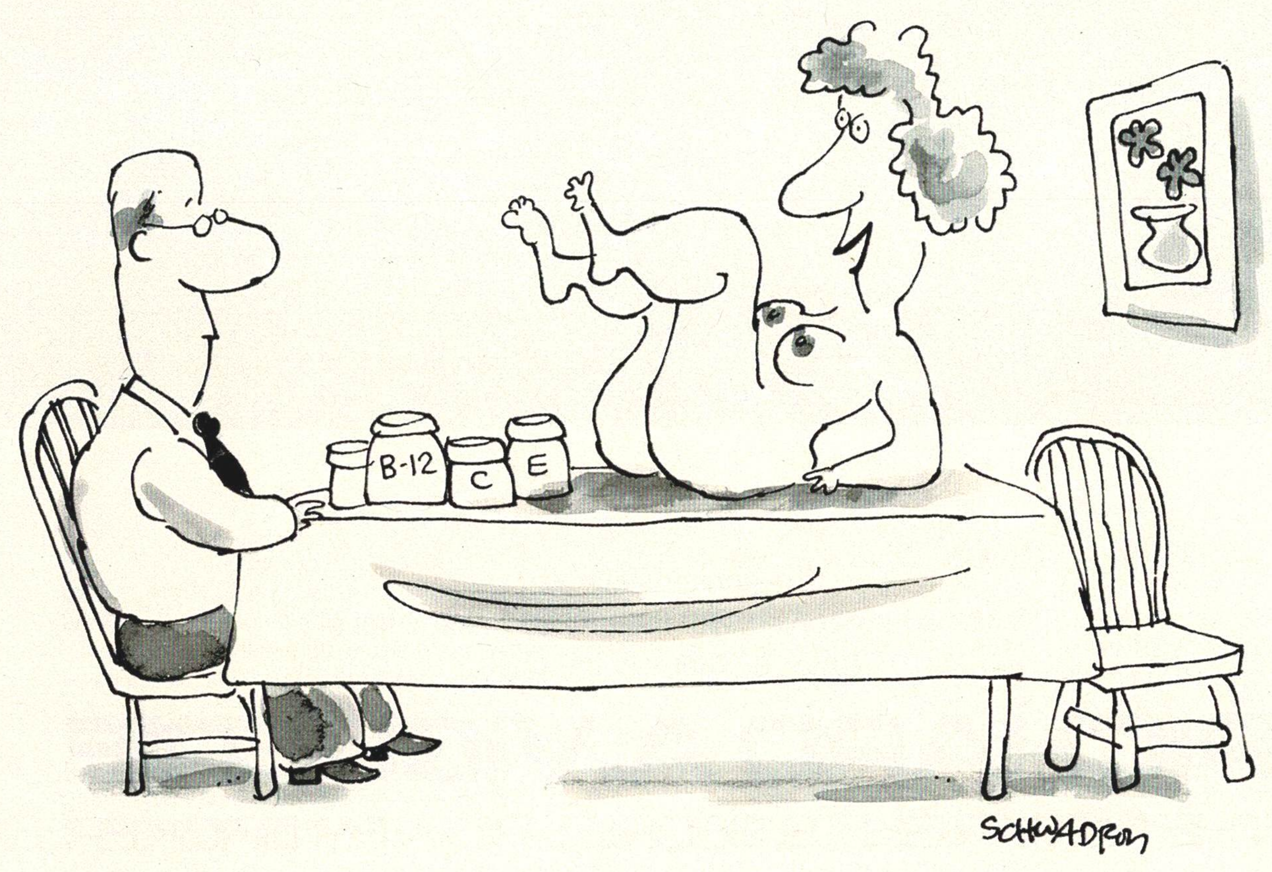
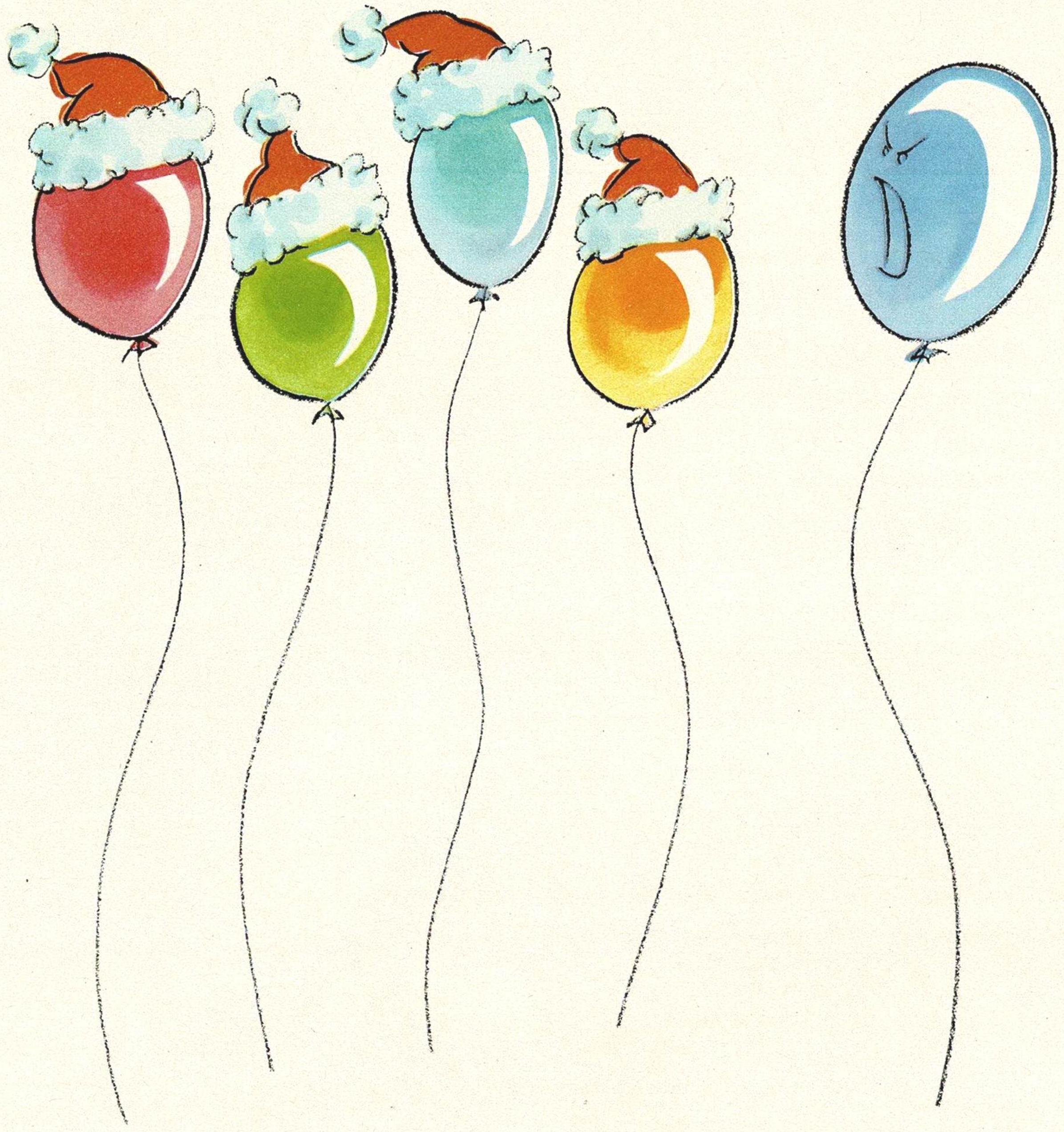
"Richard A. Viguerie" is excerpted from the book *God's Bullies*, published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston © 1982 Perry Deane Young



"You've had your minimum daily requirement of everything except me."

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Since you will be working Krazy Katzoff's, Loonie Larry's, Nutty Norman's, and Madman Manischewitz's, respectively, you will change the 'ho, ho, ho' to a more appropriate 'hee, hee, hee'..."

PART FOUR

MALE PROSTITUTION

THE ALL-AMERICAN STRIPPER

BY ELLEN SHERMAN

Although many women love to watch his act, cherubic Lanny Butler is not just another working stiff. After hours, girls literally line up to pay Larry for oral sex. The beautiful part is that they pay to perform it on *him.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL LYNNE

"Lord, somebody stole my jockstrap!" a young man shouts from behind a flimsy curtain. "Well, some gal's gonna be in hog heaven tonight," another voice drawls from the next low-ceilinged dressing room. There's communal male laughter. You gotta laugh. After all, it's midnight, and the six muscular young men here in various stages of undress have worked Queens and Brooklyn already. Now for the third time they're going out to give it their all.

It might look like a football squad prepping for the Big Game, but these six guys dance for a living. And take their clothes off. Three shows a night, six nights a week. They're the "Hot Rod Revue," and it's FOR LADIES ONLY night at the Nirvana Lounge in northern New Jersey.

The dressing room is chaotic and cramped. The usual, thinks Lanny Butler, a study in "tall, blond, and handsome." He props his lean, muscular legs on a faded armchair behind the privacy of the curtain. A few female squeals indicate a sparse crowd, but Lanny doesn't mind. As a veteran of four years, he's used to all of it . . . the tacky dressing rooms, the red-velveted lounges, and of course the endless stream of females who provide his rent and much more.

The clubs pay dancers only $50 a show. If you know how to work an audience, there's the extra income from the one-, ten-, and even hundred-dollar bills that the women stuff down your G-string. Still, that doesn't add up to the average $1,200 a week that Lanny brings home. Fact is, the real work begins at the bar after the performance.

Cherubic, all-American, twenty-four years old, Lanny sells his body to women, five and six a night. But Lanny's no ordinary prostitute. For $75 and up, these PTA Moms, divorcées, and single career girls pay for oral sex. The beautiful part is they pay to perform it on Lanny.

"That crowd ain't going to pay nothing!" another man shouts. "For me, they will!" Lanny calls back. "That's 'cause you're the slut of the group," someone responds. "And I love it," Lanny retorts good-naturedly, straightening the flimsy cloth sock covering his genitals.

This dance review is a United Nations of beefcake. Clad in a shiny red jumpsuit, Puerto Rican José, billed as "The Latin Lover," practices silent bumps to his Sony Walkman. The moves are coarse to Lanny's eye. José always tries too hard. Joey, the group's "Italian Stallion," has finished his set, so naturally he's rushing out of his green, red, and white satin G-string. At twenty-two, Skipper, "The Cowboy," nervously adjusts his jeans over a rawhide G-string, making damn sure the jockstrap underneath protects his genitals. Dark-haired Norman, "The Gangster," dressed in a zoot suit, corrects term papers in a corner. He's a junior-high-school teacher. Like most performers, each man here has another occupation that dancing helps support. Skipper's an actor. Tom, a glistening black man dressed in a tux jacket and sequined black G-string, is a composer. At the moment he's standing on his head, thrusting his hips forward. That's a move that always gets some good tips. Especially when he does it in front of some titillated woman's face.

Unlike the others, Lanny doesn't cover himself with a dancer's jockstrap. When they stuff the dollar bills in his G-string, he likes to really give them a touch of what they're paying for. In this crowd he's a star. Even in the dressing room, his shining red, white, and blue Captain Marvel outfit lends a touch of glamour. Now all he has to do is dance for twenty minutes and work the bar and he'll make more than most guys do in a week.

Peeking over Lanny's shoulder, Skipper gasps as Louis, alias "Houdini the Magician," has a tall, bespectacled woman stuffing a bill down his G-string. Way down. "They're touching his private genitals!" Skipper exclaims. "It's when they don't touch 'em, you worry," Lanny points out.

Houdini leaps offstage, cursing as he counts the meager few bills that emerge from his costume. Now it's Lanny's turn. The crescendo of the disco version of "2001" blares. Lanny, the kid from Ohio,

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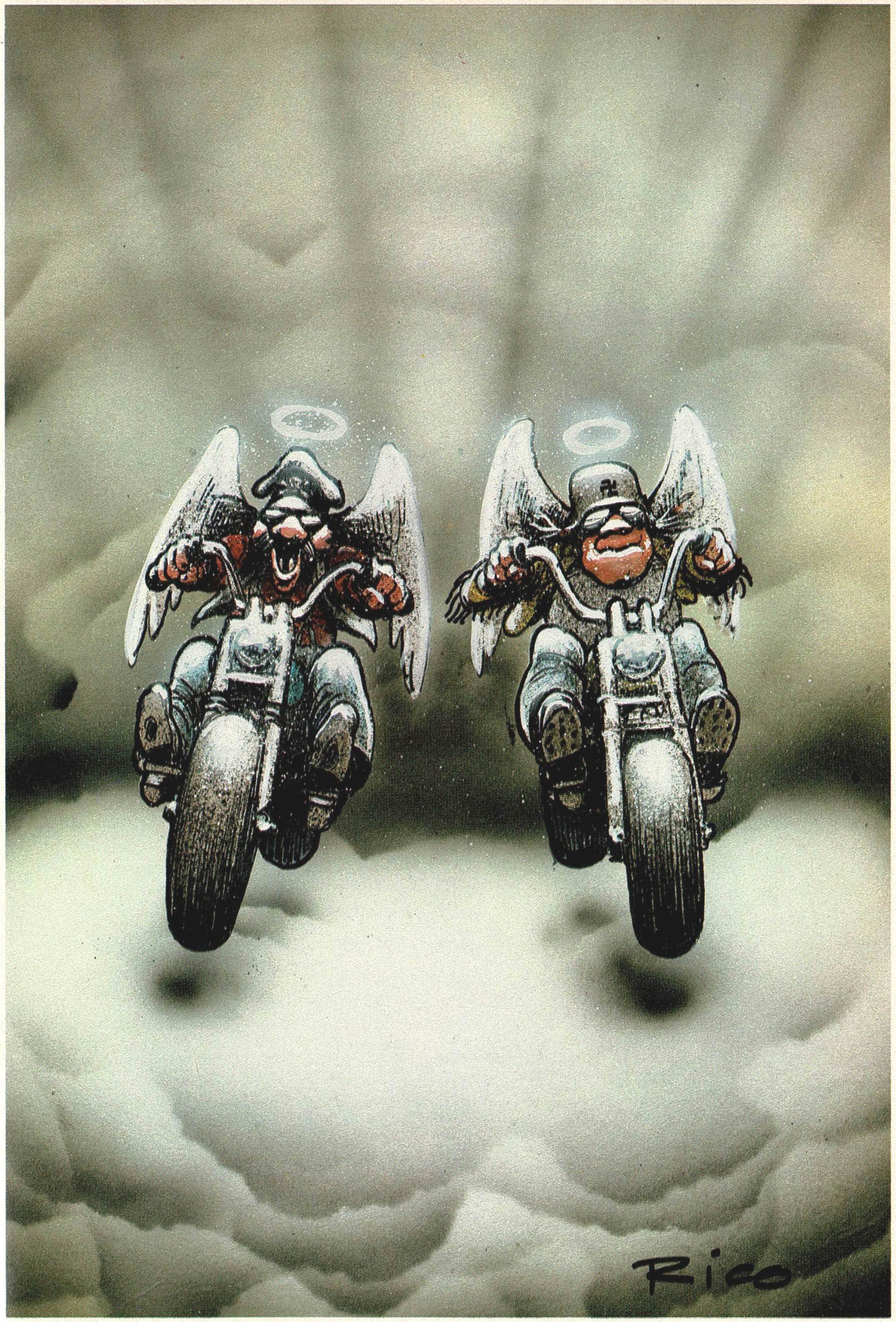
"The plaintiff is the guy who makes the accusation, and the defendant is the one whom he accuses. . . .Got it?"



"Jeez! How we missed that truck I'll never know!"

SITTING IN THE CATBIRD SEAT

BY MARILYN STASIO

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MONTGOMERY

Andrew Lloyd Webber,
composer of *Evita* and *Jesus Christ Superstar,* returns to
Broadway with *Cats* and proves that
he may have more
hits in him than a cat has lives.

At this very moment, Andrew Lloyd Webber could be in any one of about thirty places on this earth. Legitimately.

The logical place to find the thirty-four-year-old British composer would be London, where his two most recent musicals—the multimedia spectacle *Cats* and a bandbox charmer called *Song and Dance*—are currently enjoying smash West End runs. But that's so obvious.

Webber could just as likely be in Austria, Japan, Israel, or in any of a dozen cities where major productions of an earlier hit, *Evita*, are currently running. Or in some godforsaken industrial town in the north of England, where some national touring production of an even earlier musical, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, is forever turning up.

For that matter, the boy genius of the British musical theater could easily be in Australia or South Africa with *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. Although he wrote this first musical a full fifteen years ago, the show has been in continual replay in one part of the world or another. The durable children's operetta even won a Tony Award nomination this year, for its first Broadway production.

If Webber is working on a new project, the possibilities of venue become even broader. He could be in Los Angeles right now, negotiating with movie moguls over the projected film versions of both *Cats* and *Evita*. Or closeted with Tim Rice—the lyricist partner with whom he wrote *Joseph, Superstar*, and *Evita*—discussing a gestating project they both call "the chess thing." Or secluded in the workroom of his country estate in England, fiddling with a new children's operetta about railroad trains titled *The Starlight Express*.

Actually, at the particular moment *Penthouse* caught him six months ago, Andrew Lloyd Webber happens to be going bonkers at the Cort Theater in New York City. The producers of *Cats* have just secured the Winter Garden Theater for a major Broadway version of that phenomenally successful show. The opening has been set for fall '82, but at this point in time the composer and his director, Trevor Nunn of the Royal Shakespeare Company, have just arrived in town to size up the local talent.

Things are all very hectic and mysterious backstage at the borrowed Cort, where Webber is reportedly going into ecstasies over the dancers and singers being spirited in for closed auditions with him and Nunn. Everybody in the business knows that the *Cats* people are in town scouting prospects for the Broadway cast. (Black-and-white *Cats* T-shirts, in fact, have already been showing up on bartenders in certain theater hangouts.) But nobody wants to say exactly who is being seen—or, more crucially, signed.

A curious journalist is stuck in a backstage dressing room, far from all the secret, presumably exciting stuff taking place onstage. But, like cats, journalists never really believe that curiosity can kill them. A forbidden peek into the hallway reveals a radiant Ann Reinking—hair flying, eyes glistening, lips parted in a full smile—sailing through the stage door. Presumably she is not on the premises to deliver a pizza.

"*Cats* is not about stars," Webber admonishes his curious questioner sometime later, as they push through the stage door themselves and head for Charlies', the composer's favorite watering hole in the theater district.

Months later, when the final cast list of mostly unknowns is announced, Webber will prove himself true to his word. But right now, as he bounds down Forty-eighth Street with bolts of euphoria shooting out of his eyes, he looks like he has just seen the Virgin Mary doing miraculous things in tap shoes.

"I will say this," he concedes, "I have never in my life seen such talent as I have today in that theater. New York dancers are simply phenomenal. Trevor and I were positively bowled over by the talent level of American performers. It was an embarrassment of riches."

We reach the corner of Forty-eighth and Broadway and he stops dead in the middle of the intersection—sending a dozen New York cab drivers into fits—just so he can look up the street and gaze adoringly at the Winter Garden Theater.

"I suppose we'll have to tear the whole place totally apart," he sighs happily. The reference is to the environmental junkyard that will have to be created there for *Cats*. "Right now, I'm not sure exactly how Trevor proposes to do it. But I'm sure it'll be the most expensive pile of rubbish Broadway has ever seen."

Theatergoers who marveled at the teeming panorama of English life that Trevor Nunn and his designers created for the Royal Shakespeare Company production of *Nicholas Nickleby* are also mighty curious about what Nunn might do with *Cats* on Broadway. The song-and-dance spectacle, which is set to the fanciful verses of T. S. Eliot's *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, takes place in a stylized jungle of junk where the alley cats of London hold a fantastic convention and ball. And ever since the show opened in London, everybody has been buzzing about its technological wonders.

"People thought I was terminally insane when I started working on the original London production," Webber grins. "I'd never seen so much sad shaking of heads as friends decided that poor old Andrew had at last gone right round the bend."

Once the show opened, however, even the most allurophobic critics declared themselves wild over Webber's music, Gillian Lynne's choreography, and Nunn's pyrotechnic staging. Although the vast mechanical resources of the Winter Garden will undoubtedly allow for some further legerdemain, the basic pattern of the show's multimedia effects is expected to survive intact. There will be hidden traps and elevators, smoke machines and shadow lights, giant fans and fancy masks—and a huge, revolving stage illuminated by glittering cats' eyes flickering out of the darkness from all sides.

"The sound will come from all sides, too," Webber is quick to add. "That's because cats do not hear sound as coming from one place. They hear sound from all around."

Although the London critics were bowled over by the original choreography—"a revolutionary dance drama," they called it, and "a marvellous gesture of transatlantic defiance"—Webber anticipates something more spectacular to emerge in the Broadway production. "Based on the talent we've seen so far in American dancers, I'm sure we can go even further with dance here than we could in London," he says brightly.

Webber's score—which includes the

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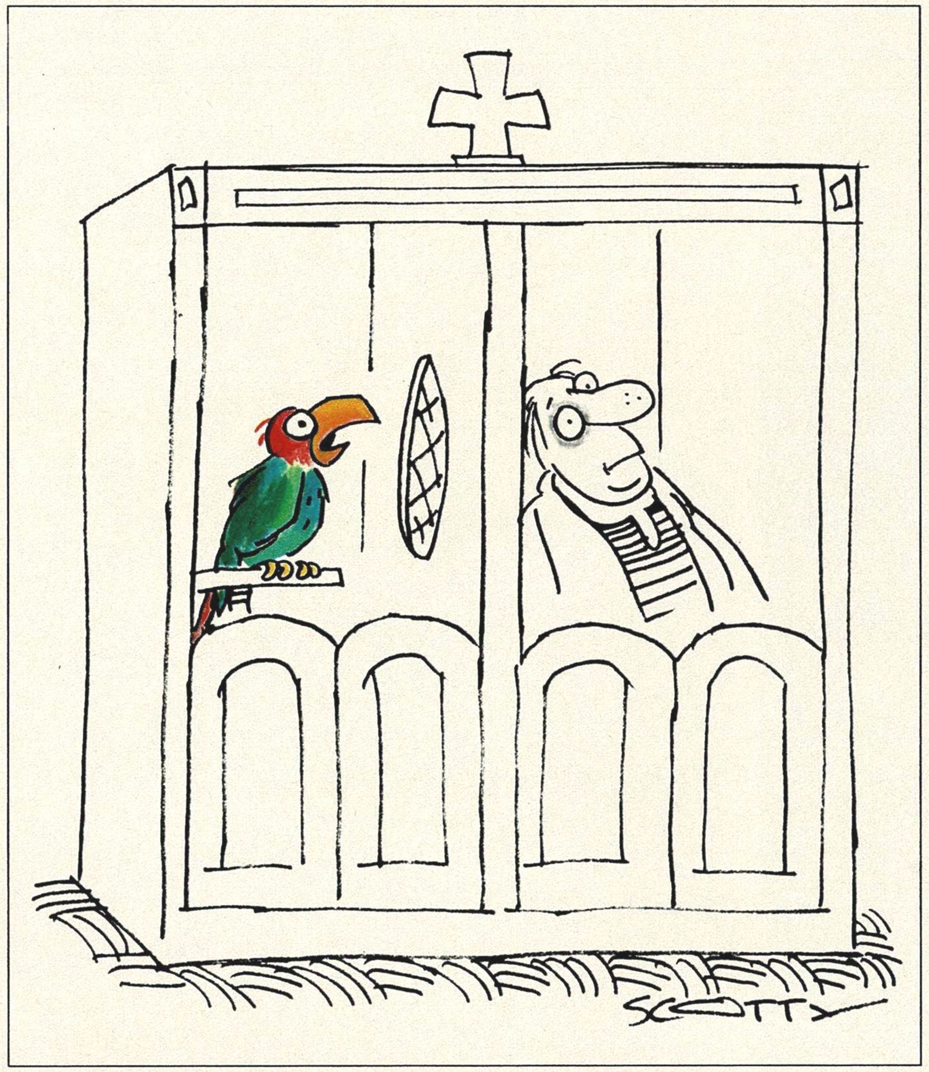

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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RESEARCHER CLAIMS DRACULA HAD ALLERGY

Culver Pictures, Inc.

Pocatello, Idaho–Dracula's lust for blood, which made a literary legend out of the vicious Transylvanian prince, may have been due to an allergic addiction to protein-rich foods, an expert on allergies said.

And Attila the Hun may have had the same problem, according to Dr. Thomas McDevitt, a former researcher at Idaho State University. Dr. McDevitt said that many people who are allergic to substances also develop an addiction to those same foods or materials. When deprived of those substances, they can react in a "bizarre or greatly agitated manner," he said.

Dr. McDevitt's studies of Prince Vlad Tepes, cruel ruler of a Hungarian province during the 15th century who was the basis for the Dracula legend, and Attila were reported in an article in the July edition of *Diagnosis*, a medical magazine.

The allergist said he was reading Bram Stoker's *Dracula* when "the description of Dracula just hit me, and I said, 'Gee, this guy was allergic.' " (*Buffalo Evening News*–submitted by James M. Wick)

KIDS BREAK RECORDS—WITH FISTS AND FEET

Michael Putland/Retna Ltd.

About 60 hammer-wielding students at a Lewiston Christian school stomped, smashed and tossed records Wednesday in a "Rock Music Record-Breaking Ceremony" against music they said was satanic.

Valley Christian School student Karen Hieronymus, who organized the ceremony, said she requested permission for the stomp after listening to tape recordings of evangelist Gary Greenwald, who contends rock and roll music is inspired by the devil.

Among the records broken were those by Led Zeppelin, AC-DC and Kiss. Hieronymus said some of the records have to be played in reverse to hear the satanic message–and some groups don't even know they're being used by the devil.

"For instance, on the Led Zeppelin song 'Stairway to Heaven,' when it's played backwards, it says, 'Oh, my sweet Satan' and talks of the devil and stuff," she said.

Principal Ron King said he didn't at first believe that messages were hidden in rock and roll songs but later changed his mind.

"I wasn't too convinced of that until some kids brought some records to school and played them backwards," he said. "It was really weird."

But King said the school activity should not be labeled a "witch hunt." (*Boston Herald American*)

Verily, God loves vandalism. –Editor

Michael Putland/Retna Ltd.

"Satanic" bands Led Zeppelin (above left) and Kiss.

WACKY COFFINS TO SEND YOU OFF IN STYLE

The newest gimmick in the funeral business is a real traffic-stopper–caskets that look like luxury cars!

The wacky idea is the brainstorm of Milwaukee funeral directors Arthur Reid, Jr., and his partner, Carl Yandell–and the new models are selling like crazy.

"People can't get over it," Reid told the *News*. "They say it's the greatest thing they've ever seen."

Reid said business has been booming since he and Yandell opened their funeral home offering a choice of three models of the zany Cas-Cars. You can leave this world in a Mark V Continental, a Mercedes-Benz convertible, or a Cadillac Seville!

The custom caskets, which take a month to build, come complete with a classy chrome grille, hood ornament and parking lights. A padded interior is standard equipment.

"They're not for everybody," said Reid, "but we want to serve all needs and there are those who want to go out in style."

The price of a flashy funeral in a Cas-Car runs from $5,000 to $7,400. Six people have already arranged for their own burial in one of the fashionable caskets.

"We're the only funeral home in the country offering this and the response has been tremendous," Reid said. "The other funeral home directors are very jealous."

Reid and Yandell came up with the patented Cas-Car idea two years ago, but waited to offer it to the public until they went into business for themselves, said Reid, a 28-year veteran of the funeral business.

"My whole life has been dedicated to achieving something creative," he said. "I've got a few new ideas for the caskets of the future."

Reid won't say what he and his partner are dreaming up now, but the Cas-Car gimmick has already made the two inventive morticians a big success. Business is thriving, even if all their customers are not.

"We set a record for new funeral homes–20 funerals in the first month," Reid said. (*Weekly World News*)

He's happy now, but wait until Ralph Nader has the caskets recalled!–Editor

NAME BRAND NAMES

Parents in the Soviet Republic of Armenia are tagging their kids with some pretty oddball names.

The bigwigs in Moscow may disapprove, but according to the official Armenian newspaper *Kommunist*, youngsters are being named after everything from machines and kitchen appliances to "socio-political formations."

Some of the offbeat handles include Chevrolet, Telephone, and Napoleon Bonapartovich. One unlucky lad was even named Fulfill-the-five-year-plan-in-four-years. (*Globe*)

Column of the Month:

"E.T." IS EXTRA- FILTHY!

Everybody in town is talking about taking their kids back to see this fantastic movie "E.T." again–but my two youngsters won't get to see it once.

After just 20 minutes of this film, I grabbed my boy Jimbo and little girl Sarah Lee and dragged them kicking and screaming out of the theater.

The language those kid actors spoke in the movie was outrageous.

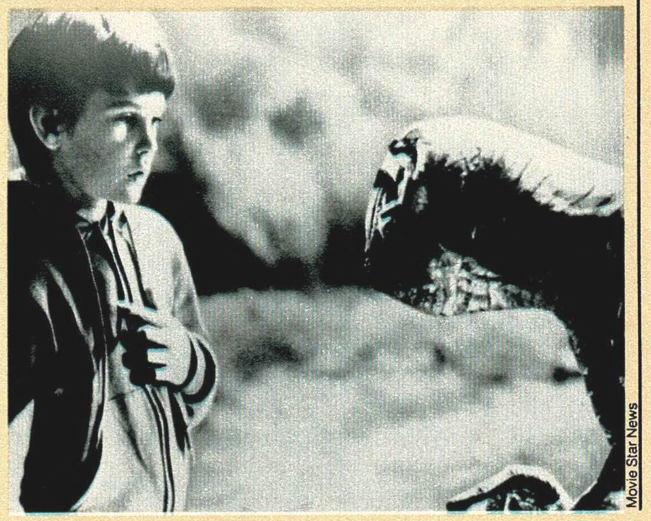
I don't know about you, but my kids don't go running around my house calling each other "penis breath" and even worse.

What is this world coming to when you can't even take your kids to see a kids' movie? What does the "PG" rating stand for: Pretty Good at cussin'?

Thanks to the example set by the kids in "E.T." millions of American children now think that it's smart and clever to talk dirty.

I know one thing. If that cute little spaceman E.T. ever really landed on Earth and heard kids talking like that–he'd get back into his spaceship, zoom off and never come back.

(Ed Anger in *Weekly World News*)


Movie Star News

COMPANY MEN EVEN IN DEATH

Japanese firms are known for offering lifetime jobs, and one company has now taken that policy to its logical conclusion –it is opening an employee cemetery. The company, Kyoto Ceramic Co., has purchased plots for 2,000 workers and their families at a nearby Zen temple. Kyoto spokesman Takayuki Maeda says: "We have provided a place where we can meet our friends in heaven and enjoy and talk to each other."

All the News That's Fit to Drink

***Port Jefferson*–A *Newsday* reporter was arrested early yesterday and charged with drunk driving.**

Bob Wacker was arrested shortly after midnight after a police officer spotted him driving erratically. Wacker was alone and no accident was involved.

Wacker was one of three authors of *Newsday*'s award-winning series, "Drunk Driving–The Dismal Record," in 1980. (*Newsday*)

WHAT A PAIR!

Roy Collette and his brother-in-law have been exchanging the same pair of pants as a Christmas present for 11 years–and each time, the package gets harder to open. This year, the gift came wrapped in a car mashed into a three-foot cube.

The brother-in-law, Larry Kunkel of Bensenville, Ill., had received a pair of moleskin trousers from his mother when he was in college. He wore them a few times, but they froze stiff in cold weather, and he didn't like them. So he made Collette a present of the britches.

Collette, who called the moleskins "miserable," wore them three times, then wrapped them and gave them back to Kunkel for Christmas the next year.

The friendly exchange continued routinely until Collette twisted the pants tightly, stuffed them into a tube three feet long by one inch wide, and gave them back to Kunkel.

The next Christmas, Kunkel compressed the pants into a seven-inch square, wrapped them with wire, and give the "bale" to Collette.

The following year, Collette put the pants into a two-foot-square crate filled with stones, nailed it shut, banded it with steel, and gave it back to Kunkel.

Kunkel had the pants mounted inside an insulated window that had a 20-year-guarantee and shipped them off to Collette.

Collette, in turn, stuffed them into a five-inch coffee can and soldered it shut. The can was put in a five-gallon container filled with concrete and reinforcing rods.

Two years ago, Kunkel put the pants in a 225-pound, homemade steel ashtray made from eight-inch steel casings and etched Collette's name on the side.

Last Christmas, Collette found a 600-pound, junked safe and hauled it to Viracon Inc. in Owatonna, where the shipping department decorated it with red and green stripes, put the pants inside and welded the safe shut. The safe was shipped to Kunkel, who is the plant manager for Viracon's outlet in Bensenville.

Last week, the pants were trucked to Owatonna, 55 miles south of Minneapolis, in a drab green, three-foot cube that once was a car with 95,000 miles on it. A note attached to the 2,000-pound scrunched auto advised Collette that the pants were inside the glove compartment.

"Wait until next year," Collette warned. (New York *Daily News*)

No comment.–Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Please include the name of the newspaper and the date the clipping was published.

BELUSHI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

earth, Los Angeles narcotics detectives already knew about his drug purchases. He was to spend a good part of his final hours with another notable whose contacts with Belushi had surfaced in city narcotics officers' surveillance—Robert De Niro. An undercover narcotics officer told one of the *Penthouse* writers that De Niro and several of the individuals he spent his time with in Los Angeles were part of an ongoing investigation. But, he was quick to point out, as were other cooperative police sources, movie stars do not get busted in Los Angeles, not where the studios still wield great power. De Niro and Belushi, neighbors in New York City, were also neighbors at the Chateau Marmont.

Late in the evening of March 4, John, Cathy, De Niro, Robin Williams, and veteran character actor Harry Dean Stanton all found themselves at a private club upstairs from the Roxy called On the Rox. Several times John left the table, and it was apparent that he was doing drugs. At about one o'clock in the morning the party broke up. With the exception of Stanton, the party, including Nelson Lyon, was to meet back at John's bungalow. It has been reported elsewhere that upon leaving On the Rox John made another purchase of drugs in the parking lot. It was typical of the whole week. John Belushi paid for all the drugs consumed and snorted that week. A notable exception was when one of the Belushi group insisted that John take fifty dollars from her, as she had become disgusted with everybody's living off the star. "Are you sure that you want me to take it?" John asked her. She answered: "John, I sure as hell can't afford it, but it would make me feel a whole lot better if you would take the money." Belushi smiled and took the money.

It is difficult to estimate how much John Belushi spent for drugs during his last week. *Penthouse* did learn from a family source that earlier in the day before he died, he had tried to obtain $1,200. Ostensibly, the money was to be for the purchase of a guitar. John never did buy one, as the only guitar found after his death was the one belonging to Charlie Pearson. The same source told us: "I've always assumed that the money went for drugs."

It was now early Friday morning at the bungalow. If there was any place to guarantee privacy, it was inside one of the bungalows of the Chateau Marmont Hotel. Security guards and other hotel personnel have told *Penthouse* that the use of drugs at the hotel is a common occurrence. One hotel employee told us that he had had to admonish Belushi to keep his door closed because the smell of marijuana was becoming too obvious. All in all, it was the perfect setting for what was to go on inside Bungalow No. 3—John Belushi's final home.

People came and went that early Friday morning at John's bungalow at the Chateau Marmont: Cathy Smith, Nelson Lyon, Robin Williams, Robert De Niro, an unidentified member of the Blues Brothers Band, and others. There was plenty of cocaine, and when it ran out, John hopped into his car to get some more.

The party began to peak at around three o'clock in the morning. There are conflicting reports as to who was at the bungalow at that time. Cathy Smith's statement to the police indicates that after Robin Williams and Nelson Lyon left, between 3:00 and 3:30, she and John were left alone in the bungalow. So far, both Williams and Lyon have refused to discuss publicly the events of that evening—Lyon, in fact, threatened to "blow away" a *Penthouse* reporter if he showed up at his door. But, as one narcotics officer told *Penthouse:* "It's hard to believe who is telling the truth, because they all lie for their own purposes."

At approximately 3:30 A.M. of March 5, Cathy says that she injected John Belushi with cocaine. The *National Enquirer* claimed, in an article now repudiated by Cathy, that this was the "coup de grace" that ended his life. However, if—as she claims—this was the last time that she shot him up, then the so-called coup de grace was probably administered by someone else. A source close to acting chief medical examiner/coroner Ronald Kornblum has told us that Belushi had injected or ingested drugs for the last time well after 3:30.

> If Cathy Smith did not inject Belushi with the fatal injection, who did? It is unlikely that John could do it himself. His week-long dependency on Cathy indicates his need for a helper.

If Cathy Smith did not inject John with the fatal injection, who did? It is unlikely that John could do it himself. His week-long dependency on Cathy Smith indicates his need for a helper. A police source has told us of a cryptic message left at the hotel's desk for Belushi on the morning of his death. The message read: "John, welcome back to earth. Joey."

Who is Joey? The police say they do not know. Cathy Smith has told us that she has no idea who the person may be. The Belushi family has told us the same. The police aren't even certain how the message was delivered. Joey remains a mystery, as well as the message's meaning.

The fact that Cathy Smith has given several versions of what took place at the bungalow after 3:30 is very problematic. In the various versions, a gap exists for the hours 3:30 to 6:30 A.M. There is a report from a hotel worker that John took the car out during that time, but it is unclear whether John was by himself. The official police report picks up at 6:30. The information contained in it was mostly provided by Cathy.

At 6:30 John decided to take a shower. When he left the bathroom he complained to Cathy that he felt chilled, and the heat in the bungalow was turned up. At about eight o'clock John was ready to get some sleep and went to a separate bedroom, leaving Cathy in the other room. "He lay on his right side and was seen to be shaking and wheezing [the decedent is reported to have a sinus problem]. The female friend went into the living room, and at 9:30 she heard a loud wheezing coming from the bedroom."

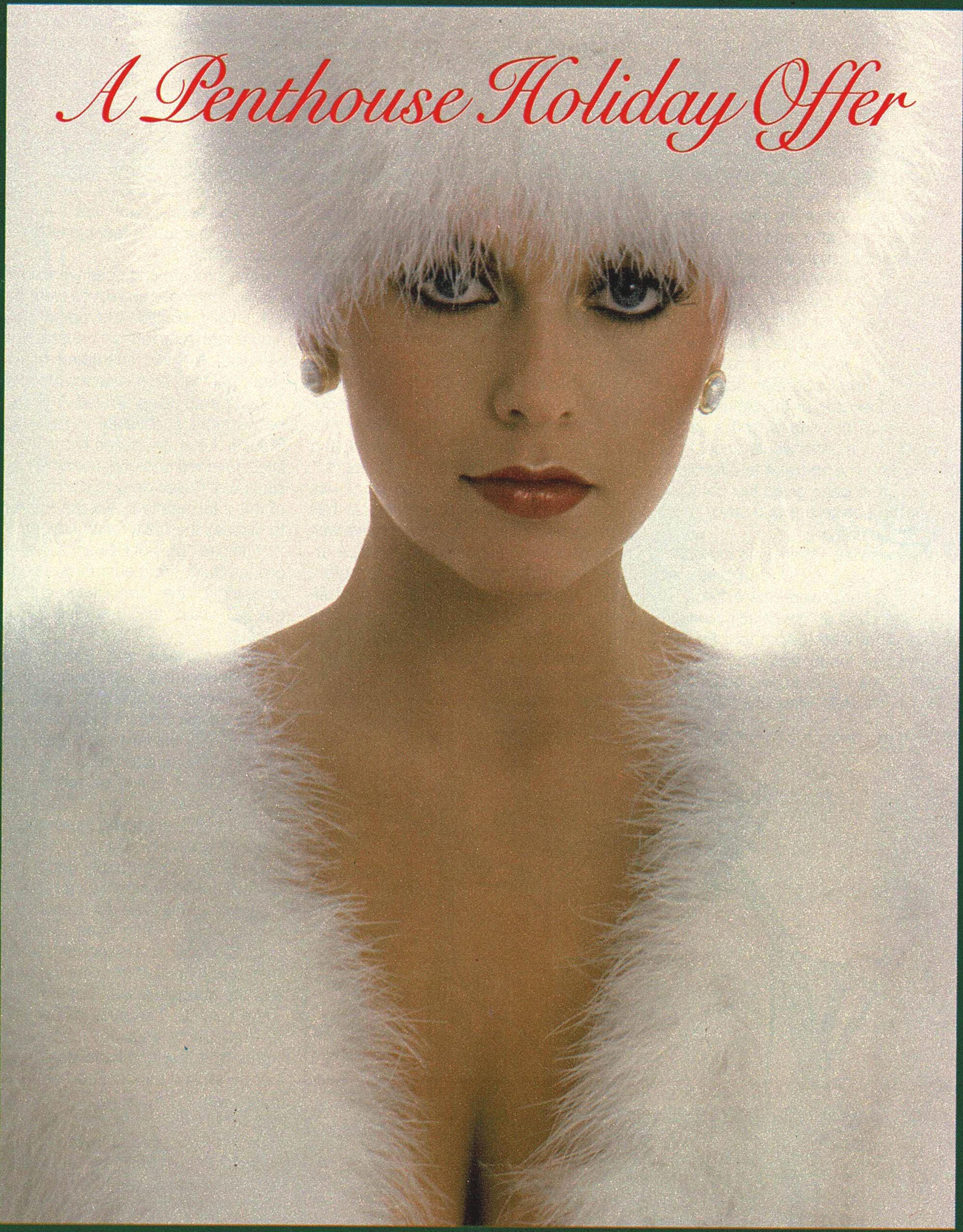
Cathy was concerned about John's breathing, and entered the bedroom. She awakened John to ask him if there was anything wrong. He told her that he was fine, and before leaving him again, Cathy gave John a glass of water. "At 10:15 she looked in on the decedent, saw he was covered with a blanket and appeared to be sleeping. She then left the location to get something to eat, taking the decedent's car."

What is true and what is untrue in the official version is too often a guessing game. For example, *Penthouse* has learned from the breakfast maid at the Chateau Marmont that a woman she later identified as Cathy Smith called for room service that morning at approximately 7:00 A.M. The maid delivered the continental breakfast to Bungalow No. 3 at close to eight o'clock. It was breakfast for one, and the maid never did see John Belushi.

Furthermore, a friend of Cathy's, Bonnie Schact, told us that Cathy visited her home at about ten o'clock that morning, driving the few miles in John's Mercedes. Bonnie is adamant in her belief that Cathy left John Belushi alive and well at the bungalow: "I know that she never had any idea that he was dead. I'm sure of that. There's no way she could have acted as she did. There's no way she would have walked back into that police mob. No way! She would have parked the car down the hill and ran. I know that she did not know [John was dead]."

In a conversation with *Penthouse* writers in a Toronto bar, The Parson's Nose, Cathy swore that she wouldn't have left John if she believed anything was wrong with him that morning. Whether or not this is true, we have learned that after she left, John Belushi—either dead or alive—was visited at his bungalow.

The people who arrived, at approximately ten o'clock that morning, were not friends, family, or drug dealers. They were Los Angeles Police Department detectives. Their presence has been made



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known to us by three individuals present at the hotel that morning. None of the three parties is involved with John Belushi or his acquaintances. Two of the witnesses also have said that a black and white patrol car was present between 10:30 and 11:00 A.M. In fact, one of the witnesses was stopped by the detectives when she attempted to enter the bungalow. Later, this witness was warned specifically not to discuss this incident with *Penthouse*.

As all this was going on, April Milstead was calling John's bungalow. April was upset with John about the previous evening, when John, Cathy, and Nelson failed to pick her up for a night on the town. April had waited for several hours the night before for John to call her from Lyon's house. Fortunately for April, he never did. She was not present at the bungalow for the final party. When April called that morning, the hotel operator asked her: "Are you a member of the Belushi family?" She said that she wasn't a family member, but that John would accept her telephone call. The operator told April that instructions had been given her not to let any calls through to the bungalow. April simply left her name.

An hour or so later, there was a knock at April's door. Two L.A.P.D. detectives announced that they were there because there was a report of "two black prowlers in the neighborhood." April told the officers, who had made their way into her apartment, that she knew nothing of prowlers in the area. When the detectives began to look around the apartment, April became concerned and protested. At that point they requested that April accompany them "downtown." Confused, April and Charlie Pearson left with the officers. They did not go downtown, however, but rather to the Chateau Marmont. When they arrived at the hotel, April's first thought was: "My God, John's been busted for drugs." Soon she was to learn the harsher truth. April has never doubted that when she called the hotel at ten o'clock, the police had already been there.

Sometime after April called the bungalow, the telephone in John's room was taken off the hook. According to the police report, Bill Wallace arrived at the bungalow at 12:30 and, using his own key, entered. He saw John "lying on his right side in a tight fetal position" and immediately knew that his friend was in trouble. The official version continues that Wallace called for help and, while he waited for paramedics, attempted to revive John. Within minutes, Rescue Ambulance 23 arrived, and "death was pronounced at 1245 hours."

There is a conflict between what was told the police and what *Penthouse* has learned in its investigation. Interviews with hotel personnel indicate that Wallace arrived at the bungalow sometime before noon, and that he was in the room for fifteen minutes before the telephone was placed back on the hook. At that point, the telephone rang, and Wallace screamed into it: "He's dead!"

After Wallace's cry into the telephone, the hotel sent somebody to the bungalow to assist him. The hotel worker (who has requested anonymity) knocked on the door to John's bungalow. According to the worker, Wallace initially refused to allow him into the bungalow, but after about five minutes of arguing with Wallace that he was there to assist, the worker was let in. He has reported to *Penthouse* that John was still in the bed, and that no attempts to revive him had been made. "Give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation," Bill was told. "I don't know how," was Wallace's reply. The hotel worker then said: "Listen, he's your friend. I'd feel funny putting my mouth to him."

John's mouth and nose were full of mucus, and the hotel employee cleaned them out. Finally, Wallace attempted mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Of course, it was to be futile. The two attempted heart massage, but that, also, was too little too late. At last paramedics arrived. They were to be no more successful in reviving John Belushi. Later on, police homicide detectives detained and questioned Wallace for six hours. Police deny that a record exists of this interrogation. Wallace has refused to discuss the matter with anyone.

Within minutes of Belushi's death being pronounced, the media circus began. Interestingly, the first statement by the L.A.P.D. said that he died of natural causes.

While Wallace and Bernie Brillstein, then John's agent, were being questioned by Hollywood homicide detectives, Cathy Smith, driving Belushi's Mercedes, turned off Sunset Boulevard into the access road for the Chateau Marmont.

An L.A.P.D. police officer stopped the car, and said to Cathy: "Lady, do you know that you are going the wrong way on a one-way street?" Cathy, who police acknowledge was probably under the influence of heroin or alcohol, smiled and said: "But this is the way John always went." "John who?" Cathy was asked. "Why, John Belushi," she responded. Cathy was then quickly pulled from the car and taken into the bungalow area behind the hotel.

An L.A.P.D. narcotics officer later told us that Cathy was not informed of her rights, but that homicide detectives took her purse and handcuffed her. Inside her purse was a syringe with some toilet paper sticking to it. Narcotics were later discovered on this material. Homicide detectives then took Cathy to a patrol car and drove her to the Hollywood division; again, she was not informed of her rights. Inside the Hollywood station house Cathy was questioned for about an hour. She was not charged under California law for possession of drug paraphernalia. Curiously, the police failed to have her sign the statement.

The L.A.P.D. Hollywood homicide detective who questioned Cathy on March 5 told *Penthouse:* "Sure, I'm basically satisfied with what she told us. Everything she told us was voluntary. You know, nobody is going to forcefully put something in your

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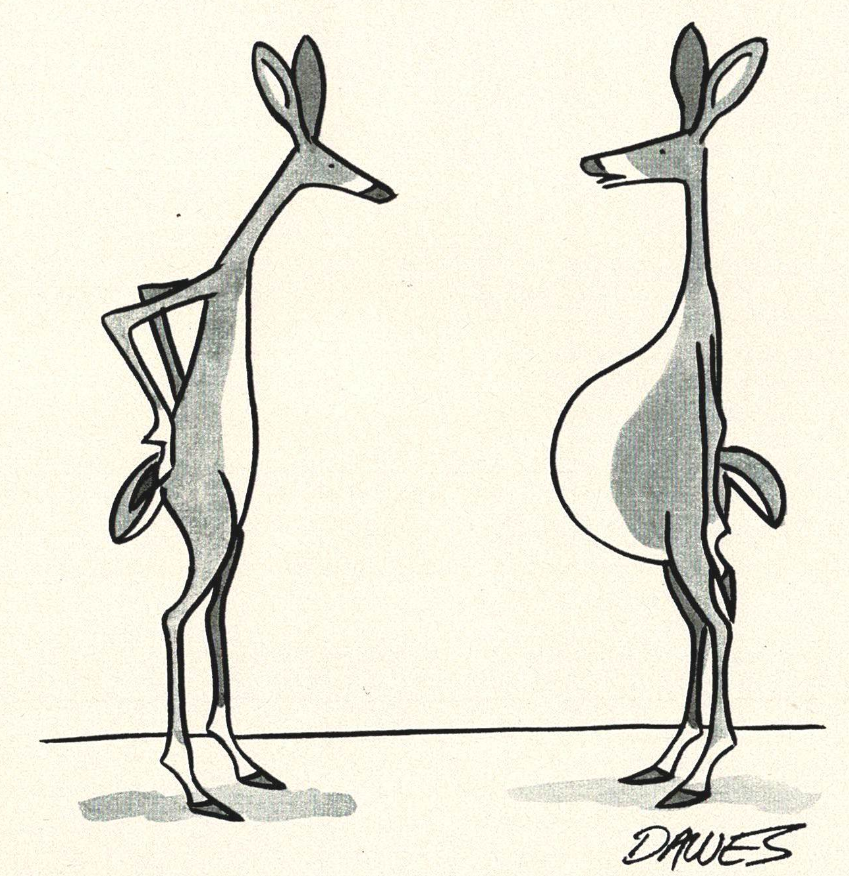
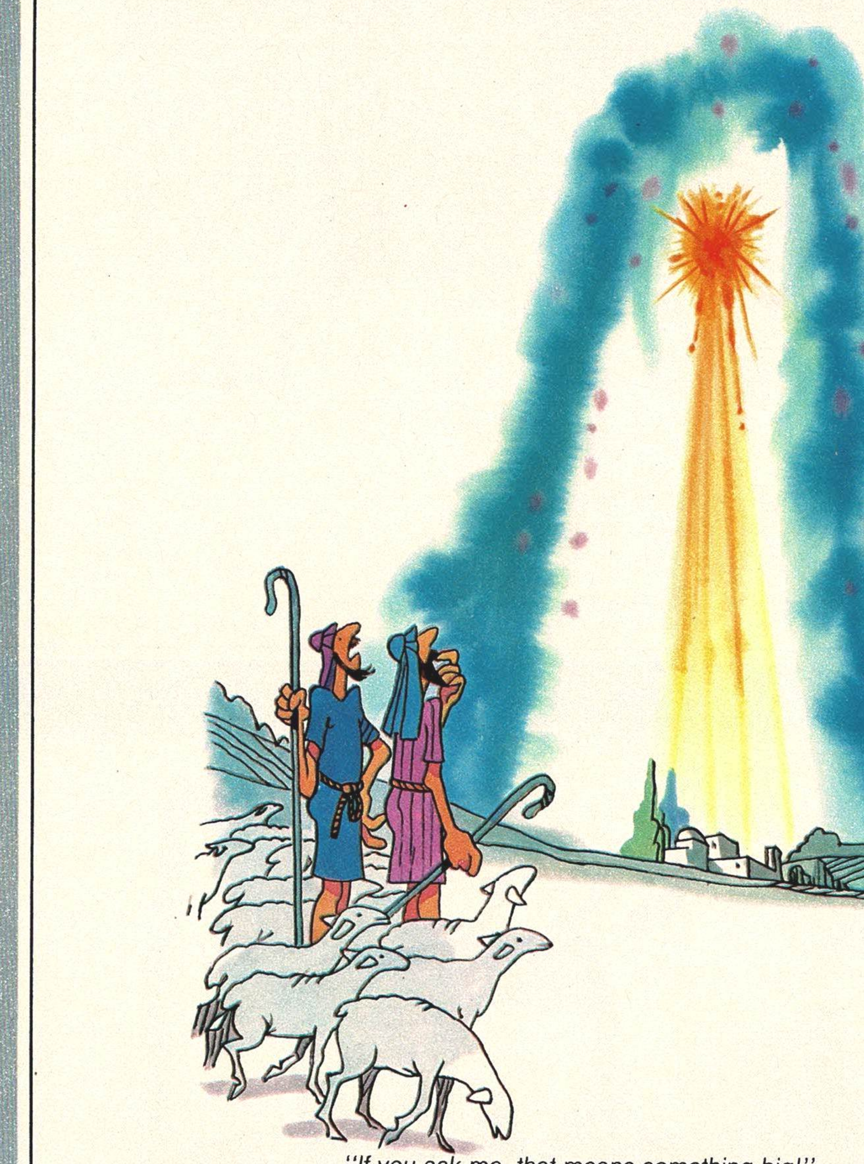


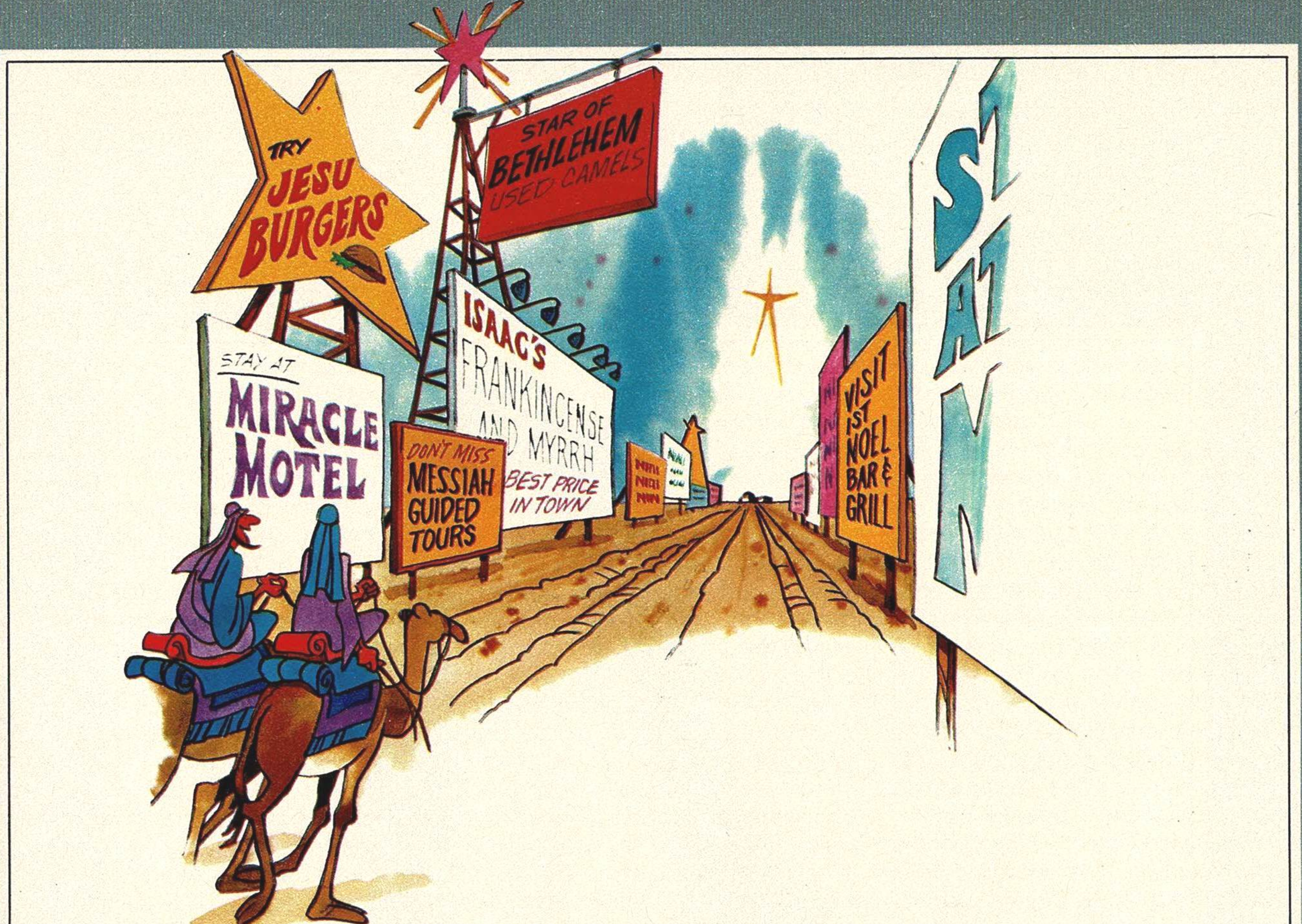
"I'm not sure. It was either Dasher or Dancer or Donner or Blitzen. Or maybe Comet or Cupid or Prancer or Vixen."



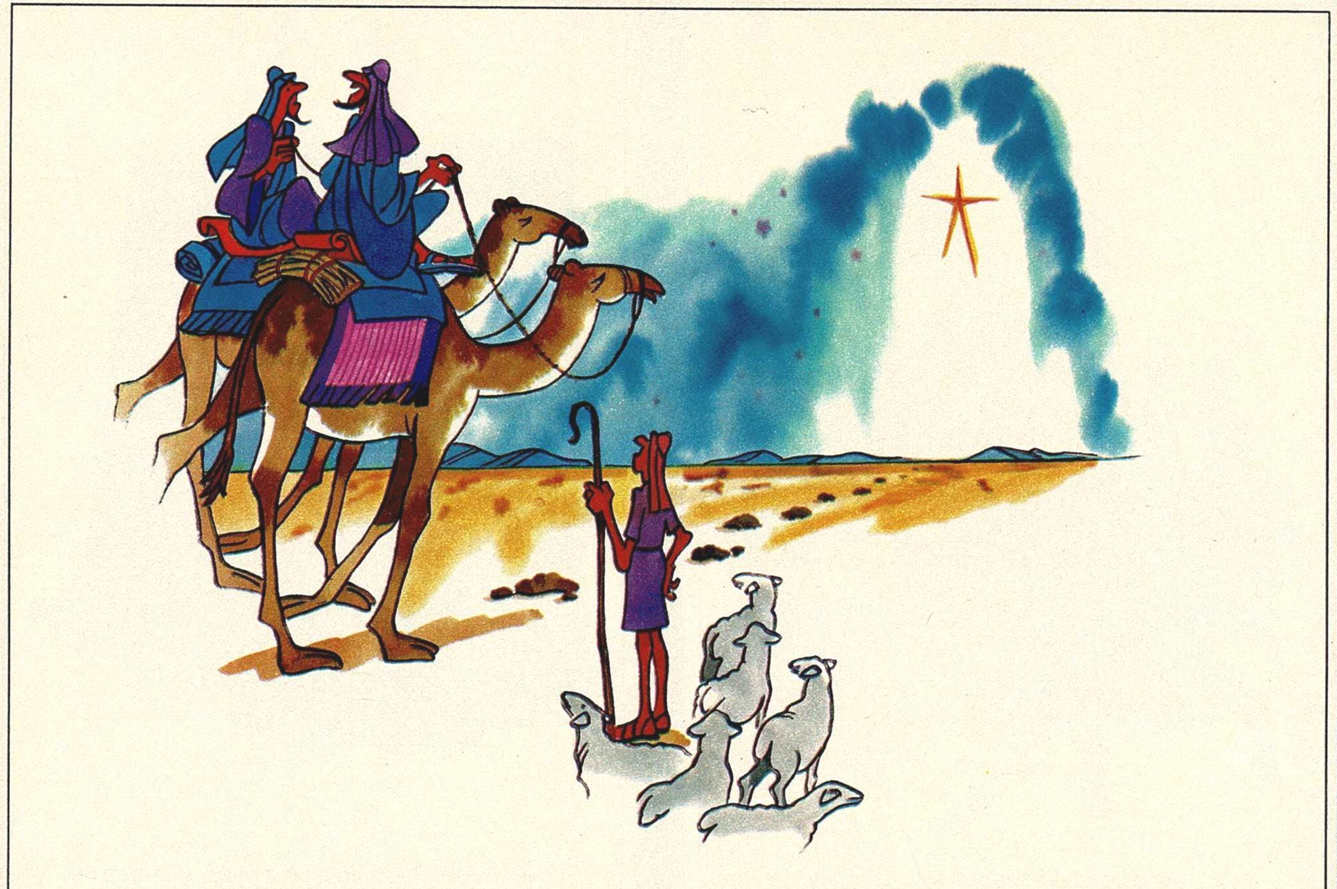
"If you ask me, that means something big!"

THAT'S FUNNY, HE DOESN'T LOOK JEWISH

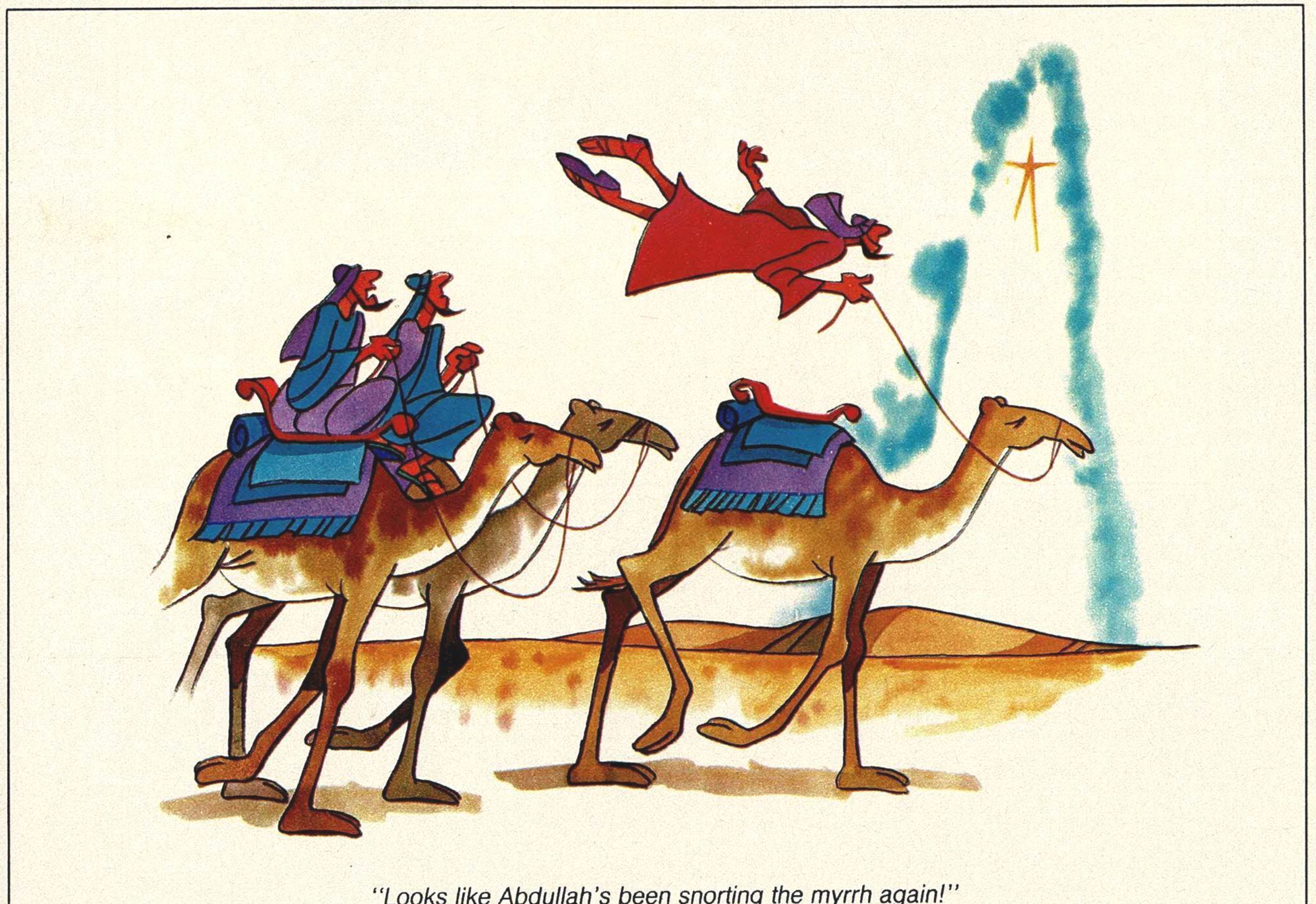
SATIRE BY JOSEPH DAWES


TRY JESU BURGERS
STAR OF BETHLEHEM USED CAMELS
ISAAC'S FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH BEST PRICE IN TOWN
STAY AT MIRACLE MOTEL
DON'T MISS MESSIAH GUIDED TOURS
VISIT 1ST NOEL BAR & GRILL
STA N

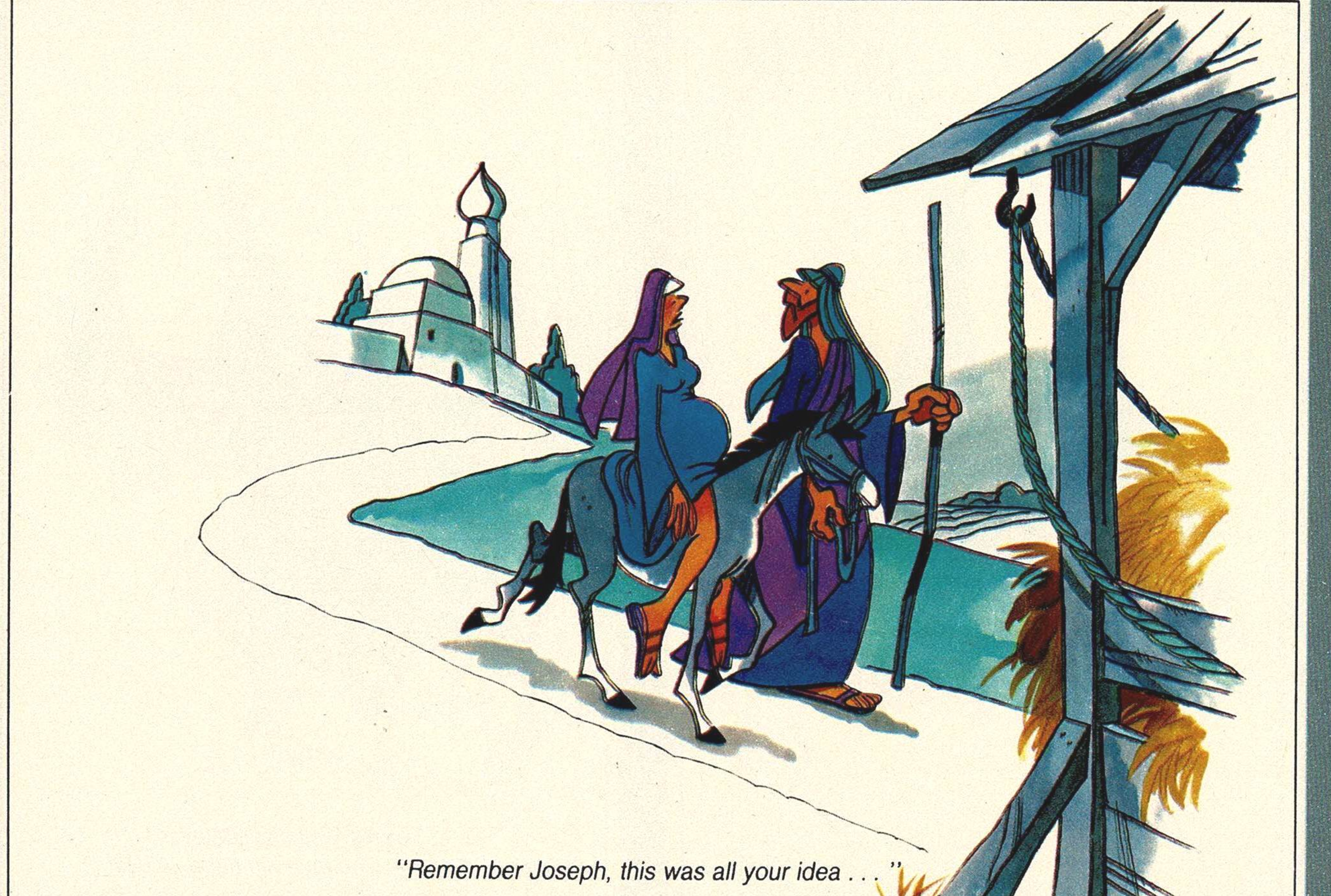
"As far as I'm concerned, we're on the right road."



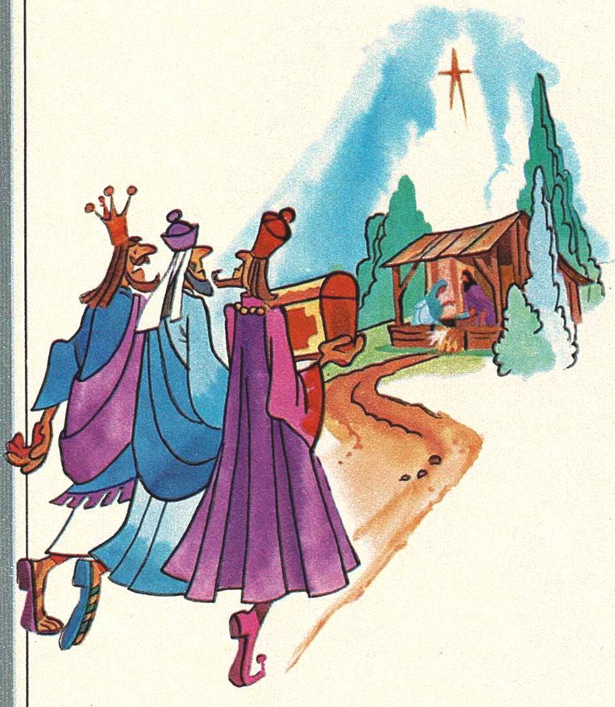
"He says we can either use the star of Bethlehem as a guide or follow the camel shit due east."



"Looks like Abdullah's been snorting the myrrh again!"

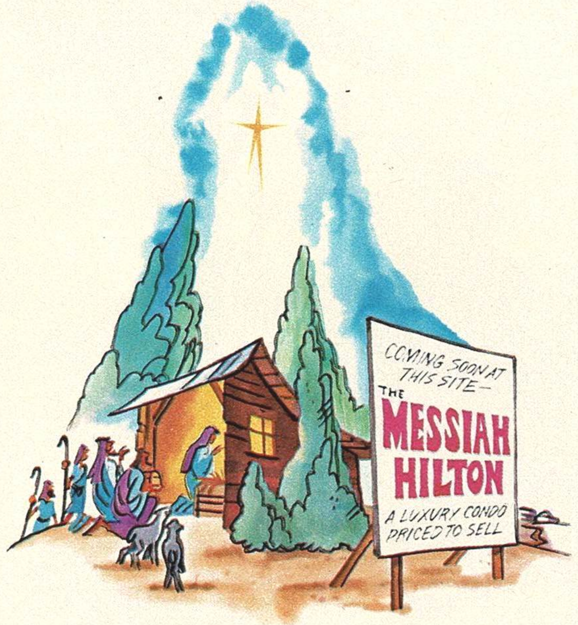


"Remember Joseph, this was all your idea . . ."



"Be careful around the kid. . . . They say he understands a lot more than he lets on."

"He doesn't have Joseph's eyes. But then he doesn't have Joseph's nose, mouth, or ears either."



COMING SOON AT THIS SITE—
THE MESSIAH HILTON
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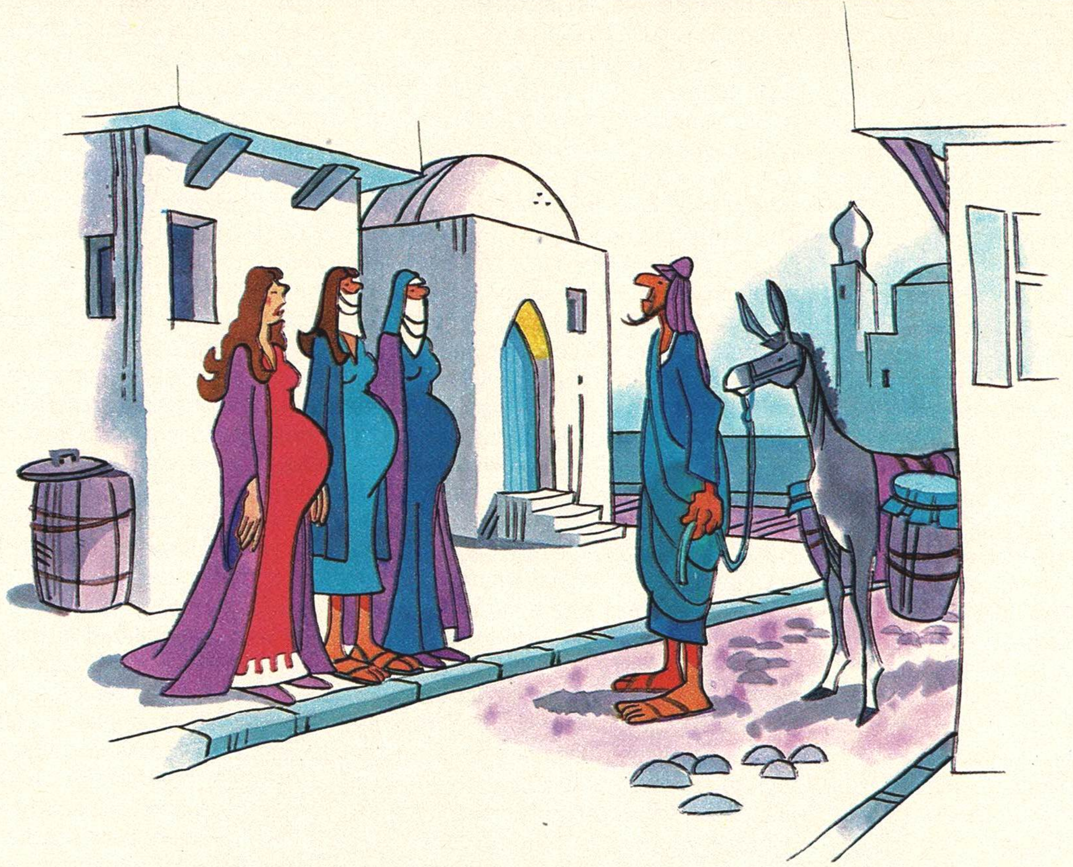
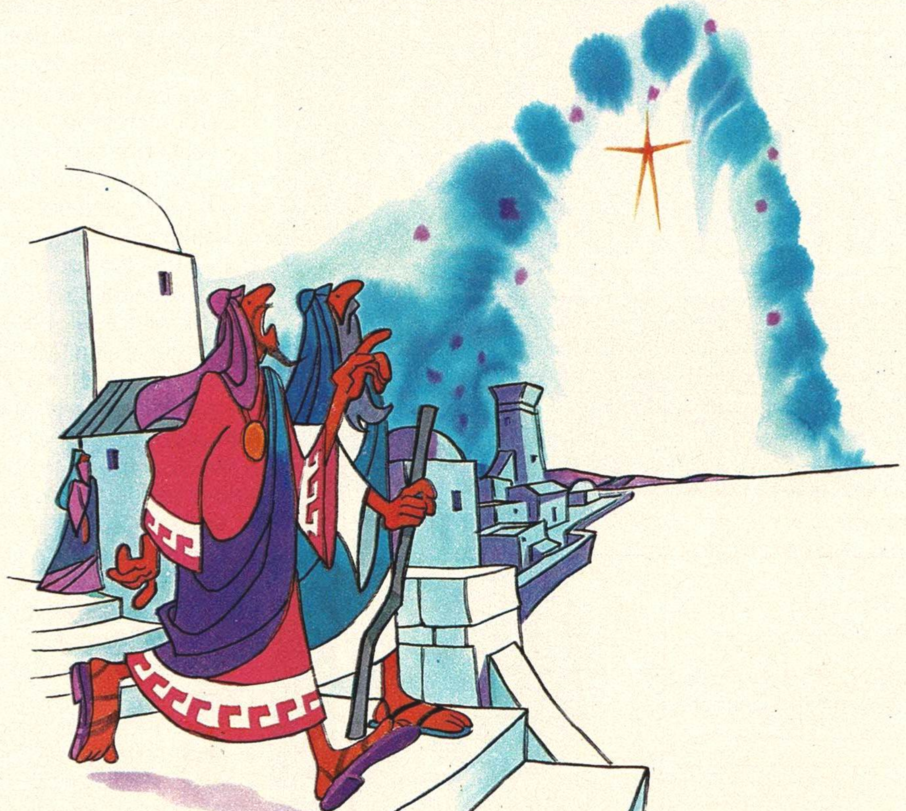
"I like the way his little eyes narrow whenever you take his name in vain . . ."



"Three wise men? Yeah, they came through here about eight months ago."



"Look . . . there it is again!"

BELUSHI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 162

arm unless you're already out, beyond any kind of physical retaliation. There was no trauma to his body whatsoever. She did not tell us if she injected John."

Of course Cathy Smith did not tell homicide detectives that she injected John Belushi with drugs. She disclosed in the *National Enquirer* that she jabbed John's arm with needles. Hollywood homicide detectives insisted that John's death was due to an accidental overdose that, detectives were certain, was self-administered.

For the last several months the L.A.P.D., especially its Hollywood division, had been beset with various scandals, making the department especially nervous about the media spotlight that focused on it after the death of John Belushi. Earlier, several detectives had been placed under investigation for break-ins into local businesses. At about the same time, some Hollywood division officers had been charged with having sexual relations with underage Explorer Scouts. Since the start of 1982 there had been several administrative changes made at the Hollywood division. The death of Belushi was clearly an inconvenient problem that the police wanted to sweep away with dispatch. Two months after his death, we were told emphatically by Captain Mark Stevens that "our investigation into the death is concluded. Unless there is something that is going to come out of right field, something that we are totally unaware of or is unexpected, our investigation into the death is concluded. It's an accidental overdose."

Of course, Cathy Smith's subsequent public acknowledgment that she shot Belushi up with drugs forced the police to reopen the case. But we could get no satisfactory reply from the police about why Cathy had been allowed to leave the country before all the facts had been determined. After all, we asked, Cathy had been caught with drug paraphernalia on her person. The police could easily have detained her. "It's a misdemeanor. She voluntarily gave it to us. It's a very low-grade misdemeanor" was the police response. The mystery was solved when we learned that Cathy Smith had been cooperating previously with the police. Clearly, the very inconvenient timing of John Belushi's death would have proven more than embarrassing if it had been known that she had been involved with the police.

The police inefficiency also extended to the very cause of John's death. We were told, for example, by one of the detectives: "These overdose deaths are very common in Hollywood. The only reason that this one is important is because he's an important person. But they're very common, and he had the exact symptoms I've heard time and time again."

But John Belushi did *not* really "have the exact symptoms" common to heroin and/or cocaine overdoses. On our request, deputy chief medical examiner Michael Baden of Suffolk County, New York, a forensic expert who served on the House of Representatives' Select Committee on Assassinations for Congress, reviewed the conclusions of the Los Angeles medical examiner's office and the L.A.P.D. Baden said that if Belushi did indeed shower at 6:30, as Cathy Smith reported to the police, then it would be extremely improbable that he died from the heroin injection he apparently received three hours earlier. A victim of a heroin overdose, Baden explained, will go into a coma almost immediately or, at the latest, within two hours after the injection, and in either case will never regain consciousness.

Baden told us that "while it appears *from the information available* [italics added] that John did die of a drug overdose, an important part of the autopsy examination was not included in the autopsy report." This was a microscopic evaluation of John Belushi's tissues, with which, Baden explained, a pathologist could exclude other possible causes of death, such as a heart attack. This evaluation would have been especially important in John's situation, because he had an enlarged heart for a man his age and could very well have died from a heart attack.

Pam Jacklin, John's sister-in-law, told us in late May that a microscopic evaluation had been conducted on John's body, and that she had been promised a copy of it several weeks earlier. We contacted acting chief medical examiner/coroner Ronald Kornblum's office for a copy, but we were told that they had never run it.

It is interesting to note that this test, even if not performed back in March, could still be run today. But when we made such a request, it was denied by the medical examiner's office because "it is too expensive to the county." The test costs approximately *$246*.

On March 9, 1982, John Belushi was buried in a small Martha's Vineyard cemetery. It is now time for the Los Angeles Police Department and the Medical Examiner's Office to end the cover-ups and confusion surrounding Belushi's death. Only they can finally explain the roles of Cathy Smith, Nelson Lyon, Robert De Niro, and others in this story. Only they can explain what the L.A.P.D. officers were doing at Belushi's bungalow before Bill Wallace arrived to "discover" Belushi's body. Only they can tell us once and for all exactly why John died.

John Belushi was possibly his own worst enemy—racing through his last days on little more than heroin and cocaine, running every second to avoid the despair that he knew would eventually catch up with him. But for many, many years John gave us all much pleasure, much laughter. For that we owe him, at the very least—finally—the truth.

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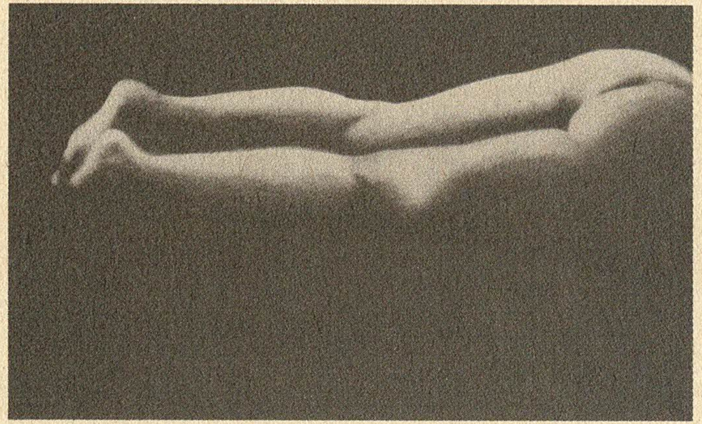
An analysis of your subconscious fantasies—what they say about you and how they can affect your life.

Dream Watch



ANALYSIS BY DR. ALBERT ELLIS

Lorraine, age twenty-eight

My husband, Rick, has a twin brother named Ron. If that isn't confusing enough, they are also identical twins, so even though I have been married to Rick for almost ten years, I occasionally mix them up.

Rick and I are very happily married, and our sex life is great. I guess that's why this dream has me so upset. You see, Ron is something of a macho man. At least, he likes to think of himself that way. He comes on to all women—young or old, beautiful or ugly. If you are female, Ron will let you know he is interested, in no uncertain terms. He's only thirty and already married and divorced three times. When he's single, even I get the royal treatment from him. About a month ago, his third wife divorced him and Ron really came on to me. He cornered me in the kitchen and pressed his body against mine. He even tried to kiss me.

I guess Rick saw, because he asked me what was going on. I'd never spoken to him about his brother's ways, but finally I couldn't

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT BILLINGS

keep it a secret anymore. Rick only laughed when I told him what had really happened. "Ron's always been like that," he said. "You just have to humor him." I wanted Rick to tell his brother off in no uncertain terms. At that moment, I never wanted to see Ron again.

A few nights later I had this incredible dream about Ron. We were back in the kitchen again, only this time instead of just kissing me, Ron started to take his clothes off. I told him to stop, that Rick might see us together.

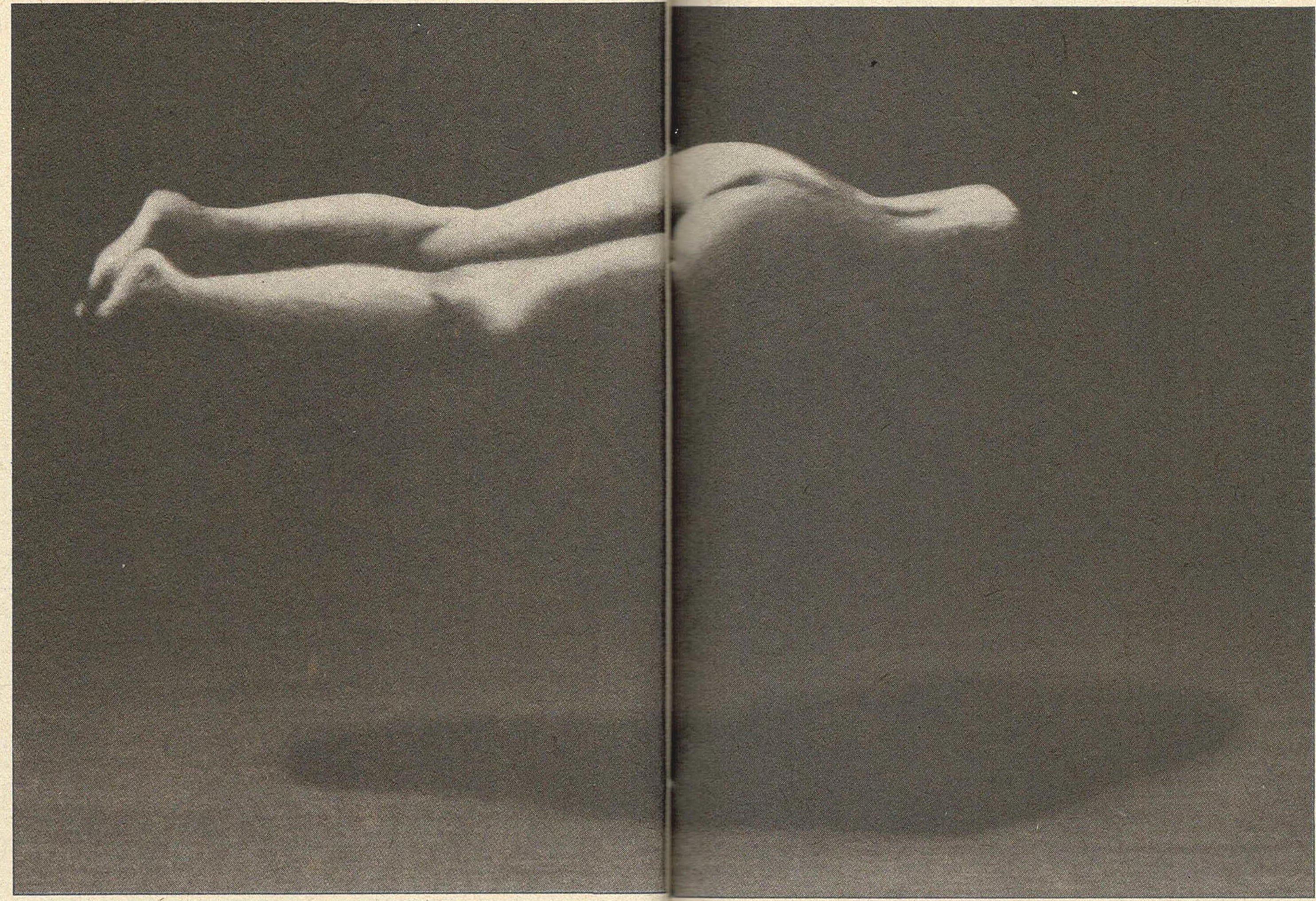
That only made Ron strip all the faster. Finally, he was naked. I have no idea why I said this: "I don't want you anymore. You've grown too fat for me." As if I'd ever wanted him! Even stranger is the fact that neither my husband nor his brother is fat.

Ron began to masturbate, and his penis, which started out very small, soon became absolutely gigantic. Although my husband's penis is the only one I've ever seen erect, I'm sure no man's could be as large as Ron's was in my dream.

I don't remember anything else. Rick woke me up. He said I was moaning and groaning in my sleep. As he put it, someone in my dream was either hurting me or giving me the screwing of my life. I didn't much appreciate the comment, to tell you the truth.

I couldn't even remember if in my dream I had actually engaged in sex with Ron. It's beginning to worry me quite a bit. Am I really so curious about my husband's twin brother?

‘Ron began to masturbate, and his penis, which started out very small, soon became absolutely gigantic.’



Dr. Ellis comments:
Why shouldn't you be curious about Rick? He looks just like Ron but has a different, macho personality. And he certainly comes on to you strongly! Under these conditions, how could you not think of him sexually, and not fantasize about his having a large cock and ardently fucking you?

Your sex life, moreover, has been quite limited, so that, after ten years of marriage, you would naturally tend to be curious about having sex with someone other than your husband. You may well be guilty about your curiosity and may think that it means that you find something lacking in Rick. But it may simply indicate that you like your husband but you would enjoy something different, too. In your dream, you fight this idea and steadfastly refuse Ron—as indeed you have done in your waking state. Fine. Getting sexually involved with Ron might well not work out for you. But at least don't deny that the thought of adultery is interesting and exciting!

David, age twenty-one
I am single and currently enlisted in the U.S.A.F. I am not incredibly educated, though. I just have a Regents diploma and the technical schools and training I received in the air force. I plan to further my education when I get out.

My present life condition is a little dull. I'm stationed at Eielson Air Force Base, Alaska, which is pretty remote. I live in the barracks here. I don't have a car yet, so I depend on friends to get off base whenever possible. My last base in Arizona was right next to a medium-sized city. I miss the city life a little, but I am getting back to nature up here.

As for my love life . . . I'm totally confused at this point. I left a very sweet girl whom I had a crush on back in Arizona. I finally got to go out with her about three months before I shipped out. I was just attracted to her sexually, I think. At first, all I wanted was a little action before I left and that would be it. But she wanted respect and something more (I think). I finally made love to her after a couple of months of dating. We did it only twice. And both times we both felt wonderful. But before I even went to bed with her, I felt more and more intrigued by her. She is twenty and independent and reluctant to get close to boys. It seems she fell in love once at a young age and was hurt badly. Anyway, I found myself thinking of her all the time. I couldn't be with her enough. I guess I was falling in love. I cried on her shoulder the last night I saw her. I tried to stifle it but she knew.

My dream: my two friends were visiting this place again in October. Well, there we were, reunited with all our old friends, just partying up a storm. The whole time I was waiting for my girl to come to the party. She finally did come, with a girl friend. Now, instead of an open-arms greeting, she walked right past me and started talking to some other people in the room, which happens to be a barracks room. I was stunned. I turned her around and said, "Hey, don't you remember me?" She kind of giggled and turned back around. So, I picked her up and carried her down to the female shower and walked right in past some naked, screaming girls and put her in the shower. I was constantly looking at the other girls in the shower. When I left and returned to the party, there was my girl all dry and just giggling again. She never did even kiss me that night. I was so confused. And it really disturbed me when I woke up. What do you think?

Dr. Ellis comments:
It looks like you have been falling in love with the woman from Arizona and convincing yourself that you need her more than ever after your dull and unsexy life in Alaska. But you are so afraid of her being aloof that you fantasize, in your dream, that she no longer cares for you and ignores you completely.

Instead of her giggling at you, as happens in the dream, I would say that you are doing the giggling. You seem to be laughing at yourself—considering yourself a fool—because you didn't win your woman friend's love as much as you think you should have done; because you cried the last night you saw her; and because she might possibly reject you the next time you meet.

If you refuse to do this kind of self-downing and instead fully accept yourself, whether or not she (or any other woman) does, you will have much more pleasant daytime fantasies—and, as well, much more enjoyable nocturnal dreams!

Elaina, age twenty-four
I'm in love with my boyfriend, Sandy, whom I live with. In my dream I walk away from him and walk over to one of his best friends, Jan, who is my age, very good-looking and rich, and who always acts like he really likes me. When I get to Jan I shove his girl friend out of the way and we start kissing and hanging all over each other right in front of Sandy and Kim, Jan's girl friend. We stay together through the party we are at; then, at the end, Jan tries to persuade me to go to bed with him and I end up going. After we get done making love, he tells me he doesn't want anything to do with me until the next time we're in bed.

I would like to know why I keep having this dream after Sandy and I make love. Could it be because Sandy doesn't satisfy me in bed and in my dream Jan does? Also, could the way the dream ends be affected by people always telling me that all Jan wants is a good fuck? Please answer soon. It really bothers me that when I wake up I feel like I just had the best fuck of my life.

Dr. Ellis comments:
Your dream could well have been sparked by Sandy's not satisfying you in bed and by your wanting better sex than you have with him. But even if Sandy satisfied you fully, you could easily desire an additional lover like Jan, who is "very good-looking and rich, and who always acts like he really likes me." What normally sexed woman wouldn't want a love like that?

Being attracted to Jan, as you seem to be, you sound like you are really afraid that all he wants is a good fuck—and that you are not really worth more than that. Thinking this way and worrying about your worth as a person, you keep dreaming that your worst fears will come true, and that you are only desirable sexually. This continuing fear may lead to repetitive dreams of a fuck-'em-and-leave-'em variety, such as the one you have just had. If you try some rational-emotive therapy and give up your self-downing, I think that you may still dream of having sex with Jan—but your dreams will have much happier endings!

‘I knew that the line of men was never-ending and that each of them wanted me.’

Karen, age twenty-seven
I am an attractive female graduate student and am dating someone regularly. I rarely fantasize about sex while awake, but on occasion I have very vivid dreams about sexual situations. One of my recent dreams turned out to be particularly interesting and exciting to me.

Although I have never experienced the pleasures of a hot tub, my dream began in one. I was naked and completely relaxed while floating around in the darkness of warm, bubbling water. After a while, I became sexually aroused and glided over to an underwater hole in the wall of the tub. The hole was uncovered, but for some reason the water never ran out of it. While holding onto the wooden wall, I positioned my legs upward so that my vagina was directly over the hole. On the other side of the tub was a long line of men, each of them waiting to insert his penis into the hole. As the first one did, it slid into me and I assumed complete control. I moved back and forth slowly against the wall, enjoying the penetration. After a while, I floated off in the warm, sensual water. When I became excited again, I returned to the hole

> I watch the couple kiss. . . . The next thing I know, I have become that woman and am lying on my back with a black male about to enter me.

and another man inserted his penis. Although I couldn't see over the wall of the tub, I knew that the line of men on the other side was never-ending and that each of them wanted me. I felt very secure in the tub and I knew that a penis would always be waiting for me when I returned to the hole. After several underwater encounters, I awoke in a very fulfilling orgasm.

The dream is one of my favorites but I am puzzled by its significance. Perhaps the hot tub is somewhat symbolic of a womb? More likely, the dream is related to my interest in having sex with men but without all the emotional involvement that is required to make sex comfortable for me. What do you think?

Dr. Ellis comments:

I think you've hit upon a very plausible interpretation. The hot tub probably does not symbolize a womb but a free and easy environment, where things, including sex, are made effortlessly available.

Like most women in our culture, you normally do not permit yourself to have sex without emotional involvement. But that, as you have found, can be a real hassle—especially with some men who not only want your cunt but demand control over your entire being. So in your dream you visualize the epitome of physically warm but emotionally cool sex. You manage to have your sexual "free lunch" without hassling involvements. Nice work!

If you really want to have sex without emotional entanglement, you can look at your guilt-creating philosophy: "A good woman cannot possibly have sex without love!" Challenge and dispute this belief, experiment with a cooler kind of fucking than you usually allow yourself, and see if it is really your cup of sex.

Francis, age thirty-two

I am a divorced, white male and have all my life cross-dressed. I grew up in a family with two older sisters and my mom. Until recently I had always thought I was a transvestite, but now I realize I'm really a transsexual, as the feelings to become a woman get stronger every day. I've been in the military for fifteen years now and am at the point of giving it all up to become a woman. I do not engage in any sexual activity with women, as I don't consider myself gay.

After work each day I come home and change into something very comfortable, which, for me, is a frilly blouse, a skirt, and heels. I truly enjoy myself when I dress this way. I feel much more at ease with myself.

The many books on dreams that I've read have not completely explained to me the meanings of these two dreams I have again and again. Perhaps you can help me.

In the first dream I am a man, sleeping. I am woken up by what feels like someone pushing three or four times on the left corner of the foot of the bed. I wake up and, while lying on the bed, see myself as a woman floating around the room upright and backwards. I have no control whatsoever. At this point I usually wake up for real in a cold sweat, sometimes shaking. My sheets are always soaked.

The setting for the second dream is early nineteenth-century England. I am watching a white couple stroll hand in hand across some very green grass. There are a lot of big shade trees and a few flowers. There is a castle in the background. It appears as if it had just stopped raining, as everything is in glorious technicolor. I don't pay much attention to the guy, but the woman is very beautiful and is wearing, as usual, a full gown. It's powder blue with white lace trim and is very low-cut.

I watch them kiss for a while and I see him slip his hand down the front of her dress to squeeze her tits. The next thing I know, I have become that woman and am lying on my back. A black male is about to enter me. I wake up as I'm saying, "Please fuck me!"

Is this second dream just obvious wish fulfillment? Does the first dream just show my anxiety over being male and wishing to be female? Can you tell me any more about these dreams?

Dr. Ellis comments:

Yes, both dreams may have an element of wish fulfillment in them. In the first, you want to give up your manhood and freely float through life as a woman; but you seem to be afraid that if you do so you will get totally out of control.

In the second dream, you put yourself, as a woman, in a lovely romantic scene. But you don't merely get male attention and love—you want, and get, down-to-earth sex, too; and you probably see your dream partner as black because a black man may symbolize to you powerful sexuality.

If we put both dreams together, you arrange to float ethereally as a woman and to achieve old-fashioned romance (which so many modern women still long for). But you reserve for yourself the right to be powerfully fucked. So your dreams may show that you crave all *aspects of womanhood—ideal romance and heavy fucking, too!*

"Dreamwatch" is a regular column that will try to interpret your dreams, to see what their "real" or underlying meanings are, and to determine what you can possibly do to fulfill these meanings—or to change them when they are encouraging you to engage in self-defeating behavior. Dreams, of course, may have many interpretations, none of which may be perfectly accurate or "true." To make the interpretations in this column more correct and useful, it is best that when you submit a dream for consideration, you include the following information: (1) Describe the dream itself, with its main details. Be as specific and graphic as possible. (2) Give your age, sex, marital status, and vocation. (3) Tell something about your present life condition, especially things you are worried or bothered about in your love life. (4) Note any significant or unusual event that occurred during the day or night preceding your dreams. (5) Give your own personal interpretation of what you think your dream may mean. Readers who wish to have their dreams analyzed and printed in the magazine should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Dreamwatch," *Penthouse* Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A SLOB?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Nineteen questions to determine if you dress for success or just look a mess.

PSYCHOGRAPH

Ever wonder why those good jobs always seem to go to somebody else? Or why the pretty girls look at you as if you were a bug?

Maybe the answer is simple: perhaps you dress like a slob.

Our clothing, whether we like it or not, acts as an advertisement for ourselves. Clothes may not entirely make the man, but failure to recognize their power can put one at a decided disadvantage in the game of life, where you need any edge you can get.

Most men understand some basic fashion facts. They realize, for example, that if you want to become president of General Motors, you probably shouldn't show up at the office in a purple velour jumpsuit. But, while many men choose clothes that are generally appropriate for the careers they're engaged in, they often overlook the subtle rules of style and proportion that determine whether a garment looks natural or awkward when it is worn.

This questionnaire is designed to find out if you understand these crucial sartorial cues. You may find out that you'd still look like a rag pile if you dressed in $1,200 suits. On the other hand, you may discover that, even when you're lounging around in your grubbiest work clothes, you give off an aura of class and breeding.

Various societies throughout history (such as that of the Puritans of colonial New England) have regulated what people could wear. So-called sumptuary laws dictated that members of different social classes wear different clothes. A shoemaker couldn't sport the fancy red satin waistcoat of a "gentleman." Middle-class women had to wear plainer shoe buckles than the wives of aristocrats.

Today we'd laugh at any politician who tried to pass such constraining laws. Yet, at a deep, subliminal level, the unwritten rules of style remain as rigid as ever. A trained observer today can as easily tell a door-to-door salesman from the provost of Harvard as a seventeenth-century Puritan could distinguish a preacher from a chimneysweep.

It's not so much what men wear, but how they wear it. Style and class are a matter of details . . . which you ignore at your own peril. If you know the fine points of style, you probably look good no matter what you wear. If you don't, you probably look like a walking thrift shop.

The questionnaire we've constructed is not based on the tedious "dress-to-impress" books that have recently gained a following among those eager to scratch their way up the corporate ladder. As far as we're concerned, there is no single sartorial success formula. A top-rate used-car salesman is likely to dress differently than a cabinet minister does (unless, of course, that cabinet member happens to be someone like Alexander Haig); clothes that look fine on Johnny Carson would look odd on a Swiss banker; a college professor's tweeds would be suspect in the formal world of diplomacy.

As we said, it's not what you wear, but how you wear it. So pull up your pants, stand up straight, and answer these questions.

1. If you're having cuffs put on a pair of pants, which of the following rules should you generally follow?
   (a) There is a close relationship between the depth of cuffs and the width of the waistband on a pair of pants. Trousers with wide, wide waistbands generally look best with wide cuffs; pants with narrow waistbands need narrow cuffs.
   (b) There is an inverse relationship between cuffs and waistband. Pants that have a wide waistband should have narrow cuffs; pants that call for a thinner belt should have narrower cuffs.
   (c) There's no relationship whatsoever between cuffs and waistband. If you want cuffs, you should make them as narrow or as wide as you feel comfortable with.

2. Which of the following patterns is least likely to be used in material for a wool sport jacket or suit?
   (a) glen plaid
   (b) tattersall check
   (c) herringbone
   (d) houndstooth check

3. When you hang a suit jacket or sport jacket in your closet, it should be:
   (a) buttoned
   (b) unbuttoned

4. When you button a vest, the bottom button should always be left unbuttoned.
   (a) true
   (b) false
   (c) there's no rule; you should do what you like

5. Which of the following is *not* a type of tie?
   (a) foulard
   (b) repp
   (c) argyle
   (d) club

6. A tie with diagonal stripes is generally referred to as what kind of tie?
   (a) foulard
   (b) repp
   (c) argyle
   (d) club

7. If you're going to combine two or more strong patterns in an outfit, the patterns:
   (a) all should be approximately the same size and scale
   (b) should be different in scale from each other

8. Is there a best time of the day to shop for shoes?
   (a) Yes, as early in the morning as possible; that's when your feet are closest to their true size.
   (b) Yes, after you've been awake and moving around for several hours; by that time activity will have swollen them to their "normal," daytime size.
   (c) It doesn't make any difference. Feet don't change size in the course of a day.

9. When you're wearing an average business suit, how much shirt cuff should be showing below your jacket sleeve?
   (a) none
   (b) about half an inch
   (c) between three quarters of an inch and an inch and a quarter

10. When a suit is being worn for dressy, formal activities, how much shirt cuff should show below your jacket sleeve?
   (a) none
   (b) about half an inch
   (c) about three quarters of an inch
   (d) at least an inch

11. When you're not wearing a sweater, you should:
   (a) fold it
   (b) hang it on a hanger

12. When putting on a good, blocked felt hat, you should always:
   (a) handle it by the brim only
   (b) handle it by the crown only
   (c) hold the crown as you put it on, then pull down on the brim to set it properly on your head

13. When your tie is worn properly, the point should:
   (a) hang more than an inch above the belt line of your pants
   (b) hang just about an inch above the belt line of your pants
   (c) just about meet the belt line of your pants
   (d) hang about an inch below your belt
   (e) hang more than an inch below your belt

14. A light-colored sport jacket worn with contrasting dark slacks is a poor choice if you're:
   (a) taller than average
   (b) shorter than average

15. If you're displaying a pocket handkerchief in the breast pocket of a suit, it should never be the same pattern as the tie you're wearing.
   (a) true
   (b) false

16. Which of the following statements is generally correct?
   (a) The wider the tie, the smaller the shirt collar should be.
   (b) The narrower the tie, the smaller and shorter the shirt collar should be.
   (c) There's no standard relationship between the width of a tie and the size or shape of a shirt collar.

17. If you're buying a gray suit and want it to project an air of power and competence, you should choose:
   (a) light gray
   (b) dark gray

18. Which two of the following suit colors are *least* likely to be found in the upper-level executive suites of large corporations?
   (a) navy blue
   (b) olive
   (c) gray
   (d) brown

19. Do you now own, or have you ever owned, any of the following?
   (a) polyester double-knit slacks
   (b) polyester double-knit leisure suit
   (c) shiny white shoes and matching belt (either leather or vinyl)

SCORING

Here is a list of the correct answers. Give yourself five points for each correct answer you chose.

1. a
2. b
3. b
4. a
5. c
6. b
7. b
8. b
9. b
10. c
11. a
12. a
13. c
14. b
15. a
16. b
17. b
18. b and d

19. Give yourself five points if you chose *no* items on this question. Otherwise, *subtract* three points from your total score for each item you checked

If you scored 86 to 100 points:
You are a true man of style. You choose your clothes with an innate sense of taste and perception. No matter what style you decide to wear, it always seems to look right on you: never sloppy or gross but, on the other hand, never so prim and fastidious that people would consider you a fashion plate. In short, you have an unerring instinct for picking clothing that is appropriate to you and your way of life. You can dress to the teeth for the most formal occasion, yet still look relaxed; and when you're in your rattiest clothes, you'll still project the same aura, because you select clothes that are right for *you.*

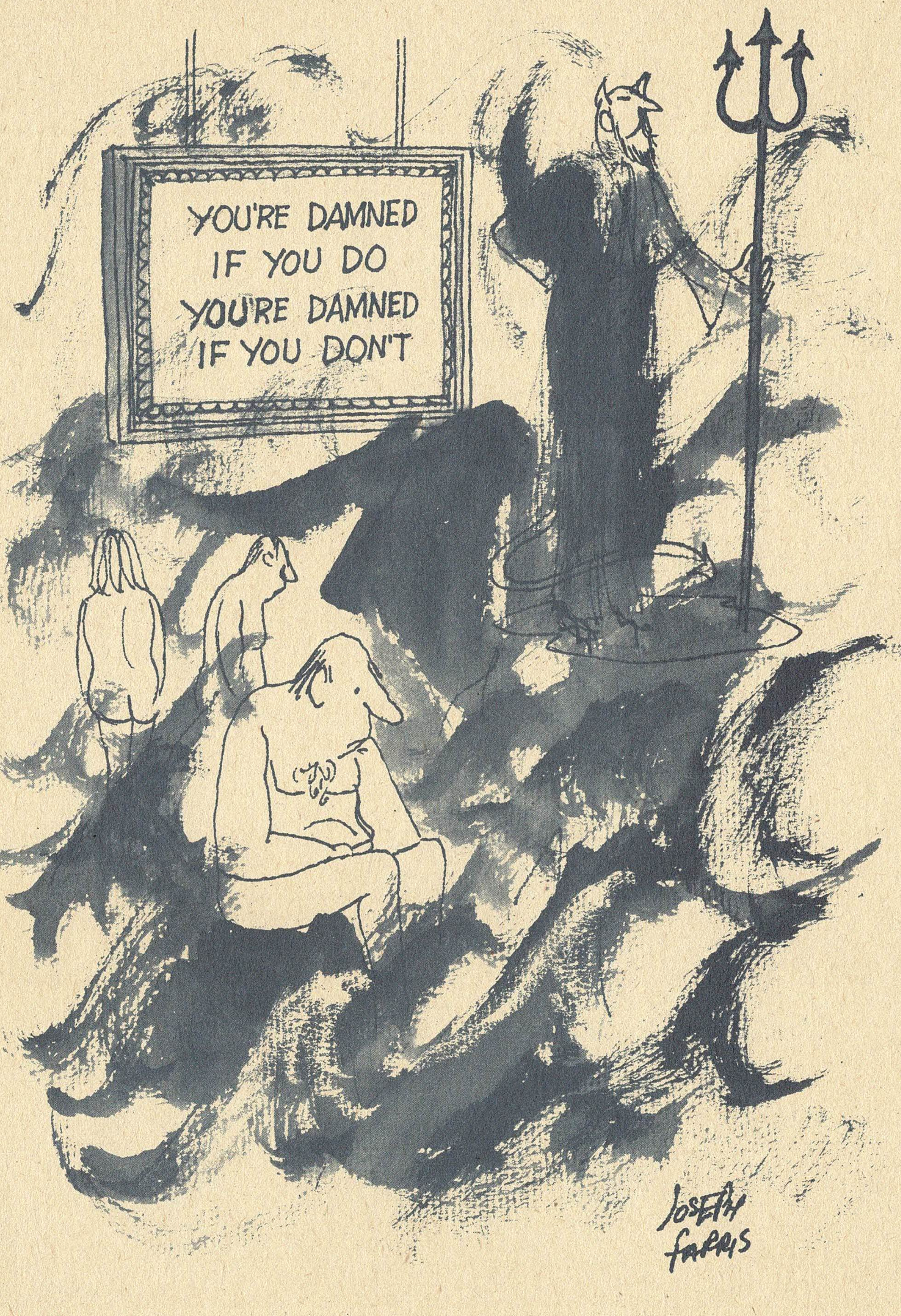
66 to 85 points:
You generally have a good fashion sense, but sometimes you overlook the fine details that are second nature to men who score in the category above you. You probably have a lively interest in clothes. Sometimes this may get you into trouble, because you get carried away by fads, buying clothes that, while they may look fine on somebody else, don't work well for you. You may also have a tendency to overdress, to be too perfectly turned out. Watch out for this. It seems that people tend not to trust men who, they feel, dress *too* carefully.

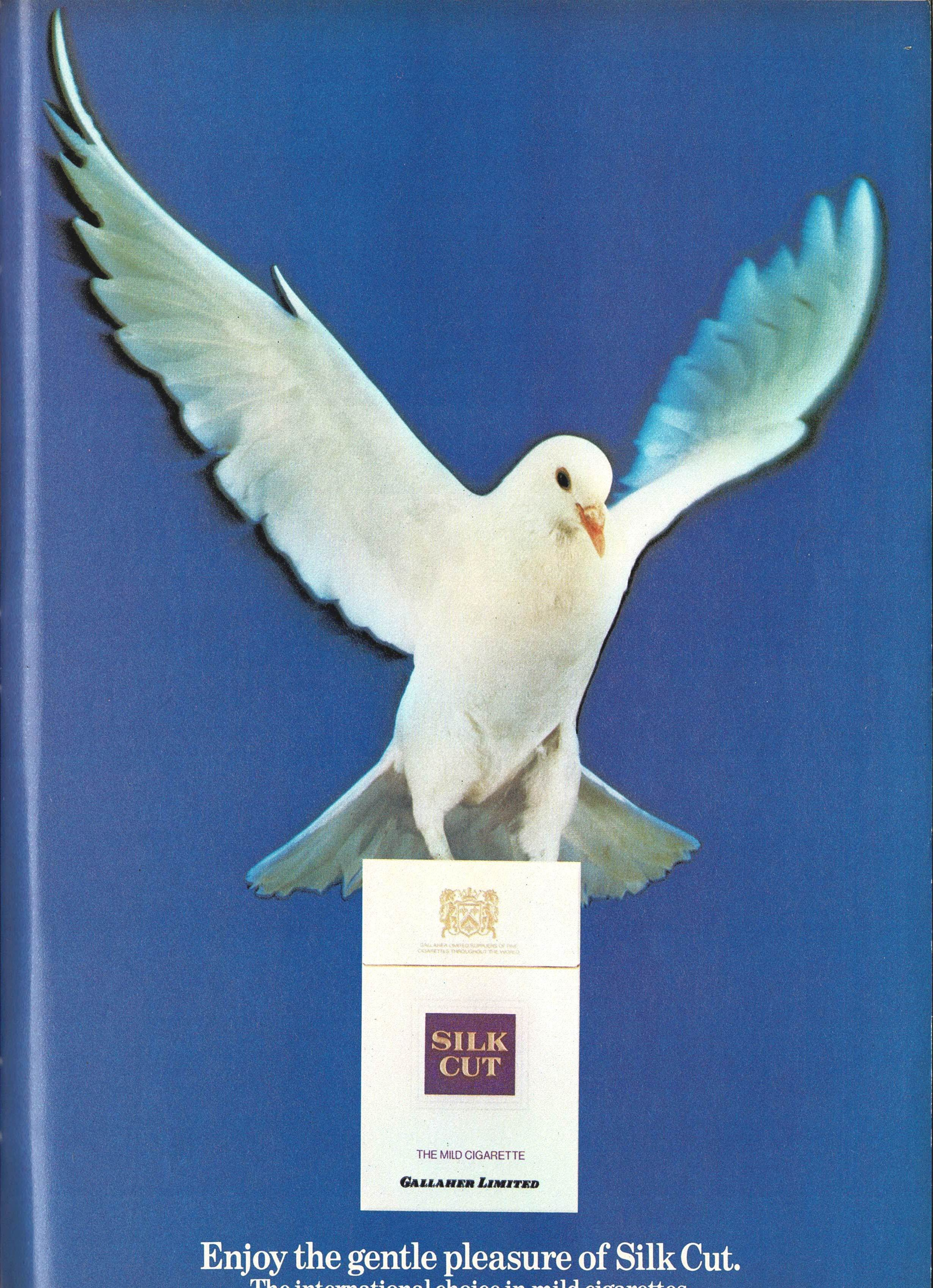
36 to 65 points:
You are probably the average American male. You don't look like a ragpicker, but no one has ever mistaken you for the Duke of Windsor either. Your clothes are generally acceptable and appropriate, but attention to detail is lacking. You don't exude the same sense of ease and assurance that a true man of style does. A couple of trips to a good men's store could go a long way toward clearing up your sartorial oversights. Study the clothes carefully; see what makes them worth the money they cost. Talk to the salesmen and resident tailors—and *listen* to their answers. You might also do a little reading. Two recent books by top fashion journalist Charles Hix would be a good place to start. The books are *Looking Good: A Guide for Men* and *Dressing Right.* Hix doesn't advocate any single style for all men; his many fashion insights can be useful to almost anyone.

16 to 35 points:
You've got some serious stylistic problems. You probably feel uncomfortable about choosing clothes for yourself and may often feel awkward in anything but the few tried and true workaday clothes you own. When you buy dress clothes, you are likely, unfortunately, to buy things that are inappropriate to your physique, personality, and social circumstances. In short, no matter how you dress, you rarely look well turned-out and at ease. The advice that we have offered to men in the scoring category above could be of very much use to you too.

0 to 15 points:
When you enter a room, people are likely to gape and flee. You're the type of guy who would show up at a forbiddingly elegant White House dinner dressed in a sweaty T-shirt and dirty, tattered cutoff jeans. Which may explain why you haven't been invited to the White House (or much of any place else, for that matter) recently. When it comes to clothes, you are a functional illiterate. It's almost as if you've gone out of your way to be dumb on the subject of clothes. Too much concern for clothing and appearance may indicate shallowness, but a score in this category suggests a certain paranoia at the other end of the scale.

Note: It is theoretically possible to score minus 9 points (that is, 9 points *below* zero) on this questionnaire. If you did, then nothing we can tell you could possibly help.


YOU'RE DAMNED
IF YOU DO
YOU'RE DAMNED
IF YOU DON'T
Joseph Farris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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

WIFE STRIFE

I'm twenty-eight, married, and have two kids. Some people would ask, What else could you want?

I want good sex.

My husband is the only man I've had sex with, and after ten years I feel there's got to be more than the boring sex I'm getting. My husband is very jealous and would never agree to other men, as some other husbands do. But my dreams can be fantastic.

I have felt very attracted to a friend of my husband's for some time, and the more my husband accuses me of having sex and I deny it, the more I wish it were true. His friend is very sexy, and I dream of my wet pussy rubbing up and down his leg as his cock gets larger. Then we strip, and I kiss my way down to that gorgeous cock and slip it into my mouth and taste the first bit of semen. He shoots his load in my mouth and then proceeds to bring me to heights I've never before experienced. After hours of different positions we shower and part, promising to see each other again. Needless to say, it may not be true, but it could be if my husband weren't so prudish.

If I could get away with it, I'd have his friend in a minute. I want strange sex from others but I'm not interested in giving up the security of home.

My pussy has gotten loose and I can't seem to have an orgasm anymore by his cock, only by a vibrator, my fingers, or oral sex. Are there any special exercises or a book to tell me what to do to tighten up? Maybe someday I will feel that gorgeous cock in my tight pussy. In my head, at least, I really want it.—R.P.

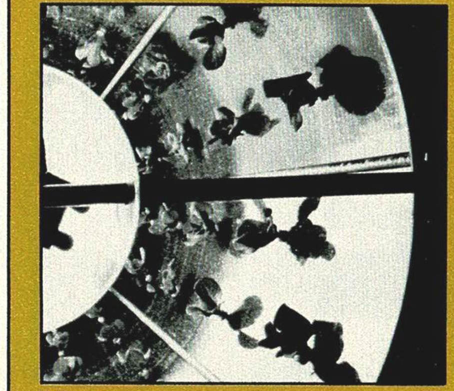
It is not uncommon for any relationship to go somewhat stale after ten years. If you are not the jealous type yourself, I am sure that you can convince your jealous husband of the joys of group sex, whereby both of you would have an opportunity to explore elsewhere. Maybe afterward the sex between you two would be all the better for it. Practice makes perfect, and probably some other lovers could spice up things.

To find a swinging couple should be no problem. There are hundreds of bored couples who are dying to get together either to get away from their own partner or simply to share the good things in life and love.

As far as your loose pussy is concerned, ask your gynecologist to check you to see if it can be helped by exercises. If, however, the vagina has become too loose from childbearing, a small and harmless operation, informally called a tuck job, can be performed without much difficulty. The doctor sews up the vagina, but not a lot. It will leave space for a reasonable-sized cock.

THIS MONTH IN OMNI
ON SALE NOVEMBER 18

FEAR


EDEN

FICTION

FEAR AND FERTILITY IN LAS VEGAS—North of the majestic gaming palaces, untouched by the ebb and flow of cash in casinos, the Star Clinic struggles to improve the odds for life. At seventy-three, the clinic's director, Dr. Landrum Shettles, was doing what he had always done: trying to manipulate the odds enabling conception to occur. Yet despite the extraordinary success of such books as *Choose Your Baby's Sex*, Dr. Shettles was not assured of winning. *Omni*'s sensitive portrait of an important and controversial obstetrician reveals his enduring dreams of embryo transplantation and his brave new plans for human cloning, using the nucleus of a sperm cell.

LUNAR HABITATS—An airless chunk of rock hardly qualifies as prime real estate, but it *does* have potential. Not only does the moon command a breathtaking view of Earth, but its soils are rich in minerals and other materials essential for life. A team of NASA engineers, ecologists, and climatologists is quietly working on a scheme that could transform the barren lunar landscape into a flowering oasis—a self-supportive habitat for man. The next great extraterrestrial migration is discussed in the December issue.

TOMORROW'S EDEN—The plants spin in drums, glide through humid air on conveyor belts, float on water, and drop ripe fruit into ponds of lively fish. Straw-colored roots, swinging freely, glisten with freshly sprayed nutrients. This fertile, kinetic garden—on display in this month's *Omni*—is the province of researchers at the University of Arizona's Environmental Research Laboratory. They're cultivating more than crops: Ideas nurtured here may save terrain on future farms and contribute to farms in space.

FICTION—The unthinkable has happened. Nuclear war between the United States and the Soviet Union has broken out and devastated both countries. A handful of American survivors makes it to Mother Russia, hoping to start a new civilization, only to discover the past doesn't die easily. Read Ian Watson's chilling story "Returning Home." An unlikely couple finds love and happiness in Thomas M. Disch's "The Shirt's Tale, the Shorts' Story." And *Omni* is delighted to welcome back Orson Scott Card, who has returned from his hiatus from science-fiction-writing with an exceptional story, "The Changed Man and the King of Words." In it, a genius son causes serious problems for his family when he discovers a link between tarot cards and computerized fate.

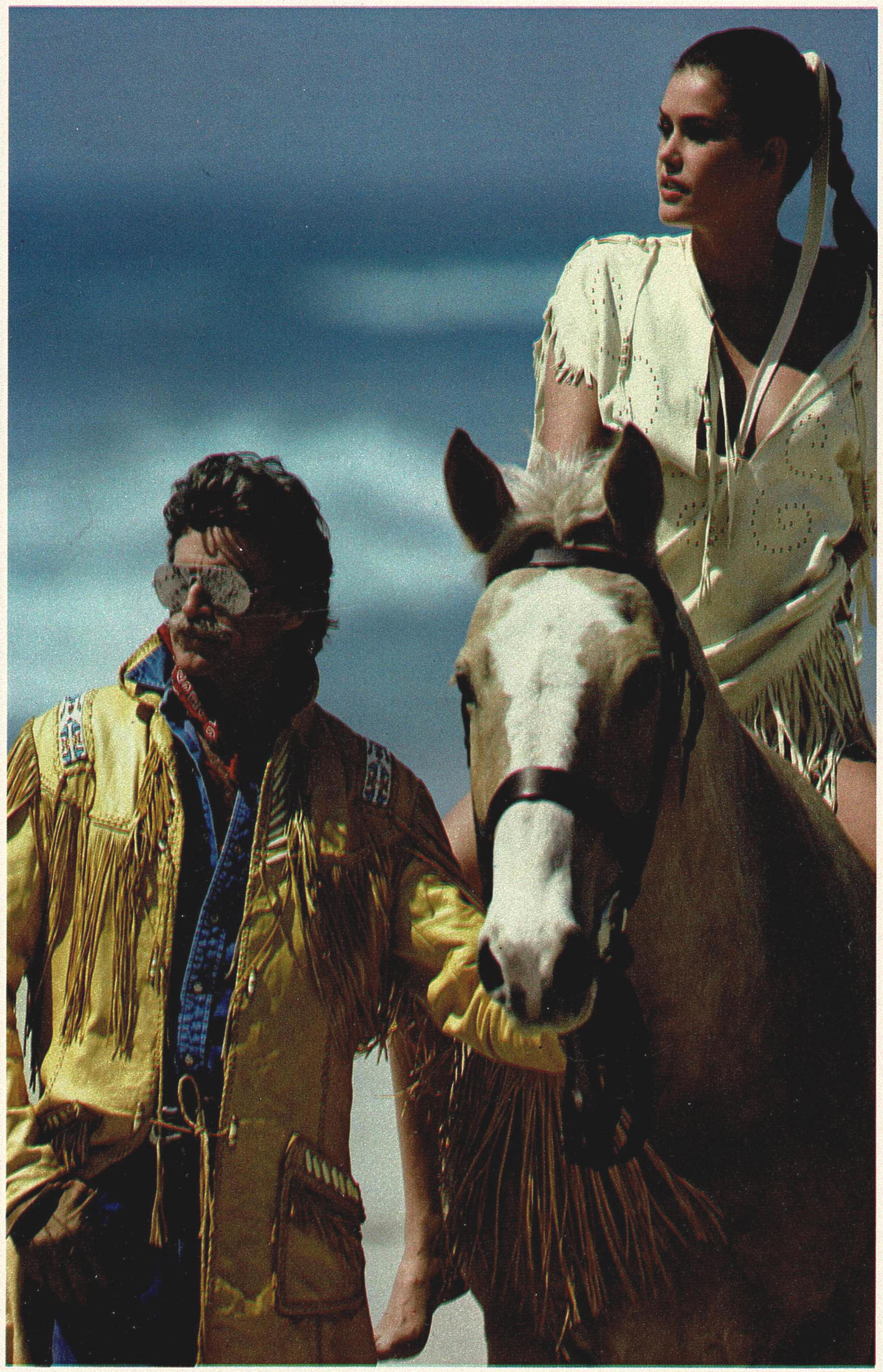
What becomes the
season most? Western-inspired soft,
supple skins—designed
by the men of North Beach Leather.

LEATHER WEATHER

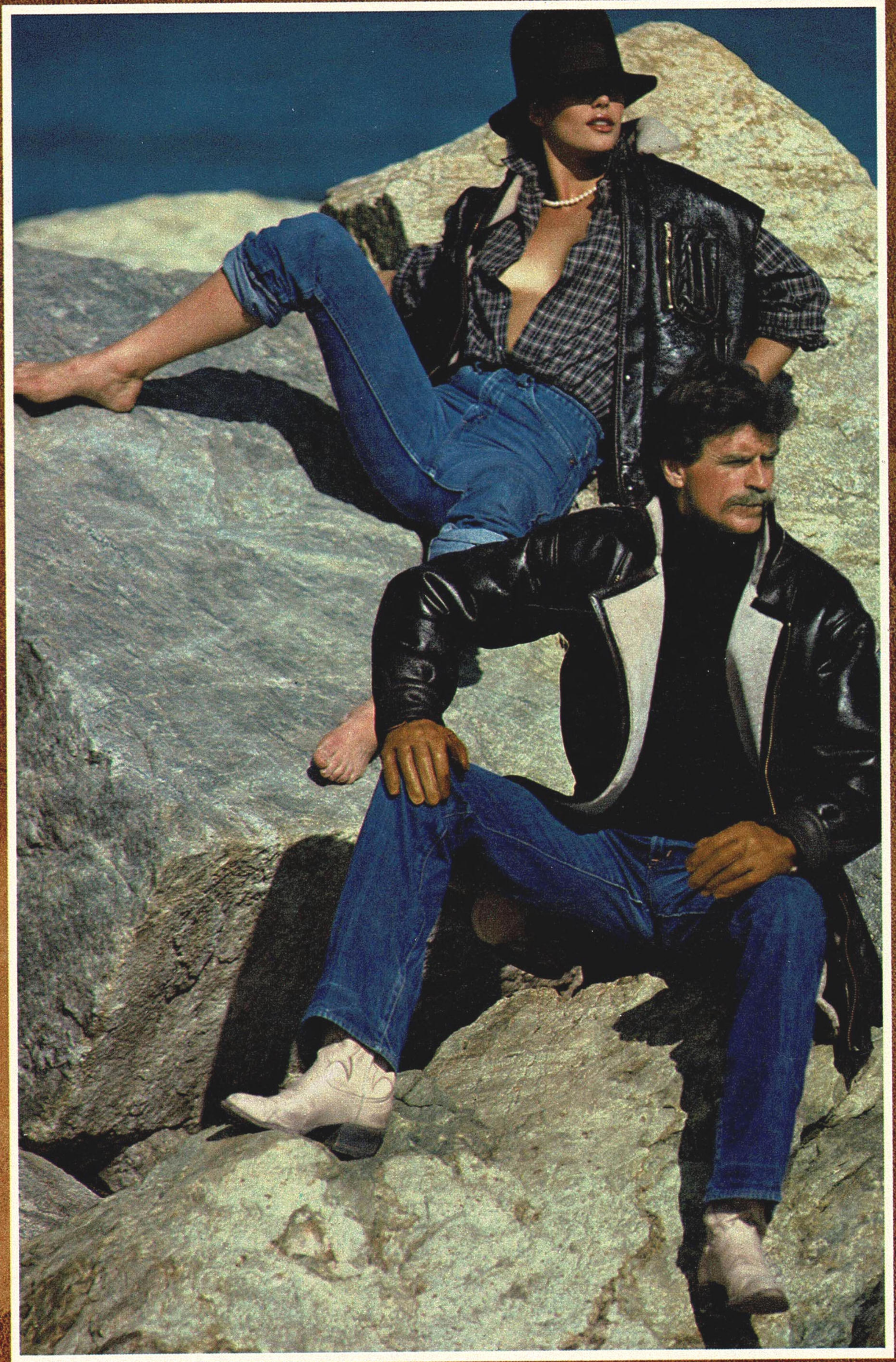
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

Soft, supple leather and suede—what a unique sensual appeal! It's something about the combination of leather's tactile caressability and its clean, rugged frontier look that makes clothes of perfectly tanned skins so irresistibly attractive. Originally, however, leather styling was crude, more suitable to Marlboro country than to chic international fashion salons. Hides were nice for wear and warmth, a novelty item. Then along came North Beach Leather—a pioneer in evoking our native American Indian past and western nostalgia by its crafting of deluxe, top-quality clothes from animal skins. From a modest San Francisco enterprise, North Beach Leather grew to fame by outfitting the entertainment elite, the likes of Tom Jones, Glen Campbell, Cher, Diana Ross, Sylvester Stallone, Raquel Welch, Lee Majors, the Rolling Stones, and Led Zeppelin—to name but a few. Mixing a stylish contemporary look with provocative ceremonial detail, hand-lacing, and custom tailoring, North Beach Leather co-owners Michael Hoban and Frank Morgan carried the leather legend coast to coast with half a dozen "Best of the West" branches. One clue to NBL's success is the close control maintained over every aspect of design, from the selection of highest-quality skins by Hoban to the design of North Beach Leather stores. "We try to make each of our boutiques like an art gallery," says Hoban. "Each piece is distinct. We design for the man who wants to look a little different, the man who wants to stand out." NBL designs not just classic outerwear—coats and jackets—but dresses, skirts, pants, even bathing suits. "I'm talking upper echelon," stresses Michael Paradise, fashion director of the New York boutique. "Men, even in business settings, are getting away from the tired, traditional suit. They're looking for something more casual, something different and sporty." As modeled on these pages by the men of North Beach Leather, NBL's soft/rugged leather and suede will appeal to any man who dares to be different.

(Above) Fashion director Michael Paradise wears a black French lamb-leather zippered jacket with epaulets ($350); glasses by Ray-Ban; her calfskin bomber jacket ($400) has a separate snap-in vest. Wraparound glasses by Porsche Design. (Opposite) Co-owner Michael Hoban sports a traditional Indian look in hand-laced antelope-leather jacket with antique Indian bone and bead trim ($2,000); her dress is natural chamois with hand-cut fringe ($575).



Photographs by Lee Goldberg



Makeup by Sharon Slattery/Xavier Salon

Ladies' hair styled by Jack McMahon

Mateo Paulo (top, left) in sheepskin zip-closed jacket with full shearling lining ($510); glasses by Ray-Ban; her wool cable-design sweater is Basco by Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh; Paradise, right, wears French lambskin fisherman coat ($485). (Below) Hoban in lambskin jacket ($350); her white wool sweater covered, for extra warmth, with NBL's coyote coat ($2,500). (Opposite) Hoban in retanned sheepskin coat, with elasticized waist and diagonally closed zipper ($690); her vest ($335); cotton plaid shirt and felt hat by Basco. O┳

CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

street. "You don't know what kind of nut might wind up replacing me."

"I'll hire my nephew the hairdresser." Fontaine leaned forward. "Or my son the nincompoop. Or I'll do it myself. I used to fix up my own window on One Hundred First Street and Broadway, when it was just stockings."

"You're a long way from stockings now," said Sardos. "The eyes of all New York are on you."

"Pull the curtain, Dann Sardos. Pull it today."

"The window's not ready."

Fontaine's eyes narrowed, his bushy eyebrows lowering. "What's in it?"

"It's in a state of flux."

"You're fired."

"Louis, each year your windows are the most photographed, the ones with the longest lines—"

"This year I'm losing money. This year I want goods in the windows—some cheese, a tin of fancy biscuits, a sport coat marked way down."

"You're not on One Hundred First Street anymore, Louis. You're the center of Manhattan. You're a *tradition*."

Fontaine put his fingertips together and stared at them. His nephew the hairdresser wouldn't be any better and he might be worse; his son the nincompoop would unquestionably be worse.

"You wish to be a great artist," said Fontaine. "On my time."

"Our time, Louis. You know that. I believe in my work."

Fontaine shrugged in his custom-made jacket, sewn by his own tailors, the only ones in the store he wouldn't fire. No, and he couldn't fire Sardos either, he realized that. He couldn't fire an artist. His wife would never forgive him.

"So what are you doing in the window, day and night? You can't tell me? I *own* the window, Sardos. So tell me what you're doing."

"I'm decapitating a reindeer."

Fontaine gripped the edge of his desk. "I know nothing about art, but I know what I like. And I *don't* like that."

"It'll grow on you."

"A headless reindeer is not Louis Fontaine's idea of Christmas."

"I'm working toward a new definition."

"Of what, manslaughter? Sardos, I want cotton snow and a pair of polyester slacks, reduced."

"I'm giving you artistic ritual."

"So did the Germans in 1938." Fontaine leaned forward. "I'm trying to *cheer people up*. Why? So they will buy, buy, buy." He banged his gold ingot ring on the table. "So that they will buy and be happy. To live and enjoy a store full of treasure."

"Louis, think of yourself as a patron of the arts." Sardos laid his hand on the arm of the chair, caressing it lightly. "By supporting this window, you're giving something to the people that they need."

"They need this guillotined reindeer?"

"Yes."

Fontaine sighed, lifted his eyebrows, let them back down. "Have I lost touch with the times? Have I lost my mind?" He seemed to be talking to himself. "My window decorator is decapitating a reindeer for Christmas . . ." He turned back to Sardos. "You're fired."

"Relax, Louis. Everything's going to be all right. So you lose a few million. You've got lots more."

Fontaine squinted from under his shaggy brows. "People aren't buying, buying, buying." He wrung his hands, adjusted his gold cuff links. "I've seen men like myself reduced to selling apples on a street corner."

Sardos stood. "I've got to get back to work."

Fontaine watched his decorator leave, then rose himself and walked to his sliding wall panel. He opened it and looked down into the store.

> "In the old days," said Fontaine, "it was common for people to be executed in public. I'll execute Dann Sardos. And his assistant. It should be quite a crowd-pleaser."

"Buy. Buy cheap, buy not-so-cheap, buy big." He bowed his head toward the opening, and closed the panel.

Sardos tried to block the door, but Jeff Beck came at him with a hot soldering iron. "Stand aside, Dann. I've got to shop for my aunt."

"What did she ever do for you?" asked Sardos, desperate for Beck's help and company.

"She *raised me,* you selfish boor." Beck poked with the hot tip of the iron. "And I was an impossible child."

"So?"

"So now I want to buy her something lovely and thoughtful." He held up his watch. "One or two stores are probably still open."

"All right," said Sardos, standing wearily aside. "Go ahead."

"Thank you," said Beck, setting down the glowing iron.

"But what do you think of the reindeer now?" Sardos pointed toward the bare wire cranium.

"Not much."

"What could I have been thinking of? It's not turning out."

"Things never do, remember? We live in an imperfect world. And now, Mr. Scrooge, good-night." Beck went through the door, closing it quickly, while Sardos was still gesturing toward his headless reindeer.

The curtained stage was now silent except for the humming motor of the Three Little Pigs, turning in their circular dance.

A cliché, groaned Sardos. The whole window is nothing but one gigantic, worn-out fairy tale.

He and Beck had given the pigs sleazy gazes, squinty-eyed and mean, and it still wasn't working.

I could strip them naked, thought Sardos.

The sleazy-eyed pigs winked at him, as they turned.

Pink pig flesh, thought Sardos.

He stood contemplating them, his fingers nervously clicking the wire cutters.

No, it's wrong, the whole thing is wrong, it stinks from beginning to end. I've trapped myself.

He sagged into a canvas director's chair and gazed at it all—pigs and wolf, dogs and skunk, Pinocchio and the kangaroo, and the Bunny Sisters. And one headless reindeer.

He flipped the main switch and everyone started moving—dogs and skunk playing cards, rabbits promenading, Pinocchio's nose coming in and out, and the reindeer's skull-shape glowing sinisterly.

Above their little village, clouds floated, and from the clouds elves peeked in and out, riding on hidden levers. One of them held a telegram in his hand, which he was delivering down toward the village, *Arriving Soon—Santa Claus* stitched on it in winking lights. Sardos wished he could reword that, but it would be expensive, and he was already over his budget.

I could change it to *Sorry I'm Late.*

But it might cause premenstrual tension in certain shoppers.

Leave it as it is. It's okay.

Arriving Soon—Santa Claus.

If only I hadn't torn off the reindeer's head.

Sardos ran the palm of his hand slowly down his cheek.

Because the rest of it doesn't look too bad.

Trashy but effective.

My window is coming together.

Yet—the Bunny Sisters don't really *say* anything. What are they doing just walking along?

Sardos scratched the back of his head with the wire cutters, then pulled at his hair a little, trying to shake out an idea. His head moved toward the Wolf, who was creeping up on the Three Little Pigs. A menu was in his back pocket, and *Roast Pork* was flashing on it.

What if I moved the Wolf over to the Bunny Sisters?

Stand him in their path, flirtatiously.

Put the Sex Back in Christmas.

A flight of ideas broke over him and he

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started to work, frantically dismantling the Wolf.

Jeff will kill me for this, but I . . . can't . . . help . . . it . . .

The floor panel came up and Wolf's inner levers showed, sliding back and forth, back and forth, squeaking quietly.

Sardos gazed at the intricate movements.

A cold sweat broke down his back, as his mind raced over all the connections, the contacts, the sliding joints.

What lies ahead of me in there is confusion and despair. If I start like this, I'll go mad.

So I'll take some amphetamine and then start.

He went to his lunch pail and took out a diet-pill bottle, compliments of Jeff, who got them from his aunt.

Super Window Decorator Strikes.

Sardos was sitting in his director's chair, staring at his toe. Aunt Betty's diet pill was wearing off, and he felt like a toasted marshmallow, with a stick through his stomach.

He looked up, at his nightmare. Crazed tinkering had led to a complete stoppage of everything in the Village of the Animals.

". . . I don't know what you did in here," said Jeff Beck, from under the floorboards, "but you should be given forty years in prison for it." A moment later he shrieked, a hot wire crisping his fingers.

THE PENTHOUSE LOOK

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PENTHOUSE
PET OF THE YEAR
A
B
C

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"Do that again," said Sardos, sitting up. "The Little Pigs just jumped, kind of spastically."

"I nearly electrocuted myself, you fig newton!" Beck's head came out, fingers gripping the open floorboards. He looked toward the Pigs. "What exactly did they do?"

"They jumped a little, then froze. Make them do it again."

Beck went back below, his voice muffled. ". . . it looks like you were making *pasta* with these wires . . ."

"I was crashing on your aunt's diet pills."

"What a fiend you are . . ." Beck's exasperated voice came from further along under the floor. His tool belt creaked, and then his scream was heard again, followed by a series of muttered curses.

"That's it," said Sardos. "The Pigs freeze, they look around for the Wolf. Then they start dancing again. It's the final living and dramatic touch." He swung out of his chair enthusiastically. "Put a stop-timer on that motor, with a ten-second pause."

"If only I could put one on you . . ." Beck lay on his back, trying to make sense of the connections hanging in his face. The floorboards creaked above him, as Sardos knelt by the Pigs.

"Jeff, put a timer on the Wolf too, so when he moves, the Pigs freeze."

Beck sighed, took out his crimping tool. "Okay, Dann, fine, anything you say. I've adjusted to spending the rest of my career under this floor."

Dann Sardos woke up on the floor of his window. The store was closed; a single work light burned nearby, its wire shade resting at the edge of an open floor panel. This solitary glow illuminated the Village of the Animals, its inhabitants seeming to stare through the shadows at Sardos. The slitted eyes of the Little Pigs questioned him, and the Bunny Sisters, like kin concerned with a degenerate playboy brother, urged him to get on his feet.

With considerable difficulty, he did so. The bright facades of the little Village houses were all around him, gaily shuttered, quaintly trimmed, respectable animals living within them. "If only I had another diet pill . . . or some butyl nitrate to get my heart going again . . ."

He groped around the Village, eyelids crusted, mouth dried up, but ideas still coming, whole new levels of design. You can't keep a window decorator down; he hangs in there until every last brain cell is burnt out.

". . . fast a-way the old year pass-es . . ." He sang to himself in a hoarse, croaking voice, and continued to tinker.

And so, fast away the old year passed, as he worked on, scores of brilliant possibilities occurring to him. Side by side with these great breakthroughs came the thought that he was a fraud whose luck had only just managed to hold, until now. And now it was collapsing. Now he'd lose his job, his apartment, his friends, and his furniture.

Such grim thoughts stirred him to greater struggle with his Village of Animals; he worked like a bluster-fly, zipping from spot to spot with manic concentration, and loose wires began to appear here and there again, along with gear wheels, levers, and springs. Once more he tore it all apart in a cold sweat. Then he picked up a can of paint remover, and considered drinking it.

Reminding himself he had a two-week vacation in Barbados coming up, he put the paint remover down, and continued his work.

"You're at the end of your rope," he said to himself.

He gazed at the floor of the Village, its wires hanging out like a patient whose stomach has been opened by a mad scientist.

. . . and no one could put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

He knelt, tried to restore it somehow, before dawn, before Jeff returned. I'll connect it, forget it, and go to Barbados.

Electrical contacts blurred before him; he screwed things together that had never been screwed together before. Fiendish laughter erupted in his throat. He flicked on the juice and the Bunny Sisters traveled crazily in their groove, crashing into the Wolf. The Wolf's timer clicked and he came on, his motor working against theirs, his nose buried in the Bunnies' furry bosoms. Their mechanisms started to tremble, the Bunny Sisters shaking excitedly until the Wolf's ten-second interval passed and he clicked off. The Sisters relaxed; the Wolf remained prostrate against them. Sardos nodded with satisfaction. "Mugged for the holidays. It's New York. It's real. I like it. My psychiatrist will like it."

He moved on to Pinocchio, who stood as before, in the midst of the card game between Skunk and Dogs. Sardos watched Lady Skunk's silky, sensuous tail sweeping back and forth in the air.

Sardos slapped his head. "Of course . . ." He opened the floor panel and slid Pinocchio forward, closer to Lady Skunk, so that now her tail stroked the bewitched boy across the knees.

Pinocchio's nose came out.

"That's it!" cried Sardos in degenerate abandon. "I've solved the window."

The Baby Kangaroo rose from his pouch, a Three Musketeers candy bar in its paw.

Who put this here, wondered Sardos? He devoured it hungrily, then carried the empty wrapper to the trash barrel by the door, whose lock, he saw, had been picked again, while he'd been blind and unconscious on the floor. He opened the door just a bit, and whispered a hoarse thanks into the store, to whoever it was that was sharing the long night with him.

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"Hideous," said Jeff Beck, watching the Wolf trembling against the Bunny Sisters, the Wolf's snout at their bosoms. "This is a *Christmas* window, you fruitcake."

"I got carried away," said Sardos, limp in his director's chair.

"You *should* be carried away. And plunged in ice water."

The Bunny Sisters were quivering, the Wolf's paws groping mechanically in their cloaks. Then the Wolf's timer clicked and he fell against them, exhausted.

"Disgusting," said Beck. He walked over to the Bunny Sisters and disentangled them from the Wolf's paws.

"It was just a momentary inspiration," said Sardos.

"Is it going to be your *final* inspiration? Or should I plan to spend Christmas morning on this floor?" Beck smoothed the Bunnies' cloaks, fluffed up their muffs, straightened their dresses. He turned to Sardos. "Only a completely depraved person would violate a rabbit."

"I am that person." Sardos closed his eyes, sagged deeper into his canvas chair. His unshaven face was haggard, drawn. "Could I get you to take a look at Pinocchio? I've made some creative adjustments there." He reached out, clicked Pinocchio's switch.

The card game came on. The Skunk brushed her bushy tail across Pinocchio's knees and the enchanted boy's nose came out.

"Oh my god," said Beck. He walked over to Sardos, leaned over the slouching decorator, lifted him by the lapels. "They're going to haul you in on a morals charge. Do you understand?" He tapped Sardos lightly on the cheek. "This window is for *children*. Wee little people. Where do you think you are, Forty-second Street?"

"I was gripped by the myth."

"You'll be gripped by the vice squad, you slob." Beck dropped Sardos back in the chair. "You'll be run out of town on a rail."

"Well," said Sardos, "isn't that why his nose grew so long? Because he was naughty?"

"Why don't you put a bag of cocaine on his lap while you're at it? Have his nose come in and out of *that*." Beck opened his tool box. "But you know—" He buckled on his tool belt. "—I almost don't care anymore. I can always get a job as an unlicensed electrician. Slumlords are looking for people like me."

"I went over the edge," said Sardos. "I see that now."

Beck picked up a gear wheel from the floor. "Did this fall out of your head?"

"I don't recognize it as one of mine."

"Then it must go under here." Beck lifted the panels beneath the card game and studied the lever system. "I'm going to straighten things out in there, and then we're going to pull the curtain."

"Not yet." Sardos munched on a candy bar. "There's one final touch missing."

"Oh? Did you forget the whip-and-chains motif?" Beck slid under the floor, his voice growing fainter. *". . . are the Three Little Pigs going to open a massage parlor?"*

Sardos rose slowly from his chair and knelt by the open floor panels. "Got any parties lined up for tonight?"

Beck's voice came from underneath. *"Nothing much. I'll probably just go home and soak my head. Have you ever tried that? It clears the mind."*

"Did you find a present for your aunt?"

Beck's head came out from under the floor. "I'm giving her an electronic football." He gripped the edge of the panels and crawled back out.

"Have a candy bar," said Sardos, taking a Mounds Bar from his pocket.

Beck looked at it, removed the wrapper. "From you, Sardos, I expected gourmet chocolate."

"It was a gift," said Sardos.

Beck knelt alongside Pinocchio, the length of chocolate in his teeth. "All right, we're cleaning up your act." He slid the enchanted boy away from the Skunk's provocative tail, then turned to Sardos. "And you're going to leave it like this. You're going to leave *everything* as it is."

"Why?"

"Why? So we can *pull the curtain*. Dann, there is no tomorrow. The store won't even *be open* tomorrow. Christmas is a-comin' in. Do you understand? Or are you too far gone?"

"Probably." Sardos turned and walked slowly down the Street of the Animals.

Alone again in the night, he continued wondering what to do with the Wolf. Jeff had been right, of course. He could not have the Wolf mashing the Bunny Sisters.

Salvador Dali could. Salvador Dali had pushed a bathtub full of water through Bonwit Teller's window, shattering the glass and dousing the crowd. But, thought Sardos, Dali wasn't working at Bonwit's for a living.

Sardos knelt beside the Wolf and lifted the animal's control panel. It was not the sort of thing you tore apart on Christmas Eve; not without forfeiting your sanity. He paused, gazing at the overturned panel, its nest of wires and mechanical parts.

". . . if the Wolf were coming out of the Inn . . . I have some room there . . ." He hurried to the little Inn, knelt at the miniature door, and looked in. ". . . the Wolf is coming out of the Inn . . . loaded . . . I'll buckle his knees, drop his cape around him . . ."

Behind this sudden flight of imagination, he felt something stonelike in his mind, and recognized it as the bitter truth: that he'd missed his deadline, had a stupid window, and nothing he could do in the next few hours would save him.

The familiar panic swept over him, then the gut-wrenching hunger, then the suicidal despair. He set the Wolf down. " . . . give me a minute . . . I'm oscillating . . ."

He sank on both knees in front of the Inn, then slipped forward on his hands and shook his head violently to clear it, making a gagging sound as he did so. It sometimes helped.

He lay face down in the street, head turned toward the Inn door, as if he himself had just stumbled out of it after a night of carousing with a bunch of rowdy beasts.

Get up, Sardos. You've got to get up.

He was gazing at the Wolf's boots and glistening spurs. An inspiring sight, but he couldn't move. His adrenaline was used up, spent in one panic after another; he'd had it.

Rise, Sardos, rise and shine.

He did not rise and shine; he groped his way through the Inn door, the better to curl up inside it and sleep; sheltered by its snug walls, a grown window decorator could feel he'd returned to the womb.

Within the Inn was straw, off in a corner, a pillow for his head. Lying in the straw was a Tootsie Roll.

Sardos stared at it, nested there in the hay.

I am not alone.

He felt, then, the mysterious hand of the unknown friend who'd been sharing these lonely vigils with him. He opened the Tootsie Roll and ate it; a flood of childhood memories came to him, from times he'd forgotten.

He crawled back out of the Inn and stood.

"I have returned."

He took up his tool kit, brought it to the Inn door. He placed the Wolf on his paws and knees, Wolf crawling through the doorway, cape draped over his ears, only his snout showing. ". . . the drunken cavalier . . . I like it . . ." He had room inside the Inn to lay the wires free, let the levers show, then shadow them with the door. The Wolf, his mechanical anatomy designed for walking, would look that much better crawling. He'll look like he *thinks* he's walking. It's pure Cocteau.

Chewing the last of his Tootsie Roll, Sardos whispered thanks again to his secretive companion somewhere in the store.

"*Sardos!*" The voice of Louis Fontaine sounded outside the door.

"Yes, Julius?"

"*Open this door!*"

The doorknob turned; the lock, having already been picked, admitted Fontaine, to the owner's surprise. He stepped into the window area. He was followed by Officer Locke, from whose fist dangled a boy in a silver jogging suit. The store prowler had been nabbed.

"Don't try any funny business," growled Locke. The boy's eyes continued darting around, but he was securely held in Locke's grip.

> "Oh, my god,"
> said Beck. "They're going
> to haul you in on
> a morals charge. This window
> is for *children*.
> Where do you think you are,
> Forty-second Street?"

Sardos looked at the boy. "What's going on?"

"This young man in the silver jogging suit," said Louis Fontaine, "is a homeless boy. He's been living in the store and Officer Locke has just caught him. What I want you to do—" Fontaine puffed on his cigar. "—is build some kind of charitable display at the center of the store, featuring this boy, whom we will star as the Orphan of the Year."

Sardos was swallowing the last of his Tootsie Roll. The boy was looking at him, a faint smile on his lips, until Officer Locke shook him again, growling, "*Pay attention!*" and lifted him directly between Sardos and Fontaine, where he remained, dangling.

Sardos had the crumpled Tootsie wrapper in his hand. He looked at it, looked at the boy. The boy seemed to give him a nod, or perhaps it was just Officer Locke's paw shaking loose the vertabrae in his neck.

Sardos turned back to Fontaine. "What kind of display did you have in mind?"

"Some sort of tax write-off," said Fontaine, "in the name of compassion."

Fontaine indicated with his cigar that Locke should release his captive. Then he turned back to Sardos. "We have here one runaway boy, and one department store. We're combining them into a message of love and warmth, to be shown daily."

"A very subtle touch, Louis," said Sardos, sagging at the thought of it.

"It's the best marketing idea of the year." Fontaine turned to Locke. "Go up to the liquor department and bring one of the cheaper cases of champagne." Fontaine turned to Sardos. "I can't pull your curtain without champagne."

Locke stepped out to get the champagne. The minute he was gone, the boy in the silver jogging suit dove through Animal Village, sailed out a back door, and was gone.

"There goes your Orphan of the Year, Louis," said Sardos.

Fontaine ran to the window, pulled the curtain, and saw his homeless boy outside, a silver flash in the street. The boy stared in at them, waved to Sardos, and was gone, up the avenue.

Sardos flipped the switch that set Animal Village in motion. The Bunny Sisters gyrated slowly toward Fontaine, their furry bosoms working in and out. They stroked him with furry paws, as if to console him for having just lost the worst marketing idea of the year. Fontaine puffed his cigar thoughtfully, and stared out through the window. "That young man could have had a future in this store."

"I guess he had other plans, Louis," said Dann Sardos, standing back, to watch his Village working. Officer Locke came in with the champagne, and they popped a few corks. Sardos collapsed in his folding chair, a glass of champagne in his hand. His window was open, and the street outside was empty, no one watching the window's magic, no one there to appreciate the grand opening of his insane labor.

But the dreadful Eve was almost over, and he could sleep in a folding chair. Apparently he would not be fired, and would live to create another mad spectacle, for the next season.

"It's good, Sardos," Louis Fontaine was saying, as he strolled through the Village of the Animals. "Late but good. It could have been improved by an Orphan of the Year in its midst, but opportunity slipped through our hands, as it sometimes does."

"Yes," said Sardos, in a soft mutter as his head collapsed on his chest. He saw his village from long ago, tiny houses bright with little lights inside them, the dream he could never capture, the dream that always eluded him. He sailed toward the long-lost village, his soul a painted toy, a chipped iron figure. He entered the village, and skated on the lake of mirrors, round and round, in an iron hat and iron knickers, round and round, a toy at play in time.

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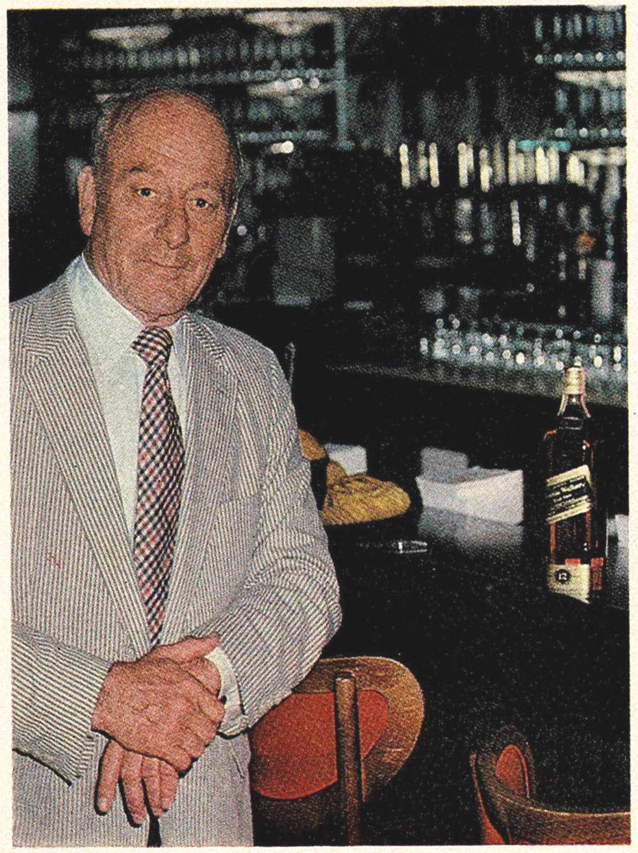
BAR HOPS

BY MICHAEL VERMEULEN



We're a label-happy society these days, in our drinking as much as on our jeans. "Make mine Scotch and soda" just isn't good enough anymore. The fashionable now know to say Stoly or Smirnoff when they mean vodka, Jack Daniel's or Wild Turkey for bourbon, J&B or Cutty for Scotch.

"We get most of our call items in Scotch," says Charlie Clarke, general manager at P. J. Clarke's—the venerable New York watering hole his uncle founded ninety years ago. A hot Third Avenue hangout for sports figures, TV newscasters, and an occasional governor, P.J.'s has followed the movement toward "white" spirits. "Rums are moving up in popularity, Scotch is losing some vitality," reports Clarke, who recites the liquor ticker as though reading the day's market tally. "Cordials are coming on strong. Especially the Kahlúas. Vodka's very, very popular, usually in a martini on the rocks." The most popular Scotches ordered by name are Dewar's and both Johnnie Walkers, Red Label and Black. Though brand-consciousness isn't as strong among vodkas, called-for brands at Clarke's are the imports: Russia's Stolichnaya, Finlandia, and Poland's Absolut.

"The trend's to drink less at noontime, keep a clear head," adds Clarke, who sees a brisk lunch business in Perrier and soda water. "Imported beers are getting very popular. Especially Molson's from Canada. Also very big is our strawberry daiquiri."

Uptown at Elaine's, the casual Italian joint preferred by many of New York's literary and entertainment luminaries, the front bar also does a brisk trade in brand-name Scotch and vodka. The occasional famed southern writer breezing through town (and those wishing they were famed, southern, and/or breezing) asks for sour mash, such as Jack Daniel's or Jim Beam. Imported beer or anonymous white wine, sometimes served with soda as a spritzer, also takes the edge off a long day over a cold typewriter. Movie folk in from the Coast tend toward the same drinks, only a few more of them than their New York confreres order.

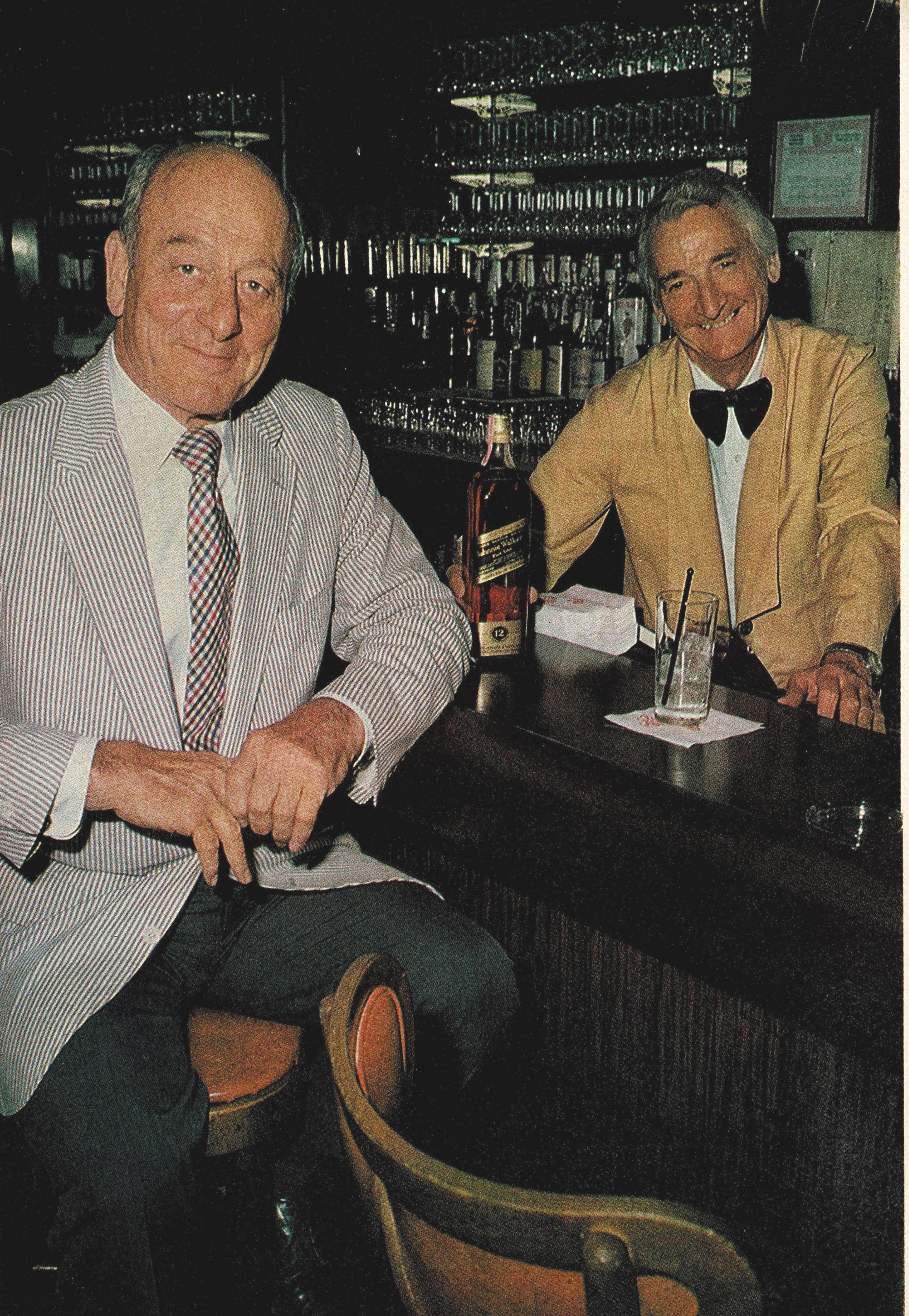
In Elaine's back rooms, wine washes down dinners of scungilli salad and scallopinis of veal. "Wine is a very, very large item," says Elaine's owner, Elaine Kaufman. "Thankfully. People are a lot more mellow if they drink two bottles of wine instead of four stingers." Soave and Verdicchio are favored, with another Italian white, Fontana Candida Frascati, gaining admirers. Asked-for reds are Barolo and Chianti Riserva. Woody Allen, an Elaine's regular, sticks to French vintages, such as Château LaTour '78, selling there for around $45 a bottle.

Perhaps only at brunch is label-consciousness sacrificed to more inspired eye-openers. At Mortimer's on Lexington Avenue, the tony folks like to get things going with an "Irish espresso." Two champagne-based drinks, the Mimosa (champagne and fresh orange juice) and the Kir Royale (champagne and crème de cassis), enjoy adherents like Jacqueline Bisset, Alexander Godunov, and Cheryl Tiegs. The traditional Bloody Mary, spiced with Worcestershire sauce, celery salt, and Tabasco, is a standard—as is the throatier Bullshot, which substitutes beef bouillon for the tomato juice. One customer was so partial to the drink that she sent the restaurant a $250 Christmas tip, payable "as long as the bartender who makes my Bullshots is generously compensated." Both Diana Vreeland and Margaux Hemingway are Bullshot fans.

The actors, producers, and other assorted theatrical types who frequent Sardi's down their liquor neat or in deftly

(Above) Sardi's owner, Vincent Sardi and (next page) with bartender Jack Kustera; (opposite) Elaine Kaufman of Elaine's with bartender Thomas Carney.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY GUCCIONE



P.J.'S STRAWBERRY DAIQUIRI

Pour one ounce white rum into a glass. Add scoop of cut-up strawberries (about three ounces), dash lemon juice, and one teaspoon sugar. Fill with crushed ice and mix in a blender till slushy.

BULLSHOT

Pour two ounces vodka, three ounces beef bouillon, three-quarters ounce lemon juice over ice. Stir and season to taste with Worcestershire sauce, celery salt, freshly ground black pepper, Tabasco sauce, or horseradish.

DANISH MARY

Mix three ounces Danish Aquavit with three-quarters ounce lemon juice and four ounces tomato juice or V-8. Season to taste with freshly ground black pepper, Tabasco, soy sauce, or onion juice. Shake with shaved ice and pour or strain into a glass. Garnish with a frond of fresh dill.

MIMOSA

Pour equal parts chilled fresh orange juice and champagne into a tulip glass. Add a dash of Cointreau.

PLANTER'S PUNCH

Combine one ounce lemon juice, two ounces orange juice, one and one-quarter ounce light rum, two ounces pineapple juice, and one-half ounce grenadine with shaved ice. Stir well. Pour into a chimney glass. Carefully pour three-quarters ounce Myer's dark rum around the edge to form a shallow pool on top. Garnish with fresh fruit chunks.

CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

Take a tulip-shaped champagne glass. Add two dashes bar bitters and one ounce sugar syrup to bottom. Add one fresh strawberry and freeze into place, making sure to keep the glass upright. Immediately before serving, remove from the freezer and fill with champagne. In moments, the strawberry will thaw and float to the surface.

SARDI'S SOURS

Mix three-to-one fresh lemon juice and the liquor of your choice (bourbon, rum, or gin especially recommended). Shake with ice and strain into glass. Garnish with an orange slice.

IRISH ESPRESSO

Place half a teaspoon sugar at the bottom of a coffee mug. Pour in two ounces Irish whiskey and five ounces hot espresso. Float the whipped cream on top, if desired.

mixed drinks that may well be the best in New York. David Merrick orders Johnnie Walker Red. Jack Lemmon has a perfect vodka martini or Early Times bourbon and water (New York City tap). Liz Taylor, once a bourbon drinker too, now restricts herself to white wine.

Proprietor Vincent Sardi views with a historian's eye the changing drinking patterns of his clientele. "Prior to World War II, it was common for our patrons to have straight whiskey, straight rye. I don't even know if we handled a blend. And in those days, whiskey meant 100-proof. After the war, the call for straight drinks declined and people wanted a lower proof.

"The big change, though, is the huge popularity of vodka. Vodka has replaced gin in many ways. The first vodka drink I remember was something called the Moscow Mule. We made it with vodka, ginger beer, and a slice of lime during World War II—Russia was our ally then—and it became the Bloody Mary. That was about it until the sixties, when everyone started wanting vodka and tonic, vodka martinis, and vodka on the rocks. The idea is that vodka is odorless; it's quite a bit less perfumed than gin. It's also, usually, a little lower-proof."

As it has everywhere else, the white wine phenomenon has affected Sardi's. "White wine is a bar drink now," says its owner. "It never used to be." But the quest for lightness does know some bounds: Sardi's bottled-water business has lost a lot of its fizz, being down significantly since its peak three years ago. Yet the more things change . . . Perennial Sardi's favorites are sours, tart and deceptively simple combinations of fresh lemon juice and rum, Scotch, vodka, or any other hootch. They are the special province of evening bartender Renato ("Ray") Tornato.

At The Pump Room, Chicago's traditional place to see and be seen, managing partner Marvin Magin explains, "Most of our customers are pretty straight drinkers. They aren't too interested in the fancy mixed drinks, Piña Coladas and the like. They are quite sophisticated drinkers. They drink more, and more consistently order by label."

The house policy of pricing most drinks at the same $3 encourages a bit of experimentation. Scotch drinkers are often tempted to dabble with lush single-malt imports like Glenlivet that would go for a far higher tariff elsewhere. And with Johnnie Walker Red as the bottle in the well, even those who order generically can't go wrong.

The restaurant that turned "Booth Number One" into an institution, The Pump Room maintains files on its celebrity patrons, jotting down their special preferences and particulars. Magin notes that when Frank Sinatra stops by, he sips sambuca, an Italian anise-flavored liqueur served with several roasted coffee beans floating on its surface. Richard Burton orders Glenfiddich, another single-malt Scotch; Chicago Bulls' center Artis Gilmore prefers Dom Perignon champagne. The Pump Room also enjoys a neighborhood crowd that, considering that the neighborhood is Chicago's Gold Coast, is no less elevated. Many habitués conclude an evening on the town by enjoying the famed bar's elegant Champagne Cocktail: a tulip glass with a fresh strawberry frozen in bitters at its bottom and champagne poured on top.

In California, the famous and the fashionable go for drinks reflecting their state's status as the land of milk and honey. At Michael's, a popular dining spot near the Santa Monica oceanfront, the house specialty is based on those two themes—an unlikely amalgam of milk, honey, heavy cream, grated orange peel, nutmeg, Triple Sec, and single-malt Scotch whisky; they call it a Scotch Solace. At the exclusive restaurant Ma Maison, the bar serves a mellifluent drink called Alexander's Baby, a mixture of crème de cacao and crème de cassis. Another popular concoction wending its way across Los Angeles is the California Driver, a tall screwdriver-of-sorts composed of equal parts fresh orange and grapefruit juice spiked with vodka.

The venerable L.A. landmark restaurant Chasen's mixes up an especially bracing drink for its regular patrons, the powers-that-be in Hollywood and the world of television. A goblet is coated inside with Spanish sherry, then filled with ice. A twisted orange peel and three ounces of freezing vodka are added, another twisted peel is floated on top, and then a match is touched to the surface, creating a low, blue pyre. They call it their Flame of Love, and serve it to the likes of Dean Martin and Ed McMahon.

At the famous Polo Lounge in the Beverly Hills Hotel, the clientele includes just about every bicoastal dignitary and studio honcho in Hollywood plus a constellation of TV and film stars. Alexandre Silvestre, the Polo Lounge's house white wine, is the libation of choice for Karen Carpenter and Olivia Newton-John. Elke Sommer invariably orders a margarita. Olivia De Havilland loves domestic champagne, particularly Korbel Brut, in spite of the fact that she lives in France. Carol Burnett goes for a mild Bloody Mary; Robert Wagner, for a Bullshot.

Another Bloody variation with which many guests at the Polo Lounge begin a typically furious day of deal-making is a Danish Mary. It uses Aquavit (a Scandinavian caraway-flavored liqueur) in place of vodka. Head bartender Jack Riseden imaginatively garnishes it with a frond of fresh dill instead of a mundane celery stick. Another of Jack Riseden's specialties, the Godfather, combines Scotch and amaretto and is the usual favorite Erik Estrada. Other common orders are coolers of all varieties. Among these are strawberry daiquiris, margaritas made with shaved ice, imported vodka and tonic, and planter's punch.

PENTHOUSE *Fashion Finder*

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

have to check this and check that and by the time they could make arrangements, my time in the halfway house would be up. So I had to just set it out, that's what it boiled down to.

You see, people always want to try and find something dramatic or tragic in Adan's stabbing. But it was nothing like that. It was just something that happened.

Penthouse: "Just something that happened"? You were carrying a knife, you stabbed him. How can you say it wasn't tragic?

Abbott: Yeah, well, if it was, it didn't have anything to do with me. It was in my psychology.

Penthouse: But it wouldn't have happened if you hadn't been carrying a knife.

Abbott: Yeah, the thing that I was at fault with was carrying the knife, sure. But the Lower East Side was a terrible place. To me it was just like being in a war zone. I felt I had to carry a knife with me whenever I went out anywhere in the neighborhood, at least when I was alone.

Penthouse: Did you tell people you were carrying a knife?

Abbott: Yes. Everyone told me just to avoid being in that neighborhood as much as possible.

Penthouse: No one told you the knife might get you into a jam?

Abbott: I don't think that they perceived it as a jam. I mean, it isn't a jam if somebody just leaps up off the sidewalk and attacks you as you're passing and cuts you a few times and tries to rob or stab you. That isn't just a jam. It's a matter of having to protect yourself.

Penthouse: Are you talking about pride, honor?

Abbott: I'm talking about physical health, damn it.

Penthouse: You could have been set upon by a dozen guys, but if there was any trouble, it would be your ass, not theirs, in the eyes of the law. You were awaiting full parole, you weren't supposed to be carrying a knife. Did you think of that?

Abbott: Yeah. But when I was released I wasn't free to move and live where I wanted to. I was stuck there, in that one halfway house that was in the most bombed-out area in New York. The most violent area in the city.

Penthouse: But you had to be aware of your position. You're released from a lifetime in prison. The lampshades have turned to gold, you've got a new life . . .

Abbott: People keep wanting to see this as if it was happening on a movie screen or something. It isn't a movie! That's not the way you should look at it. Forget that cinematic picture of me getting out and being some kind of celebrity. That's not the way I was seeing things.

Penthouse: Then let's begin with the premise that you've had a pretty bad life. And you produce this extraordinary book, and through a chain of events you're released from prison. You have an opportunity to start all over again. This doesn't accurately describe the situation?

Abbott: No, I never saw it in those terms, damn it. That's bourgeois bullshit.

Penthouse: Why? You couldn't believe it was happening?

Abbott: I served nineteen years in adult prison. Why don't people understand that I was in there to serve time? Then I got out of prison, and it wasn't because of the book. My book had nothing to do with me getting out, really. I served my time and I got out, you know? Now, am I supposed to feel like I've been redeemed or something? I was relieved to be out. I was relieved to be out of prison, that's all. But the trumpets never played. I didn't get any spiritual . . . I didn't experience any Donald Duck emotion or whatever the fuck they call it. The thing is, I just got out of prison, plain and simple. I didn't have any whole new life. I had *my* whole life, and the present was just a continuation of it. I guess a lot of white guys say that when they get out of prison, they go through a lot of psychological changes. They get maudlin and sentimental about being home and all the rest of it. But that didn't occur to me. I'm almost forty years old, see? Those things don't occur to me.

Penthouse: What was your response to your instant celebrity?

Abbott: I didn't see it as any celebrity. I think a lot of it was concealed from me. People probably didn't want me to get conceited. I knew that my book was being reviewed by the top, the *New York Times*, *Time* magazine. But I have also read people reviewed in the *Times* who were never heard from again. *Time* magazine reviews books every week. I knew I could write; there was no question about that. But I didn't care about anyone's response to it. The main thing is, I don't have any respect for this society. I don't *like* this society. I don't like this country. I was going to leave it as soon as I could. As a matter of fact, I had been talking to editors at *The New York Review of Books* about it, and Bob Silvers, the head guy there, was trying to arrange for me to go abroad on some assignments for them so that I could travel and find someplace to live.

Penthouse: Why do you hate this country so?

Abbott: I hate this country because of what has happened to me here. They have pushed me to the limit since I was a kid. Whenever I've been out of prison I've felt so fucking bitter I couldn't even see straight. Do you know what that's like? Everything tastes like shit and all your memories—even the good ones—become all bad.

Penthouse: What happened the night of Adan's stabbing?

Abbott: It was about 3:00 A.M. I was with two girls, and they wanted to get something to eat in my neighborhood. I should have known better than to stay in that neighborhood. We're in this Bini-Bon cafe and Adan comes over to the table and gives us menus. We start to order and he puts his hand on my shoulder and looks at Susie and says, "I don't take orders. That's the guy who takes orders," motioning to another waiter. So we're eating and later on he looks at me and says, "What are you looking at?" I turn away from him, try to ignore him. And then I hear him again: "What are you looking at?" I don't look at him. He starts to step over. So I get up and walk over to him and I ask him why he's saying this to me. "Have I done something to you?" I ask. "No, no," he says. "Then what did you say that for?" I ask. "Say what?" he says. "What's wrong with you?" "Nothing's wrong with me," I reply. "What's wrong with you?" Soon I got tired of it and I turn and walk back to my table. I'm thinking, well, it's nothing. I'd have walked out of the cafe if I'd been alone the first time he said it.

But as I'm walking back to my table, Adan's talking loud and people in the room were listening and watching. So I turn back around to him. You see, I keep thinking that he's going to come over to the table and upset us. So I say, "Look, if you really got a problem, let's talk about it someplace besides in the middle of this floor." Meanwhile there's another waiter walking by. Adan says, "Do you want to go outside?" That's when I looked at him and started thinking, *He's really coming on. He's really too aggressive.* I figure the other waiter knows him; he can talk to him, calm him down, so I say to him, "Look, we've got a problem here. Is there anywhere we can go to discuss this?" I'm thinking that if I talk to him nice, then he'll talk to Adan and cool it off. I want him to see that I don't want any trouble, that I'm not acting aggressive. He says, "I don't know." "What about a cloakroom?" I ask. "We just throw our things on the floor in a pile when we come to work," he says. I'm standing there trying to figure out what to do. I see a door to the kitchen. I say, "What about in there?" He looks at me and says that customers aren't allowed to use the rest room.

All this time, Adan is standing there mimicking me, taunting me. So now Adan says something about how the customers aren't sanitary. I say, "Look, I don't want to use the rest room. That isn't the point." Adan then turns around and reaches behind the counter, like to put something in his pocket, and then turns around and hits me in the chest. He jarred me, and I took a step back and told him, "Okay, then, let's go outside." I didn't think he'd do anything now. He's acting like he's got a knife in his pocket and I'm taking it that he's bluffing. I've seen a lot of people do that, so I'm not paying much attention to it. So I go out the door. I pause to say something to him, and he says, "Go over there" and points to the corner. Now, I'm trying to talk to this guy, and I turn back to say something to him, but before I could turn all the way around he says, "Go around the corner" and he's walking right behind me. I'm thinking, *Well, he's playing a game like I see kids playing all over New York. They talk like they're in the movies. They talk real loud and say that they're going to hurt somebody.* Adan was, like, *acting.* He was trying to scare me. He was putting on.

Now, I know that I'm not going to find anybody who will say that Adan was the type of guy to do something like that, but that's what he did. So I was thinking, *Well, I'm just going to let him lead me wherever he wants to and then when he's tired of playing his game, I'm going to ask him what's wrong with him.* So I walk around the corner and he's right at my heels with his hand over his pocket, pretending he's got a knife in there.

When I stopped walking, that's when I started getting worried. I didn't know where I was. It was dark and there were broken bottles and garbage all over the place. When I turned around, I could see that he was about ten feet away from me. I thought he was going to dive into me, take a shot at me with that knife and just jump back out. That's what he looked like he was going to do, and I've seen people do just that. So I hollered at him and told him not to come any closer. I pulled out my knife. I held it up so he could see it and I started to come around him. I'm thinking that this guy is fucking nuts. And I was just trying to get up out of there. But I'm going to defend myself if it comes to it. I'm going to stab him. But at the same time, I'm going to try to get around it. I shouted again, "Now stay where you are," and I'd just started to say, "Don't come any closer" when he just came right at me.

Penthouse: There's no question in your mind that he came at you?

Abbott: No question whatsoever. He came at me. He charged me. He dove at me.

Penthouse: Why? It doesn't make sense.

Abbott: I don't know why, I don't know. Like I'm telling you, the only thing that anybody knows about him is that he was a waiter at the Bini-Bon and that he was going to acting school and that he wrote a play. Have you ever seen Adan's play?

Penthouse: No.

Abbott: No one has. I wonder why not. I mean, is it written? Supposedly, he had completed a play. But I know that a producer went down to New York and tried to get it and was told it wasn't done. Anyway, I know everyone says that a guy like Adan doesn't do that kind of thing. I can't argue with that. I don't know why he did what he did, but I also don't know why people do a lot of things, and you don't question things like that at the moment they're happening.

You know, I've never spent more time thinking about anything in my life than Adan. When I was a fugitive, I was thinking that if I got caught, all I'd have to do is get a good lawyer and show him exactly what happened and even though I'd probably be sent back to prison, there wouldn't be any question that I did what I had to do. If I had known what the press was doing, I would have probably gone looking for

IN THE DECEMBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

THE PENTAGON PAPERS OF SEX

During the waning days of World War II, the War Department decided to survey American soldiers regarding their sexual behavior in an attempt to control venereal disease. The startling results were immediately classified, then buried in the army's archives—until discovered by Philip Nobile. They make interesting reading, to say the least.

THE TEN WORST SEX SYNDROMES

From seminal allergies to micropenises, Linda Murray outlines ten of the most undesirable sex-related conditions.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FORESKIN

Myth and misinformation continue to make a strong case for circumcision, despite the fact that there are exquisite nerve endings in the male foreskin. A new look at the uncircumcised penis by Paul C. McWilliams.

LOVE IN BLACK AND WHITE

He was prosperous. She was successful. Both were bright and attractive. It was the perfect affair—almost. When it comes to love and sex, color may not be only skin-deep.

GREAT MOVIE ORGASMS

Village Voice film critic Carrie Rickey unreels a string of movie climaxes from *North by Northwest* to *Rich and Famous*. Get the final word on how Hollywood portrays passion.

some information on this guy.

Penthouse: For what reason?

Abbott: It might have given me the information to answer your question, why Richard Adan would do something like that. Right after it happened, I put it out of my mind because, to me, he was nothing but another one of those guys on the Lower East Side, probably a junkie, some kind of nut.

And I just couldn't believe when I started hearing people questioning what had happened. I couldn't believe it. I started thinking about it over and over. I never quit thinking about it.

But you see, now we have to take great care in talking about Adan because he is dead. Because of this and because of my past and because the press has come down so hard on me, nobody wants the responsibility of saying that perhaps Adan . . . might have . . . uh . . . asked for it.

Penthouse: How? By his inept movements?

Abbott: I didn't say he made any inept movements. I told you he made a movement at me.

Penthouse: Inept in the sense that things would have been totally different if he'd just said, "Okay, man, enough," and walked away.

Abbott: Yeah. You see, if anybody talks about this and attributes what happened in any way to Adan's inept movements, then they feel that it is somehow justifying his death. So they won't say that. It's such a whole bunch of shit. It's getting to the point where I'm just getting tired of even thinking about it.

Penthouse: How do you respond to this quote from an editorial in the *New York Times:* "Nobody familiar with American corrections can honestly say that the experience of Jack Henry Abbott is unusual. The conditions that created his rage and the official cynicism that may have helped his release are routine in penal institutions all over America. That's why, finally, the case of Jack Henry Abbott symbolizes an awful failure of criminal justice. 'When Americans can get angry because of the violence done to my life and the countless lives of men like me,' Jack Abbott wrote, 'then there will be an end to violence. But not before.' It is certainly time for him to go back to prison. Perhaps it is time for the rest of us to get angry too."

Abbott: I can't answer to the *New York Times.* Those people are flat liars. The things they say don't affect me. That's your world. I don't like this society; I don't like the people in this society and the people who write those things are little, little chicken-shits. They have middle-class lives and they've never had to be questioned about anything. They're the ones who run things. It's easy for them to take positions. They don't like my book because I'm a communist.

Penthouse: Do they have the right to be angry that Richard Adan was killed?

Abbott: They don't got the right for a fucking thing.

Penthouse: Why not? Because by your lights they haven't paid their dues?

Abbott: They haven't paid their dues, exactly.

Penthouse: Simple as that?

Abbott: Simple as that. They don't got the right to tell me all this shit when they did all that they did to me. And the thing that is outrageous about this is that there's a stubborn refusal to understand what really happened. I served nineteen years in prison, I get out, and they threw me in the Lower East Side. I got into a fight with a waiter and he gets killed, and now they try to cast this Adan into an angelic mold. They're putting a whole different perspective on it. They're refusing to understand it because of the book. I'm telling you, it's because of my book.

Have you heard any of them talk bad about my communism? Have you heard any of them say that Abbott would like to see the U.S. government overthrown? Or that Abbott would like to see their lives taken away from them? Have you heard them talking about any of that in the news? No. They talk instead about how angelic Adan was. They throw him all out of kilter; they throw the whole situation out of kilter.

Did you know that this country, the United States, uses books to start off their propaganda campaigns? You know what

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happened in Argentina?

Penthouse: The Falklands crisis?

Abbott: Yes. You know they opened up their propaganda campaign against Argentina with that book by Jacobo Timerman? And with all the propaganda, if someone wanted to have a book that they could hold up against this country, they'd certainly hold up *In the Belly of the Beast.* My book is now published in twelve or thirteen foreign countries. And it's probably safe to say that if any of those countries wanted to say anything bad about the U.S., they'd refer people to my book.

Penthouse: You don't think you're inflating its importance?

Abbott: It's a result of all the publicity that they've poured on the book, all the slander that they have done to me. Every major magazine has written on me, every one of them. The thing that I'm saying is that they didn't write about me because Norman Mailer helped an inmate get out of prison who killed a waiter on the Lower East Side. That wasn't why they made all that noise. That wasn't why my book was sold in the first place. A first author doesn't sell a book like that. You asked me earlier if I was aware of the significance of the book—of my being given a big break because of the press attention. And I told you that I didn't, because I didn't know the importance of *Time* magazine and the *New York Review of Books.* Mailer had told me that it would probably sell maybe 40,000 paperbacks and that would be it.

But then I knew, in spite of what anybody said, that that book was going to cause me some serious problems. I knew that it wasn't going to just get published and be forgotten. I knew that it was going to sell more than what Mailer told me. I never said anything to him, because he's the expert.

Penthouse: When did you realize what impact the book would have?

Abbott: I didn't really notice the impact of it until I saw the galleys, until I saw it in print. Then it had an identity of its own. I was removed from it then. I could look at it like it was a book that somebody else had written. And then I knew that it was going to cause a stink, because I knew about prison literature. I knew that this was something that had never been written before. I told my sister at the time, "This book's going to make me the most hated man in this country."

Penthouse: Again, you're not being a little grandiose?

Abbott: I think it probably has made me the most hated man in the country. I get letters from people telling me they don't understand how I can stand up under all the hatred directed at me. I've never read anything that's even neutral on the subject of me. Everything is against me.

Penthouse: Untrue. Reviews, editorials like in the *Times*—

Abbott: It's all a complete failure to understand. The most, the *worst* that anybody could know about me is that I got out of prison, and then got into an argument with a waiter. But we both agreed to go outside. We went outside, and in the ensuing struggle, I killed him. Now that is not so . . . I shouldn't be compared with the Boston Strangler or somebody like that. People might not agree with it, but it's not such an awful, outrageous, inhuman act that requires that all this hatred be directed at me and that all these things in the press be said about me.

Penthouse: You wrote about "prison paranoia." Isn't it just possible that this is what's operating here?

Abbott: I don't like to use the word *paranoid* no more because most people don't understand it. But I have become apprehensive, sure. Ever since Adan, I have had trouble writing to anyone without being angry, without having that tone. And it bothers me. I sit down to write a civil sentence and I can't do it.

Penthouse: Why not?

Abbott: I'm trying to get ahold of this thing, but I don't know what it is. I'm on the defensive, I keep thinking there's something that people are thinking, something real crazy about that Adan thing. But, all I know is what he did, what he said; his character, or what may have been going on in the back of his mind, that I can only infer.

> ‘ I hate this country because of what has happened to me here. . . . Whenever I've been out of prison, I've felt so fucking bitter I couldn't even see straight. ’

Penthouse: From your tone now, though, there doesn't seem to be any guilt or sorrow for having stabbed him.

Abbott: Guilt? No. Only remorse. You can have remorse for something like that without having guilt.

Penthouse: Explain the distinction.

Abbott: Having conscience, what I call remorse, for killing somebody doesn't have to spring from guilt. The thing that's so bad about it, whenever you think about it, is that it has a lot to do with mortality, with someone's not getting a second chance. It has to do with the lifetime represented in anybody.

Penthouse: You're talking about the finality of killing, its absolute, irreversible dimension?

Abbott: That's what I'm saying, that's the whole thing. Right there is grounds for grief. It doesn't matter who it is. I don't care if it's Hitler. You know how Christians beam when they think that a sinner has been "born again"? Well, it's the same thing. I'm a communist, you know that, and given my faith in rehabilitation, there's no point in having to kill somebody.

Penthouse: For the record, though, Adan was not the first man you'd killed.

Abbott: No. There was a guy at Draper, another inmate. I had just gotten out of the hole. I'd had some real serious problems in that prison; I'd been there three years and had a bad thing with the inmates, most of whom were from my reform school. They had betrayed me whenever they got the chance. They also agitated people to come and crack on me, you know, to come and hit on me, and they sent this particular guy over to provoke me. He had informed on an escape attempt I'd been involved in—he was a trustee, had spotted me trying to lob the casing for a pipe bomb over into the exercise yard, me and another guy—and when I found out that he'd snitched, I let him know and he said, "So what are you going to do about it?" Two or three weeks passed. He kept egging me on and I wasn't doing anything about it because I knew he was buddy-buddy with the guards. Then he started saying that he was going to fuck me. Some people were laughing about it and an old con I knew told me I'd better do something about this guy. You can't let something like that pass. In prison if you have trouble with someone, unless the guy's a real good friend, it almost always ends in violence. There's no other way out, 'cause you got to live there, you know, in those two square acres, maybe for ten years.

So anyway, I knew the night this guy was planning to rape me. The guy I'd been getting advice from had a knife hidden in a hollowed-out chair leg. I'm walking down the hallway when the guy who'd been threatening me, him and his friend, follow me, walk up beside me, one on each side. They got me packed in between them. And so I pulled out the knife and I jerked free from them. When I did that, the guy saw the knife, put his hand in his pocket, and his friend swings a two-by-four and knocks me down. I'm on my knees. I have the knife in my hand and I have a hold of the guy's hand inside his pocket. They don't know what to do with me. So I swing the knife and I hit him in the side as he's turning around to get away and the knife went around and hung up in his spine. Then I stabbed him again. I kept stabbing him and then he brought his arms up to block his chest and his right arm fell away, severed right up near the shoulder. He slumped down on the floor but his friend keeps knocking me down and I just kept bouncing back up and swinging the knife. I was really hurting; he'd cracked some ribs and was still swinging the two-by-four, so I stepped into him and stabbed him in the neck.

Now, you've got to know that when all this was happening, inmates started hollering and by the time it was over, there must have been 200 or 300 of them packed wall-to-wall watching us and agi-

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tating the whole thing. They're yelling, "Get him, Abbott! Get him!" They didn't like these two guys, because they knew they were snitches. Finally, though, a guard told me to throw down the knife. They took me into a strip cell, maybe half a dozen guards, and beat me. The guy who'd snitched on me died ten days later in the hospital.

Penthouse: But what was your feeling afterwards? This was the first time you'd killed someone. Was there remorse?

Abbott: I felt a change come over me, but I didn't really know what it was. I had a lot of very bad dreams about it, probably from the shock of it. But no, there was no remorse.

Penthouse: Did it change your relations with the other inmates?

Abbott: Well, once you've killed somebody, especially with a knife or a club—in a violent, close-up, physical way—it doesn't matter that people know that you didn't have a choice. There's still that something in them, they're afraid of you. Or I shouldn't say afraid—they're *uncertain* of you. They don't want to be alone with you. They're not sure what your reaction might be if there's an argument and you happen to get mad.

Penthouse: Killing confers status, though, doesn't it?

Abbott: They call it status, but I never took advantage of it. I couldn't have anyway, because they put me in the hole. I never got out of the hole in Draper until I escaped.

Penthouse: How could you have taken advantage of it, though, if you'd wanted to?

Abbott: You'd have someone run errands for you. You could have just about anything you want. I got to say, though, that the only people I've ever abused in prison are guys that push other guys around. And I make myself available to it, intentionally.

Penthouse: Coming back to your reputation on the outside, though. What kind of correspondence have you received since being reimprisoned?

Abbott: Everybody supports me. I've lucked out. I've had one bad letter.

Penthouse: Out of how many?

Abbott: Probably about five or six hundred.

Penthouse: Who writes to you?

Abbott: Mostly women. They want to tell me how they were struck by my book and that they sympathize with me and all that.

Penthouse: At the same time suggesting that you deserve some special break because you're talented?

Abbott: Well, I never got a break.

Penthouse: Some people have the idea that talent redeems.

Abbott: Redeems what? What was wrong with me before? When I was eighteen years old I cashed a bum check. I went to prison for that. Now is that so awful? That was twenty years ago. I'm not better than anybody else. I'm not real worse than anybody else either. I think a better way to look at it is that I should be *rescued* from this place, not redeemed.

Penthouse: We'll come to the subject of prison conditions and how you've been treated in a moment. Here's a quote from your book: "There are some men who cannot be rehabilitated, and these men belong in prison." Do you believe this, that there are individuals who should indefinitely be kept in prison?

Abbott: In this society, yes. In that passage, though, I was talking about the type of person who considers prison his way of life.

Penthouse: How about the clinical classifications of "psychopath," "psychotic," "sociopath"?

Abbott: No. I believe more in what you would call a social class. The important difference in a man is the way he goes about earning his living and what his social origins are.

Penthouse: These things solely determine his behavior?

Abbott: Yes.

> I knew that my book would cause a stink. . . . I told my sister, "This book's going to make me the most hated man in the country."

Penthouse: Do you go along with the definition of a sociopath as someone who fails to distinguish between right and wrong, who has no conscience?

Abbott: That's one of the classifications that they use to justify the death penalty. But you can't talk about conscience without talking about class. If somebody from the working class has to rob a store and has to knock somebody down who resists. . .

Penthouse: It's justifiable for a poor man to kill someone in the course of a robbery?

Abbott: Somebody who is just trying to exist? Yes, conscience depends on if you've done something wrong, it's not what anybody's feelings about it are. What's right is right. Now, if because of his social situation a guy ends up in a supermarket with a gun at the manager's belly telling him to give him the money, he's not going to get pangs of conscience because he's forced to do it. You do what's necessary, what you're forced to do. And if you're forced to do something, it's very regrettable.

Penthouse: Where does repentence enter into it, though?

Abbott: I've seen convicts do that jailhouse repentence bit all my life—that born-again bullshit. I can't bring myself to do something like that. It would force me to admit to things that aren't true.

Penthouse: Like what?

Abbott: Like that what happened was a question of my not being rehabilitated in prison. The simple, blunt thing is that they did this to me because of the book I wrote and . . .

Penthouse: But damn it, you did kill Adan—

Abbott: There we go again. It's Adan, Adan, Adan. Listen. If you think that someone is coming at you and your life is at stake—no matter what was in your attacker's mind—and you kill him instead, even inadvertently, then what's the problem? What's the problem, tell me? Don't people have any understanding?

Penthouse: The problem is that not everyone would have done the same thing if put in your place that night. *That's* the problem.

Abbott: These are the values that I grew up with as a man. If I was a kid in this society today, they'd be telling me that I'm supposed to behave in a certain manner, and that on certain points I'm not supposed to back down. We grow up knowing this. I don't know if everybody would do what I did. It all depends on what you were taught to do, on what you were taught was right.

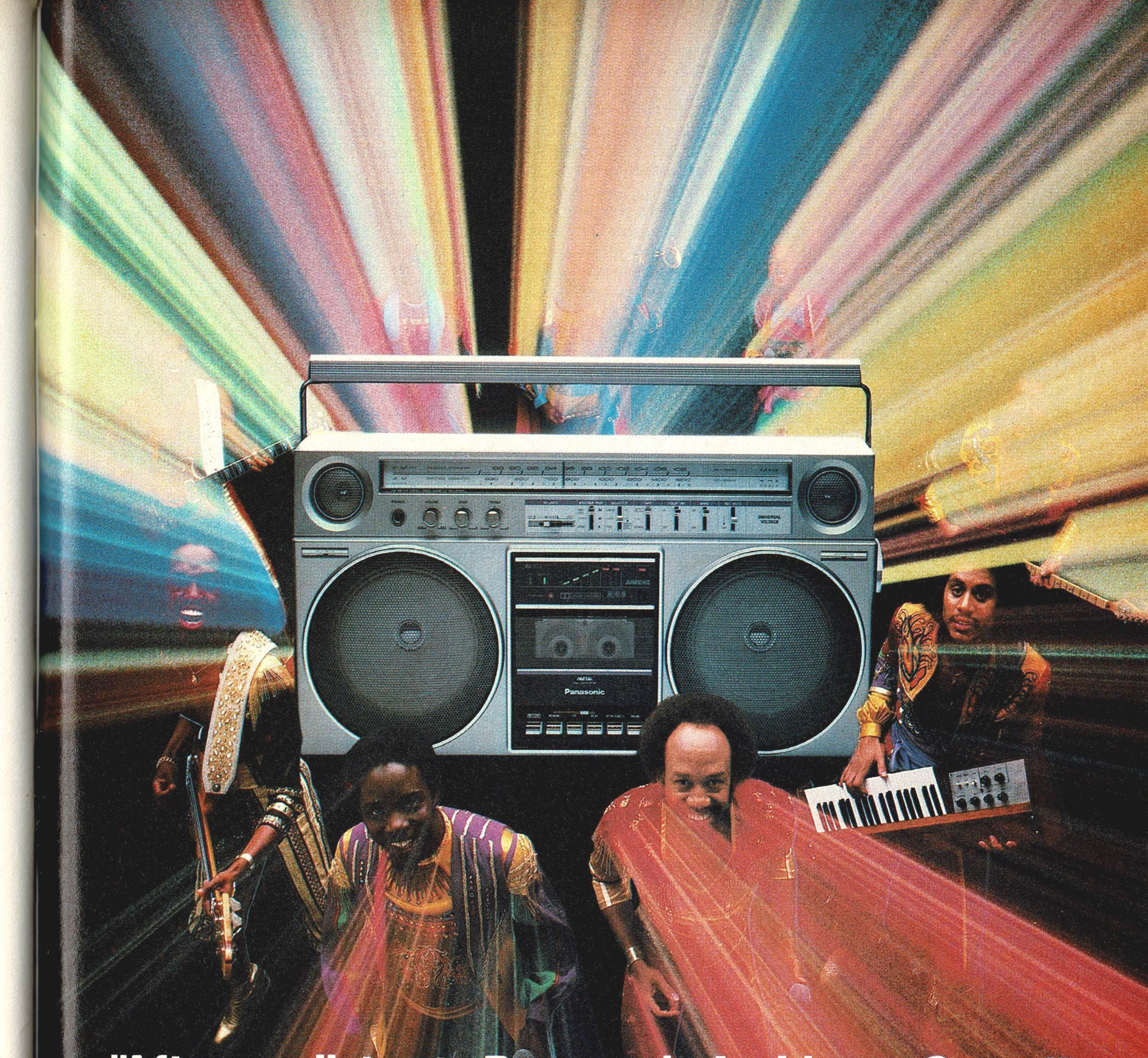
Penthouse: "Right"?

Abbott: To defend yourself, yeah. It isn't a question of not backing down; it's if you're right. *If you are right.* If you're wrong, you're supposed to apologize. You're not ever supposed to take a wrong position. I read a copy of the *Village Voice* recently with an article about me by Bruce Franklin, who was recently purged from the Revolutionary Communist party. He said some things that I thought were perceptive about the difference between me and the ordinary white prisoner who gets out of prison. He talked about me in relation to Malcolm Brady and that fool Bunker, who blame themselves for the conditions of prisons and blame themselves for going to prison in the first place. I can't do that. Not because I don't want to. I'm aware of the vanity of my position, the self-righteous attitude. I'm aware of that, but I can't let it stand in my way, because the people who are leveling those kind of charges at me are people who have an outlook on life that I don't agree with.

I believe that you are a product of your environment. And I think that whenever you're being criticized for doing something that the environment taught you to do, you must point out that it was not what you *wished* to do or what you *wanted* to do; *you did what you had to do.*

Penthouse: What about the idea of personal responsibility?

Abbott: You're not responsible for your conditions, not unless you can control them. I have never been in a democratic society. If I had had all the freedoms of an ordinary citizen, then it would have been different. But I don't have those freedoms.



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I don't have any freedoms to do anything about my condition.

Penthouse: What if they opened the door right now and you were free?

Abbott: I'd ask somebody for enough money for a ticket out of this country.

Penthouse: To where, though?

Abbott: To Cuba.

Penthouse: Why Cuba?

Abbott: Because it's a socialist country. From there I could travel behind the Iron Curtain. I could have employment; there would be something for me to do. I would like to go to Nicaragua. I would like to learn Spanish. I'd get involved in the economics of that country; I'd get involved in land reform down there. Those people down there, they don't have shoes. They have to import shoes. Ordinary things that are industrially produced here are still handcrafted down there. I'd like to go and try to help. In this country, though, if you're helping people who are down—poor people—then you're trying to bring them up through a class structure that's got them down to begin with. You're always spinning your wheels, because that class is always going to exist as long as the other class exists. But if you're in a socialist country like Cuba, they profess those values of classlessness. Classes are almost illegal.

Penthouse: In your book you talk about the supreme injustice of the American judicial and prison system. You say it's the worst in the world. You really believe that?

Abbott: Oh yes, definitely, I believe that.

Penthouse: You don't think that Russia, as a police state . . .

Abbott: People who do comparisons like that never check. If you checked, you'd know that in America they have the most criminal laws. And they have the most people in prisons, who are also given the longest sentences in prison. The only thing that comes close is what the Afrikaners do to a certain class of blacks.

Penthouse: On the other hand, Iranians cut off the hands of people who steal food.

Abbott: All right. I'd rather have my hand cut off than serve life in prison. If you want to know. If you're talking about raw revenge, I think that's more just.

Penthouse: In Moslem countries, they also stone prostitutes to death.

Abbott: Well, I don't know if they do that. But even if they do, even if it's common, I believe that this country has the most unjust legal system. What they did to send me to prison was just a big show.

Penthouse: What has been the impact of your book on your fellow prisoners?

Abbott: The inmates are mad at me because I said some things that are very painful for an inmate to realize. They're upset over it. And white inmates hate it. The black inmates, they like it. Mexicans like it; Puerto Ricans like it.

Penthouse: Why do blacks like it?

Abbott: Because they think I spoke the truth about the relationships in prison. You see, they don't have any psychological problems with being in prison.

Penthouse: Why is that?

Abbott: Jail is just part of their society. I think the statistics are that only one out of every six black men in this country hasn't been to prison. So it's somewhat socially acceptable. Most whites, when they go to prison, are ostracized from their society. It's something they can't tell their children. And so white prisoners have a way of behaving in prison. They have this big thing that they were rebellious kids, but they're not rebellious in prison. You see them up talking to the guards or snitching on each other, and the things that they do—the sex things—they don't want to talk about them or anything. They block them.

But blacks see prison as oppression, the same as they see society. It's not because they're black, it's because they're working-class people. The whites are working-class also, but they lord it over the blacks. The blacks, though, generally exhibit more compassion, more understanding.

> I shouldn't be compared with the Boston Strangler. . . . People might not agree with it, but it's not such an outrageous, inhuman act that requires that all this hatred be directed at me.

Penthouse: To each other?

Abbott: Right. There are exceptions, of course, but they're not so quick to make judgments. They understand games, know how to play the man. A long time ago white convicts knew how to do that, but they don't do it anymore. I've seen the changes, the case workers coming in, the whole changeover. It caused a big shake-up in my outlook when I started reflecting on this, how black guys play the guards without feeling compromised or anything.

Penthouse: How have prisons changed in the last few years?

Abbott: Ever since the civil rights movement in the sixties, the minorities have been filling up the prisons.

Penthouse: And have prison regulations changed since the so-called reforms of the seventies?

Abbott: No, no. The means of discipline has changed. The relationship between inmates and guards has completely changed. Guards know everything about prisoners now. When I first went to prison, before these reforms, they didn't know anything but the vital statistic about a prisoner. Now they research their lives, they keep an update on who everyone's friendly with. They have everything down pat. They know who's arguing with who, and then they send inmates around to different prisons to cause certain effects. They'll transfer prisoner X to a new prison because they know prisoner Y is there and that it will have a certain effect. They want the prisoners to rebel. They do it all very consciously. This is the Bureau of Prisons people. It goes all the way to the top. Norman Carlson, the director, is involved in it. They're always trying to arrange things so that they can cite statistics about how tough their prisons are and how many problems they have and how much money they need, how much help they need, how many guards they need, how much equipment they need.

Penthouse: Why do they do all this?

Abbott: I'll tell you truthfully about Marion. I think they want to tote guns inside Marion. They'd like the gun rails that they have in the California prison system so that the guards with guns would be behind the rails and they could just take out prisoners anytime they wanted to.

Penthouse: You once said about your life at Rikers: "They've got every day of my life computerized so if they want to show I'm insane, they push a button and get all the information that supposedly indicates I'm insane but they can also turn that information around and prove that I'm an incorrigible criminal."

Abbott: Right. It's true.

Penthouse: How do they do this?

Abbott: They use case workers. They're always preparing dossiers out of inmate records. They will prepare it in such a way that at any given time they can project any picture they want. And this in turn is used to justify anything they want to do with an inmate. And so when they're in court, they can bring out anything they want. Whenever somebody looks at my prison record or any inmate's prison record and thinks they're going to learn anything, all they can really see is that we've been really fucked around bad. It's all very dehumanizing, there's no question about it.

Penthouse: What would you do if you could revamp the prison system?

Abbott: The way I look at it, I think you've got to protect society from the police.

Penthouse: That doesn't answer the question.

Abbott: I believe in rehabilitation; I don't believe in punishment. I believe in educating people in a way that you might call brainwashing.

Penthouse: How would you apply this?

Abbott: Well, you get someone who's committed a crime and you talk to them over a period of time and you explain—you bring them to a consciousness of what they've done wrong. You tell them where they made their mistakes and tell them that they won't do it again. You get them to agree that certain things are wrong, and then they understand these things. Then you turn them loose and they don't do it again.

Penthouse: This is what you would do if

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you were put in charge of the Federal Bureau of Prisons?

Abbott: It wouldn't work in this country. What I've just explained involves the whole justice system. It would be impossible without revamping society as a whole. It would require a revolution. The whole thing about revolution is the rehabilitation of society. And the main premise is to do away with class differences.

Penthouse: *You're coming back to a Marxian analysis: that the poor are taken advantage of, the middle class is scared and afraid of a fight, while the rich continue to pull all the strings?*

Abbott: Yeah. The rich are the most criminal. Their attitudes are just incomprehensible to me. It astonishes me, knocks me out. Like I said, if I were released I'd either leave the country or go back to Texas, where people don't open their mouths, or to Utah or Colorado. Out west, folks leave each other alone; they don't bother you unless they're gonna do something to back it up. If somebody does something wrong in one of those communities, it doesn't matter how much money he's got. If he's carried himself badly he's not gonna get by, even if he's got the law on his side. In New York City, though, people can get away with anything.

Penthouse: *What is prison like for you now?*

Abbott: Well, the federals may be sending me back to Marion, where I have a real problem. I had to give a statement to the authorities when I was there before and a lot of people misunderstand this. The kind of information I gave there they already knew. The people I identified, they had their names already but it had all gone too far. Now, if they send me back there, I have to face the guards. And I know how they can manipulate inmates.

Penthouse: *How have you been treated since you've been back from Otisville? Here in Springfield?*

Abbott: Oh, like a piece of shit. I'm in the hole. It's a strip cell. They've got a sign on my door that says "Highly Assaultive" and "Very Dangerous." And I know that this is very provocative to these rednecks out here. They don't let me out of my cell unless I'm handcuffed. I have four guards on me.

Penthouse: *You've expressed a fear of being killed if you aren't put in protective custody. How likely do you think this is? How great is the risk?*

Abbott: Well, it depends on what I do. It depends on what I do to foresee it and to stop it. If I hadn't been able to foresee things in this way, they'd have killed me a long time ago. But I'm going to try my damnedest to keep on living. It bothers me that I might have to do something . . .

Penthouse: *Take someone out before they get to you?*

Abbott: Yeah, and they know that. It's why they won't let me out of my cell here at Springfield unless I'm handcuffed. They've got a rule in the Bureau of Prisons that if one inmate stabs another, the guards are supposed to stand back and just tell the guy to put down the weapon. That's how they kill people in Marion all the time. They don't ever jump in with clubs to stop nothing; I've never seen anything like that.

Penthouse: *You're talking about being set up, specifically by the guards?*

Abbott: If I get offed, then that's whose fault it'll be, the guards'. It's a routine that they do to inmates they want to see hurt. And the thing is, every prison I go to, the guards are gonna hate my guts. If the Federal Bureau of Prisons gets its way and sends me to Marion, I've got to be very careful.

Penthouse: *Marion has replaced Alcatraz as the maximum-security prison in the federal system. Likewise, it has the reputation for being one of the most violent penitentiaries in the country.*

Abbott: It is. The guards there, they would even do it themselves. I've already made a suicide gesture—they've got it on record—and at Marion, they're not above going into an inmate's cell—

> They've got a rule that if one inmate stabs another, the guards just stand back and tell him to put down the weapon. That's how they kill people in Marion all the time.

Penthouse: *You're saying something very serious now.*

Abbott: I know I am. And I stand by it because guards have hanged friends of mine before. A guy I knew at Leavenworth, who took some hostages during a takeover attempt. A guard was killed. Afterwards they couldn't deal with him. They said he committed suicide, hanged himself in his cell, but the whole population knew he didn't. They wouldn't give him an autopsy, which they're supposed to do by law. He's buried in Brooklyn. The funeral was paid for by the federal government.

Penthouse: *It's total anarchy, totally lawless? Isn't there anyone in the prison system with conscience, a respect for individual rights?*

Abbott: Well, surprising as it sounds, the most easygoing people I've ever seen in these places are the kitchen workers who come in from outside.

Penthouse: *What about the prison chaplains?*

Abbott: Oh, they make me sick. They see so much and they don't do anything. I don't trust religious people. I think that they entertain a lot of fantasies, probably of a sexual nature—a lot of real sick things. I had a Catholic priest up in Marion walk right by me and refuse to look at me laying on the floor. I had been beaten and he refused to even see it.

Penthouse: *The question in people's minds is, Should Jack Abbott ever be sent back out on the street?*

Abbott: The issue is really whether I can handle myself in society. Can I? I'm not sure. People better stay away from me. I'd have conflicts, there's no question about it. I wouldn't solve them by killing people, though, because that's not the thing. Not unless someone came at me first. If somebody threatened my life, I'd kill them.

Penthouse: *Anywhere?*

Abbott: Anywhere. If I was outside and someone did something to me, what am I going to do? Just stick my hands in my pockets and say, "Well, I can't call the police on you and I can't sue you, so just go ahead and walk off with my stuff"? I'm not going to stand there and take it like a bitch. You see what I'm saying? I'm not saying I'm going to kill someone, but I'm going to figure out methods, even if I have to get the Mafia to go to work for me—that or take a ball bat and work someone's legs over or go bust up his house. There's a certain type of lawlessness, of anarchy out there in society, which is just vicious, totally incomprehensible to me. I've never seen anything so unprincipled in my life.

Penthouse: *What, then, do you see as your options now? You're looking at upwards of twenty years.*

Abbott: Well, the only thing I'm going to do is try to keep going. I don't really think I'm going to be in prison that long. Besides, I'm writing. Every day. I've probably written about a thousand pages already, in journal form. One of my problems is that here in Springfield, they only allow me to have one two-inch pencil each day. I've had to make a deal with a guy just to get it sharpened.

Penthouse: *Will your next book be fiction or nonfiction?*

Abbott: Probably a little of both.

Penthouse: *Is it about prison?*

Abbott: There'll be some of that, but it's partly about the streets also. It will be more philosophical, more my reflections on things around me. The way I think the world is, the way I see things. But coming back to your question: I'm gonna hang on. I'm gonna make them kill me. I'm not going to give them the easy out of suicide. At first I was worried, because I thought that if I had to do something, it would just give the press more grist to grind out their little charges that I'm a psychopath. But I'm going to fight back now. I don't care what they say.

Penthouse: *Fight back how?*

Abbott: With my work, my writing. And if anybody comes to me with anything, I'm going to bring it to him. The guards, the inmates, I don't give a damn. I don't care what the press says either; I'm going to stay alive. O⊢

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VIGUERIE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

Elaine O'Leary of Houston, moved with it. This job lasted until December 1964, when—according to a published report (quoted by Alan Crawford, a former "Yaffer" himself, writing in *Thunder on the Right*)—Viguerie left YAF and carried the mailing list with him.

Viguerie's version is that his famous lists began with Barry Goldwater's. In those pre-Watergate days, the only requirements about reporting campaign contributions were that all those who had given over fifty dollars should be listed in a report to the House clerk. The names had to be copied by hand, and Viguerie said he and "several women" did the work.

Although Viguerie describes himself in his book as a son of Barry Goldwater, the senator does not return the favor. Goldwater is a party man with no taste for most of the issues that bother the New Right leaders. It is hard now to determine which came first, Viguerie's attitude about the Republican National Committee or its officials' attitude about him. In any event, he has never managed to win the very lucrative fund-raising and promotional accounts of the party's campaigns for president. Losing those obviously rankled. And Viguerie now explains that "I was always a conservative first."

He also once said: "I don't believe in my lifetime you will ever be able to successfully market the word *Republican.* You could as easily sell the Edsel or Typhoid Mary. The Republican party is like a disabled tank on the bridge, impeding the troops from crossing to the other side. You've got to take that tank and throw it in the river."

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. . . "and I'd like a drill, a power sander, and some wood dough so I can change the location of my ass hole!"

Wyatt A. Stewart III, a former executive at Viguerie's company who became a fund-raiser for the Republican National Committee, says Viguerie "set a course at that time to destroy the Republican party. . . . I'd never question his integrity, not from any of the dealings I've had with him. But instead of helping to make things work, he wants to tear it down, destroy what's there and start from scratch."

One ludicrous moment in Viguerie's career came in 1976, when he offered himself as a vice-presidential candidate for the American Independent party. He withdrew when the convention nominated Lester Maddox for president, not because of the candidate's avowed racism, but because he considered him a hopeless candidate. That same year, Viguerie had tried to get George Wallace interested in heading up a strong third-party movement, but the ailing Wallace was not interested. In his book, Viguerie mentions a friendly visit to Wallace in Alabama—with two other New Right leaders, Paul Weyrich and Jeffrey St. John—and speaks of his disappointment that they couldn't work together on a new party; again, he doesn't mention Wallace's racism. In fact, he says they agreed on nearly every issue they discussed.

Viguerie himself would ascribe his phenomenal success to his dedication to a cause or to his "philosophy." He has, in a very short number of years, amassed a fortune and a true business empire of his very own. He had started out in three rooms over a drugstore on Capitol Hill. In 1982, he has 275 employees and plans to move his operations into his own $9 million building in suburban Virginia.

To get there, he tells of many years with no vacations and of seven-day weeks with many ten- and fourteen-hour days. But politics alone cannot explain such fanatical drive. Viguerie is a self-defined failure. He has achieved wealth and power the only way he could. He couldn't succeed at politics the way he dreamed of as a child—by becoming an engineer and retiring to Congress, or by becoming a lawyer. He wasn't good enough or smart enough for either of those routes, he says. But with hard work and cunning, he could become a real power behind the throne, the key man in everybody else's campaign, the one who can bring in the money.

He had never risked such a public show of failure before that debacle in 1976 at the American Independent party convention, and it's difficult to imagine that he would ever take such a risk again. And yet he has described himself as "like the Kennedys in one regard. I'm very competitive and I hate to lose. I can be playing a fourteen-year-old kid on the pinball machine in the basement and I want to beat him." He is the fiercest kind of competitor, one who won't risk actual defeat in an ordinary contest, one who is competing with himself.

There seems to be a darker side to Viguerie, an important gap in who he says he is and the man others describe. Some interviewers have hinted at this, but nobody has reached this mysterious part of the man, possibly because he hasn't discovered it himself. The only hints have come when he has committed such a seemingly uncharacteristic act as his attempt to run for vice-president. One unexplained incident was when Viguerie took his children out of one of the best schools in suburban Washington and put them in a Christian academy in Virginia. Another odd fact is that although they're strict Roman Catholics, the Vigueries also believe in the spiritualism of Edgar Cayce and in reincarnation.

Robert Timberg of the *Baltimore Sun* wrote that "to understand Mr. Viguerie, one must look beyond the trim, balding man in the pleasant suburban office and see the world as he sees it, as a dangerous place where things go bump in the night." Says Viguerie: "We feel the Soviets are knocking at the door. We're at war with the Soviets right now. The only people who don't recognize that are the liberals in the Western world."

His heroes to this day are "the two Macs" of the 1950s. "I was very angry over the firing of [Douglas] MacArthur, who wanted to win the Korean War and beat the Communists. And I felt the same way about Joe [McCarthy]—he was a fighter fighting Communism." He has said that McCarthy was right "even when he was inaccurate."

In 1973, George Wallace's brother asked Viguerie if he would take charge of raising the funds to pay off Wallace's 1972 presidential campaign debt. Viguerie raised $8 million in three years; more important to his business, he emerged with the name and address of every person in America who had responded to the appeal for funds for Wallace. Added to the Goldwater list and others, this became the core of Viguerie's famous conservative lists. In 1980, Viguerie sent out more than 70 million letters through 100 different lists and raised more than $20 million for conservative candidates.

Most of the lists are predictable—donors to conservative candidates, the subscription list of *Conservative Digest* (owned and published by Viguerie), Americans Against Gun Control—but many of them are not: those who purchase family history books, for example.

A list of 204,000 "affluent farmers" rented for $32.50 per thousand names; 1.3 million names and addresses of boat owners went for $28 per thousand; 170,000 names and addresses of "donors to needy children" rented for $30 a thousand. One recommended list was of "Donors of $15 (average) to one or more charitable appeals concerned with missionary work, health and welfare, veterans' assistance, and social morals." There were 219,000 of those, renting for $35 per thousand.

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Monte Alban
Regional de Oaxaca
with agave worm
$12.95
$9.95
$3.95

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Soft football: only $3.95 (while quantities last)! This special soft football is stamped with a special Monte Alban thought to liven up whatever games you play!

Score with these values!

☐ Please send ______ blankets at $12.95 each.

☐ Please send ______ jerseys at $9.95 each.
Jersey Size: ( ) Small ( ) Medium ( ) Large ( ) Extra Large

☐ Please send ______ soft footballs at $3.95 each.

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State ______ Zip ______

Allow 6 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order only. No cash or stamps.

To: Monte Alban Mezcal Offer
P.O. Box 2418, Dept. PH4
Chicago, IL 60690

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Viguerie achieved his power not just through making his magic lists available to individual conservative candidates; he also had a major assist in 1974 from the reformed election laws enacted by a Democratic Congress to correct the kind of abuses Republicans made famous in the 1972 Nixon campaign. A small number of individual investors had contributed the monumental amounts that made Nixon's amazingly expensive (considering the odds were always in his favor) campaign possible. The new laws prohibited individual contributions of more than $1,000 directly to a campaign. Direct mail thus became the only feasible way to go after the larger numbers of smaller contributions. Viguerie insists there's nothing new in what he's doing, he just does more of it and more effectively. In his book, he names the liberal George McGovern as an early collector of mailing lists and advocate of direct-mail campaigning. He also says McGovern talked to him about working for his 1968 senatorial campaign. Viguerie declined, but says another direct-mail company raised $20 million for McGovern in 1972.

The political-action committees that had such an important impact on the 1980 campaigns were almost all set up to take advantage of the new reform laws, although unions and other special-interest groups had had such committees for many years. These PACs became one of the major sources of revenue for the Richard A. Viguerie Company.

In his book, Viguerie names four people as the main architects and commanding generals of the New Right: himself, of course, and three other men, all of whom are founders and current presidents of political-action committees. They are Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus, Paul Weyrich of the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, and John Terry Dolan of the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC, pronounced "nikpak"). The only other conservative group in their league of spending and influence is the Congressional Club set up by Jesse Helms of North Carolina. All of these groups, including Helms's, started out as and have remained clients of the Richard A. Viguerie Company.

"Direct mail" is a disturbing phenomenon. In effect, computers are now talking to each other through this dehumanized form of communication. Millions of Americans are receiving letters signed by people who not only have not written the letters but in most cases have never even read the words over their signatures. This process was explained to me by Robert Boege, at the time president of the National Conservative Foundation, a subsidiary of NCPAC: "Those people who sign those things don't read them; they [he, of course, meant "we"] don't have time." Many of the letters have affixed to them postcards to send to Washington or self-addressed envelopes to return to the senders. In every case the returned letters are then processed by computers printing out personalized thank-you letters from the president or a congressman or a candidate, which none of them ever saw or signed.

Viguerie has outlined a set formula for the effective letter:

1. It must be personal, written from a recognizable figure to anybody and everybody, but with the receiver's name at the top and written in a casual, conversational (and often ungrammatical) style.

2. It must involve the reader—by telling him his contribution will carry with it a seat on an advisory committee, or the letter itself will ostensibly contain some "confidential report" meant only for this person's eyes.

3. It must appear creditable and authoritative. I have been on twenty of these lists for the past year. Every letter I received was on longer-than-letter-sized paper, folded twice, and the message was typed single-spaced, starting at the top of the first page and continuing for four pages (two sheets, back and front) to the

very bottom of the last. The message is full of facts and figures and quotations along with every sort of dire warning as to what will happen if the receiver's urgently needed contribution is not sent by return mail.

4. Last, but most important, Viguerie says, "the successful direct-mail fund-raising letter must evoke a strong emotional response."

After reading some of this stuff, one might get the impression the letters are asking for more than a contribution; they seem to be asking for blood. NCPAC's Terry Dolan told Alan Crawford that the point of direct mail is to "make them angry" and "stir up hostilities." He said the "shriller you are," the more effective you are; "that's the nature of the beast."

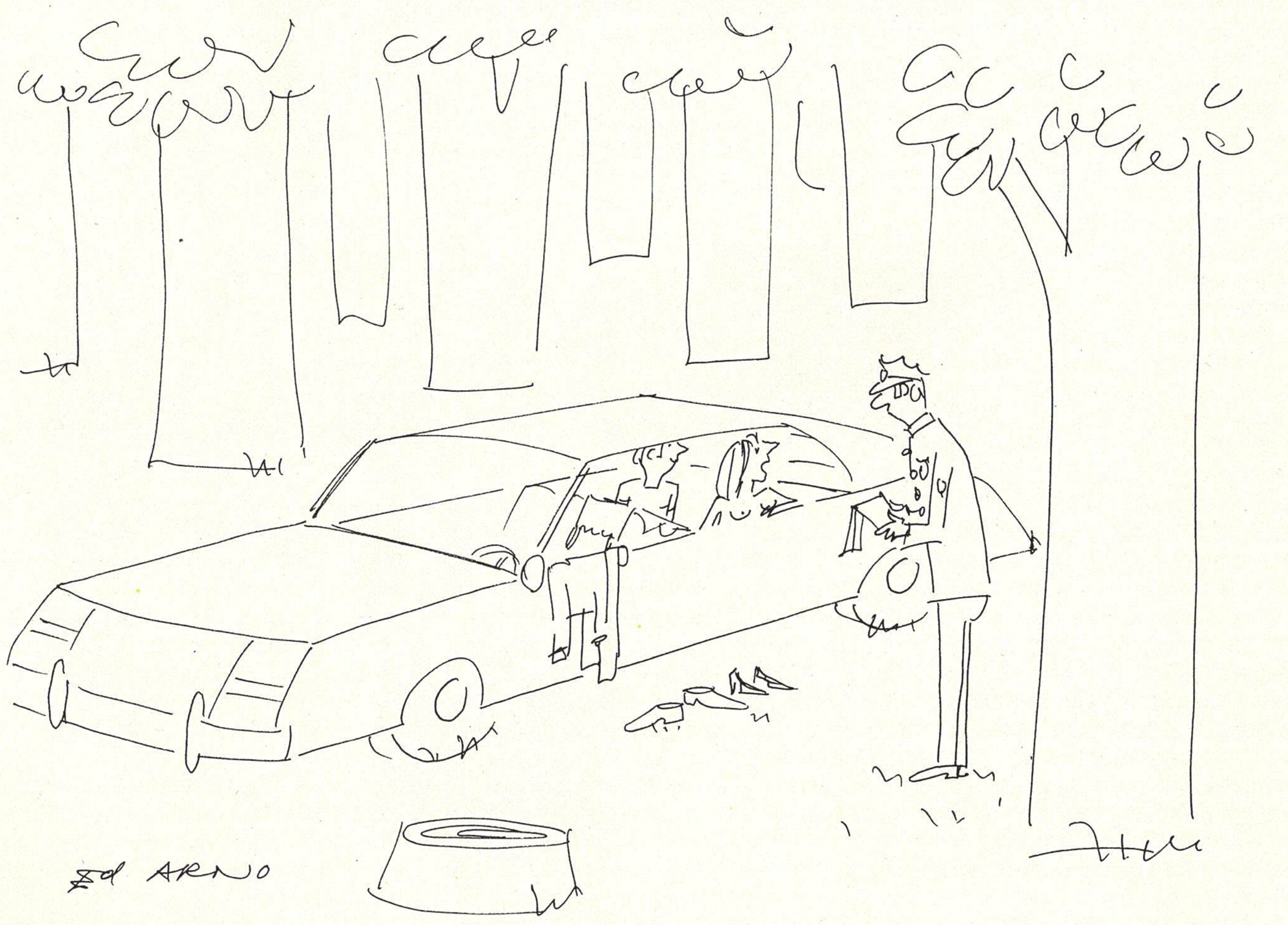
In an interview with Nick Kotz published in *The Atlantic*, Viguerie said, "The interesting thing about direct mail is that when it's professionally done, it has a devastating impact. It's like using a water moccasin for a watchdog—it's very quiet." He also said, "We didn't invent playing to fears. The liberals try to scare [their] people as we do ours. People vote *against* long before they vote *for*. People aren't interested in sending money for good government; that is something they expect. They will give money quicker to defeat someone who is opposed to their beliefs."

Thus, you find a U.S. senator, Jesse Helms, explaining in a mailing of March 1976 why he helped to organize NCPAC. "Why? Because right now your tax dollars are being doled out to people who are perfectly able to work, but *refuse* to. Because your tax dollars are being used to pay for grade school courses that teach our children that *cannabalism* [sic], *wife swapping*, and the *murder* of infants and the elderly are acceptable behavior. . . ." (The source for this one is a National Science Foundation series of sociological studies for advanced high-school students, which in no way advocated the practices described.) Toward the end of page four, Helms gets to the point of it all: "But I'll be honest with you. I don't know if NCPAC is going to be able to keep on going. Because, sad to say, it takes money to keep going. So if we don't receive financial support from you and other concerned Americans we will have to stop everything. . . ."

In Virginia, a fund-raising letter went out over the signature of a young legislator, John S. Buckley, warning that the U.S. Department of Education "could force your child or grandchild to sit in a classroom and hear that homosexuality is natural and decent." The department, said the letter, is "fueled by ultra-liberal, special interest money, militant homosexuals, and 'sex counsellors.'" Buckley—former national chairman of YAF and a cousin of columnist William F. Buckley, Jr.—later explained that "these folks [his direct-mail advisers] wanted to send out the letter this way. . . . They assured me the facts were documented, and I said, 'Okay by me.' This was not something I initiated." In other words, ideas and facts that were not his were sent out in a letter that he did not write—but that bore his signature. And the young legislator saw nothing unusual in any of that.

The number of political-action committees operating in elections has grown from 608 in 1975 to 2,785 in the 1979–1980 election cycle; the amount of money they have spent on elections has grown from $12.5 million for 1974 to more than $131 million for the 1980 elections. Nine of the top ten biggest spenders were conservative organizations. NCPAC spent $7.5 million for 1980 and the Congressional Club spent $7.2 million.

One wonders about these figures after a young man with Jesse Helms's Congressional Club proudly announced (at the NCPAC meeting) that "we had to spend over four million to make six million." But how did they account for that expenditure? Were the people contributing funds being told that most of that money was not going to conservative candidates but to fund-raising operations? "Oh, yes," said the fellow from the Congressional Club, "one of our brochures shows that in one of those pie-graphs." He picked up the brochure he had just described and looked at it aghast—there was no way in this accounting that the contributor could have known that two thirds of the money was going for direct-mail and other expenses.



"You're *the only man who's* bothering me!"

FEDERAL RESERVE NOTE
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
B 62843895 H
B
ONE DOLLAR

THE WILDMON CONNECTION

Reverend Donald Wildmon is the man Richard A. Viguerie featured on the cover of his magazine, *Conservative Digest*, a magazine that published a full-page Wildmon questionnaire on TV "immorality." Wildmon's boycott against the advertisers of so-called immoral TV shows, however, was a colossal failure; viewers did not boycott the goods advertised on shows targeted by Wildmon's campaign. Unfortunately, Reverend Wildmon is at it again. His National Federation for Decency—an organization for which Richard A. Viguerie has raised funds—has threatened to instigate a "pornographer of the month" campaign. Reprinted here are excerpts from the letter Wildmon has sent to numerous magazine advertisers, including some of *Penthouse*'s, threatening them with his dubious award.

"Next month the National Federation for Decency will begin a program of identifying a Pornographer of the Month. This distinction will be given each month to a company which advertises in pornographic magazines such as *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, etc. . . .

"The reason behind this award is to let the public know which companies feel that sexual exploitation magazines are worthy of corporate support. There is a growing resentment toward the debasing publications such as *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, etc. We intend to capitalize on that movement. We will not only announce the company selected for the award, but will also include the company's address and chairman's name and company phone number. We will also issue a list of the products manufactured and sold by the Pornographer of the Month."

Penthouse magazine made an immediate response to those of its advertisers who had received this letter from Rev. Donald Wildmon. Reprinted here are excerpts from a letter written to them by Bob Guccione.

"We at *Penthouse* are shocked and revolted by this relapse into McCarthy-era tactics, so redolent of blacklists, 'guilt by association,' and closed-door character assassination by self-appointed guardians of public morality. . . .

"You may recall that this same 'holy' man tried using similar pressure tactics against the three major TV networks last year, but his proposed television boycott never materialized. Indeed, as reported in the *New York Times*, a study conducted by ABC concluded that 'a maximum of 1.3 percent of the American public would consider supporting a boycott. . . .'

"Having failed to deny us the right to see and hear what we wish, the ever resourceful Reverend Wildmon is now attempting to tell us what we can read. It is not surprising that *Penthouse* is one of his principal targets. Our ongoing investigative series about the Moral Majority's highly irregular financial manipulations and its questionable, fascistic tactics . . . has caused a serious, if not fatal decline in its support among the public."

Alan Crawford writes in his book *Thunder on the Right*: "Huge amounts of money have been raised by the New Right PACs, but relatively meager amounts have actually been received by the candidates for whom the money is raised. By and large, the worst offenders have been PACs using RAVCO as their fund raiser." In 1976, the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress "raised" $1.7 million, but only $265,000 of that amount went to candidates; in 1978, the same group raised $1.2 million and gave just $127,000 to candidates. The National Conservative Political Action Committee raised $2.5 million in 1976, with $386,800 going to candidates; in 1978, NCPAC raised $1.5 million, with $212,000 going to candidates. Republican fund-raiser Wyatt Stewart says Viguerie's charges of at least 50 percent are way too high. Stewart charged only 25 percent.

Still, Viguerie's supporters are as absolute in their loyalty to him as they are to their cause. He may cost more, says Paul Weyrich, but he gets the job done. Weyrich describes Viguerie's role as that of a "catalyst. He is somebody who taught the conservative movement to dress for success. He made us think in terms of winning."

Their first big winning season was in 1978. The major New Right cause that year was to block Senate approval of the Panama Canal treaty. Conservative Caucus mailed 3 million letters against the treaty and conducted anti-treaty rallies in fifty states; NCPAC sent out half a million letters; the American Conservative Union raised $1 million through a half-hour television documentary, and also mailed out 2 million letters. According to Viguerie, New Right groups mailed out between 7 and 9 million letters concerning this one issue in less than a year.

Viguerie quotes a startling set of figures in his book, which explains where much of the money is coming from, if not why so much of it is going to the conservatives. In 1976, the political-action committee of the Chicago & Northwestern Transportation Company gave 92.9 percent of its political contributions in House and Senate races to liberal candidates, but in 1978 only 17 percent went to liberals; the National Forest Products Association gave 100 percent to liberals in 1976, but only 17 percent two years later; Weyerhauser Corporation gave 61.9 percent to liberals in 1976, 17 percent in 1978; Georgia Pacific gave 44.8 percent to liberals in 1976, but only 16 percent in 1978.

Viguerie concludes: "Conservatives will dominate the 1980s, I predict, because most of our leaders are now coming into their own, while most of the liberal leaders are dead, retired, or just too tired to compete in the demanding decade before us." That may be true, but it might also be that these corporations are simply following a prevailing wind and would just as easily shift back to support of liberals if those candidates show signs of being able to win elections next time.

The innocent contributor to New Right causes apparently has no assurance as to how his funds will be used. Even if a half or two thirds of the amount he thinks he's contributing directly to a cause or candidate is diverted to the fund-raiser, no law has been broken; there's no such thing as "false advertising" in political campaigns.

However, there is one area where Viguerie's fund-raising techniques have come under scrutiny and failed the test. His mailings for charitable groups were charged, in a New York investigation, to be "instruments calculated to deceive the contributing public into believing that the greater portion of the dollar contributed would be expended for the specified and represented program services." The New York State Office of Charities Registrations audited Viguerie's work with certain groups in that state between 1971 and 1973. Working with Citizens for Decent Literature, Viguerie retained 93 percent, 84 percent, and 69 percent of the funds he raised for three years. With another group, Americans for Effective Law Enforcement, in 1974, Viguerie retained 90 percent of what he raised; in 1975, he raised $5.4 million for the National Rifle Association and kept $3 million—possibly a contributing factor in his break with that group and his organization of a rival group, Gun Owners of America.

In 1977, Viguerie's work with two groups affiliated with Sun Myung Moon caused him additional troubles in New York. The Korean Culture and Freedom Foundation was prohibited from further solicitations because in 1975, of $1.5 million raised, more than $900,000 went to Viguerie. That same year, the Children's Relief Fund—whose president is Moon's right-hand man and preaching interpreter—sent out a letter through Viguerie that said: "As I write you this letter, thousands of little boys and girls are suffering from the terminal forms of malnutrition. . . . What better gift could you give than a gift to fight suffering and death?" A New York attorney general's report of this Viguerie operation said: "The disproportionate and wholly inadequate expenditures for program services ($95,674) was the direct result of the unconscionably high fees of $920,302 (60 percent of expenses) dis-

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bursed to the professional fund raiser, Viguerie. . . ." In Ohio, a similar investigation of the same group charged that its financial report was "inaccurate, false, and misleading" and that the fund-raising drive itself had caused "substantial annoyance, inconvenience, and pecuniary injury to residents."

There was another Viguerie client whose stated purpose was to collect money for distributing Bibles in Asia. No Bibles ever got there through Viguerie's efforts; he charged 12 percent more than the total amount collected. "It's easy to demagogue on that," scoffs Viguerie, "but we were out there prospecting." Such attacks, he added, had only forced him to stop helping charities—at least two of them had left him for other fund-raisers.

Viguerie still thinks of himself as some kind of missionary. He speaks of sacrificing time with his family and vacations in order to "organize the movement" after Gerald Ford named the liberal Nelson Rockefeller—"it might as well have been Teddy Kennedy," said Viguerie—as his vice-president. He says from the moment he wakes up he thinks about what he can do to change the country. "I wouldn't just want to be manufacturing widgets. I like the fact that I can combine a successful business with politics and I can help orphans and people who have leprosy in India and whatever." There's no evidence of his doing either of these things, or of how much he would charge if he did.

But Lyn Meyerhoff of Baltimore, a fundraiser for national GOP candidates, says: "He's not a force, he's a service—he's a service you buy." And Robert Boege, formerly of NCPAC's National Conservative Foundation, said what he thought of all the direct-mail experts: "Those people have no politics, no philosophy—save Mammon's."

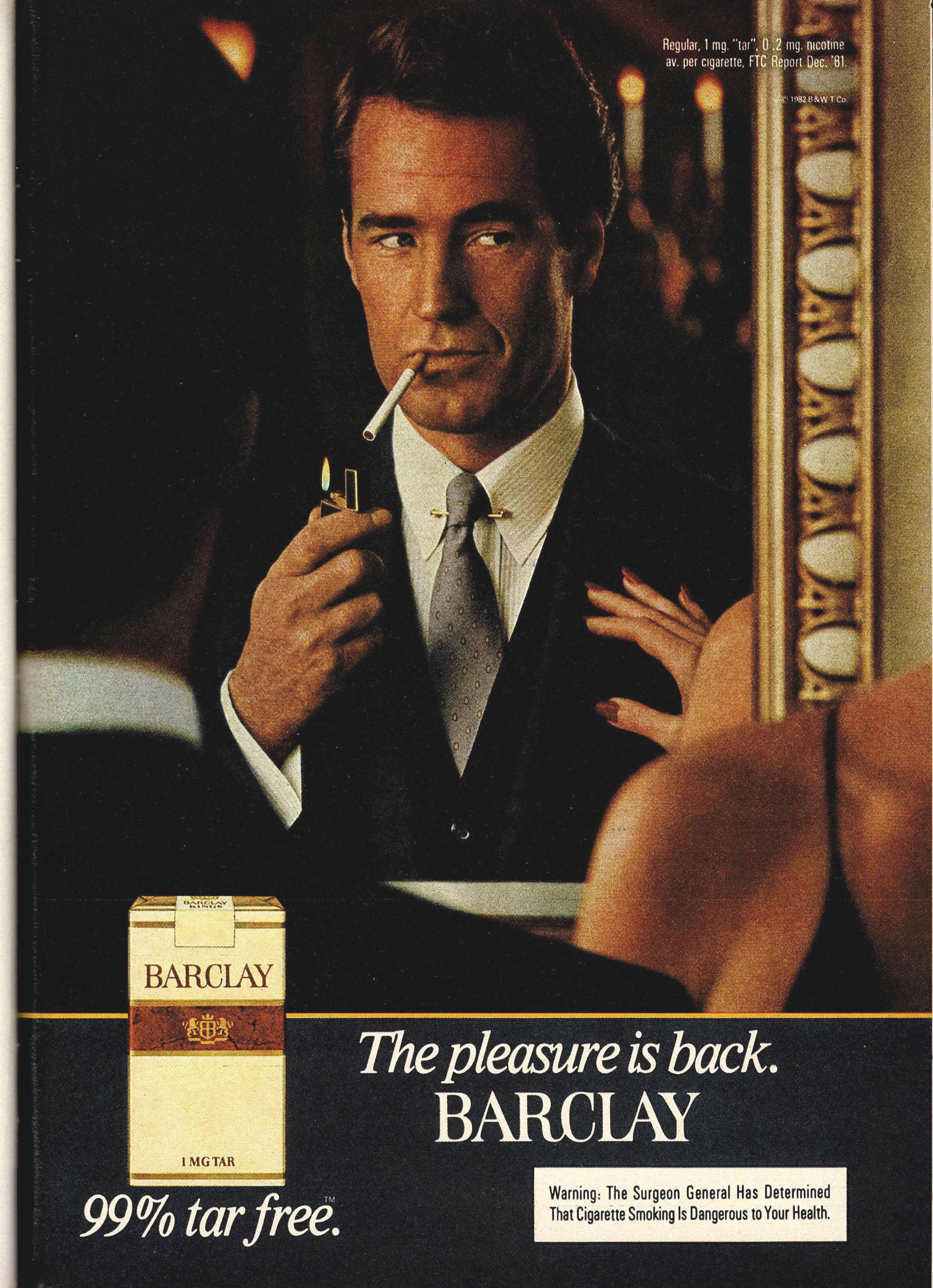
Although Viguerie and his New Right generals lost a battle over the Panama Canal treaty in 1978, they felt they were headed toward victory in the war by drawing so much attention to their cause. They also made substantial headway in two successful campaigns that unseated the prominent liberal senators, Dick Clark of Iowa and Thomas J. McIntyre of New Hampshire. A coalition of "Stop ERA, pro-gun, pro-life, right to work" had won for the conservatives, says Viguerie. And the religious were emerging as a whole new source of political power. The Sunday before the elections in Iowa, New Right forces manned the church doors to give out anti-abortion leaflets after mass to the Catholics, and to distribute other leaflets promoting different causes to Protestants.

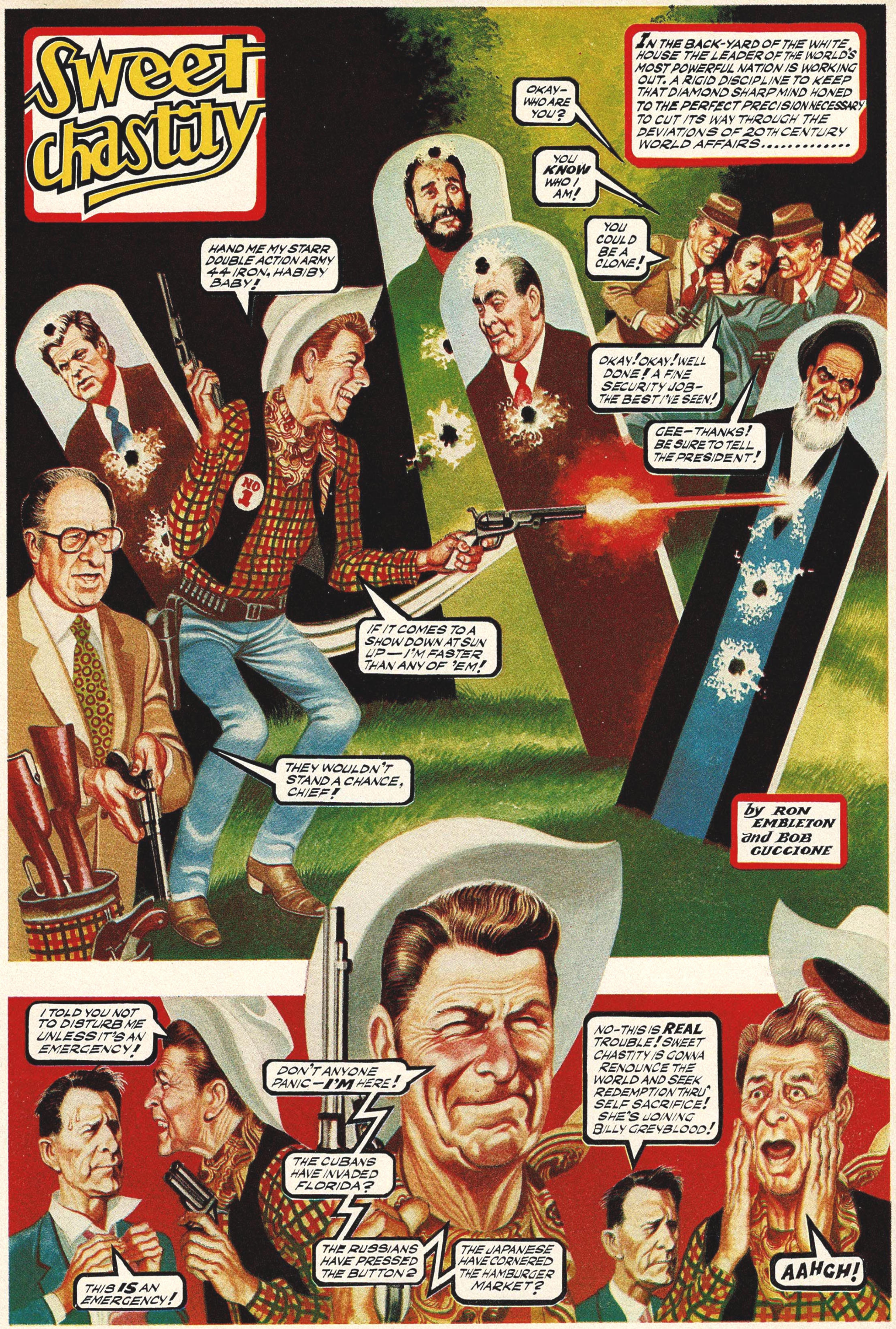
A few months later Viguerie's *Conservative Digest* devoted most of its April 1981 issue to the Coalition for Better Television after it was formed by Tupelo, Miss., Methodist preacher Donald Wildmon, head of the National Federation for Decency, an organization for which Richard Viguerie has raised funds. In addition to using a cover illustration that made the "What, Me Worry?" face of Wildmon into that of an intellectual, *Conservative Digest* ran a full-page questionnaire on television "immorality" to be returned to Wildmon in Tupelo. (See sidebar on Wildmon on page 208.)

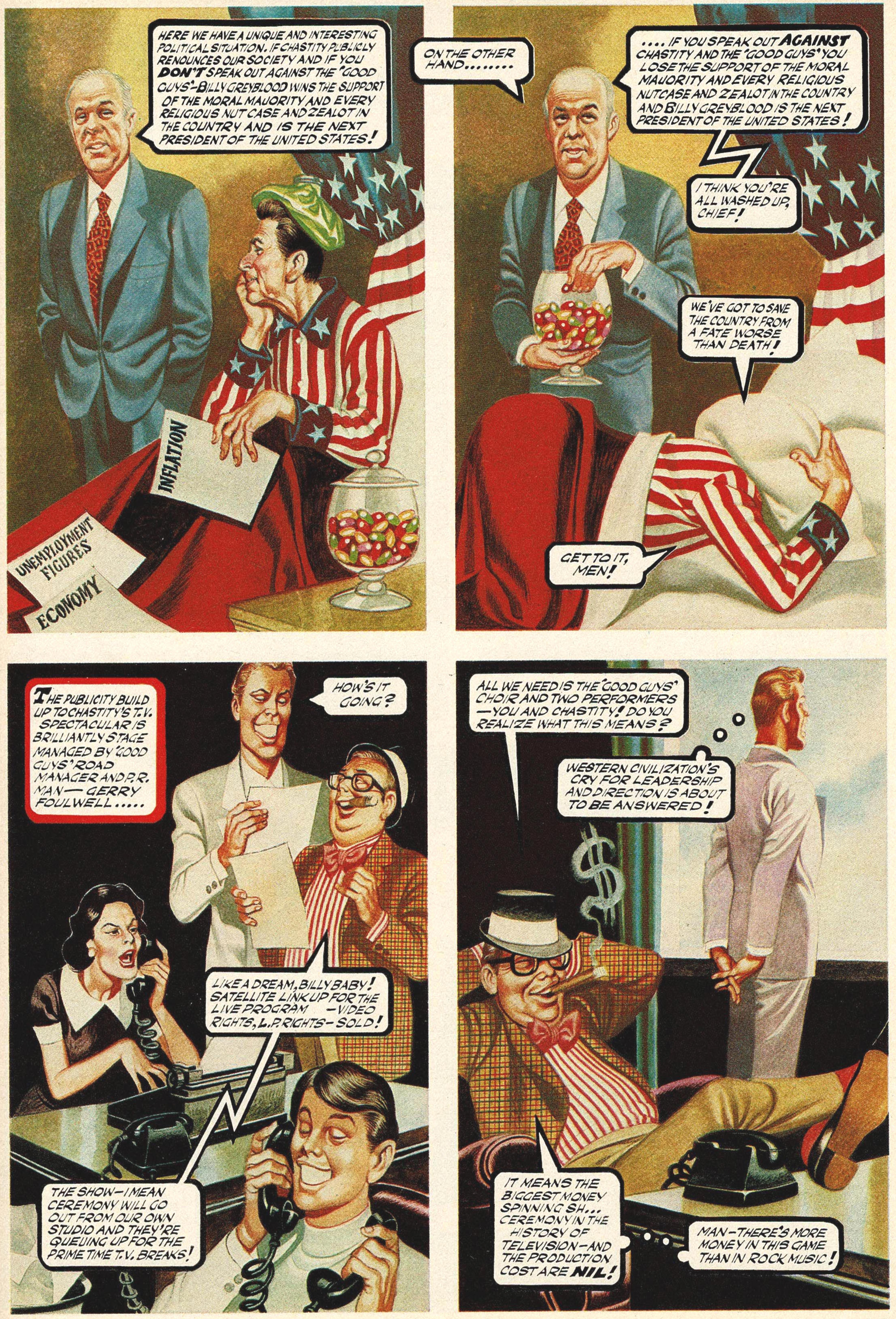
Richard A. Viguerie, the King Midas of the New Right, was also present for the birth of the religious offspring of his movement. His name does not appear on any of their boards, but they are all clients of his direct-mail business. It can also be assumed that Viguerie was involved in the original discussions that led to these groups, since all three of the major ones were created out of Viguerie-related organizations.

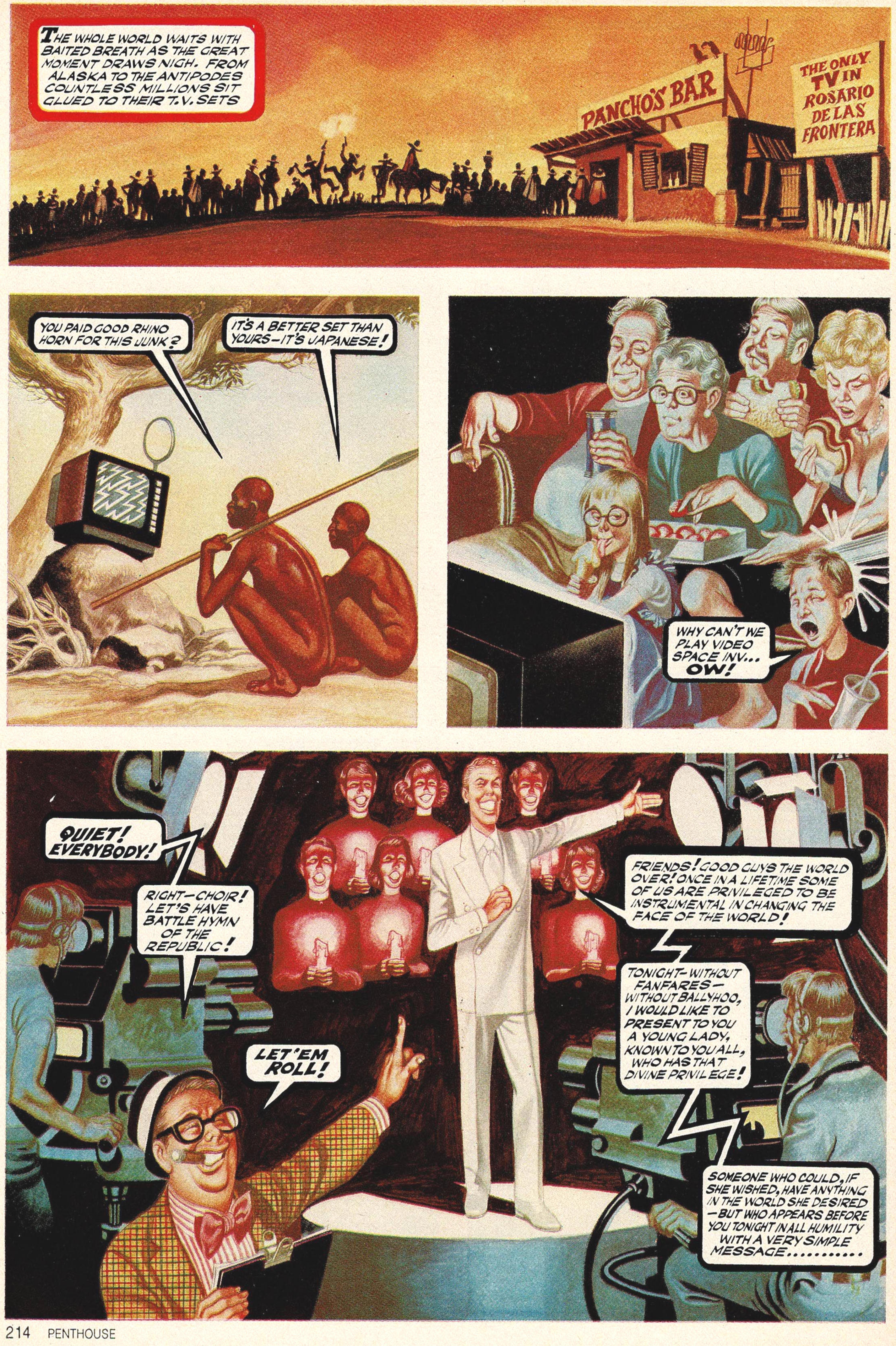
Out there were millions of people just waiting to be called—"an army that meets every Sunday," as one New Right leader phrased it. All that they needed was a man to lead them and an organization with a catchy name they could rally around. That man turned out to be Jerry Falwell and the group became the much-publicized Moral Majority, Inc. Eddie McAteer, then with the Conservative Caucus and now head of Religious Roundtable, introduced Falwell to TCC's Howard Phillips and to Paul Weyrich of the Committee for The Survival of a Free Congress. The impression was created that Moral Majority, Inc., sprang naturally from the fundamentalist soil. In fact, both Phillips, a Jew, and Weyrich, a Catholic, claim credit for originating the idea for the group and the name itself. Whatever its origins, Moral Majority—like TCC, CSFC, RR, and countless others—was yet another client for The Viguerie Company. O⊷

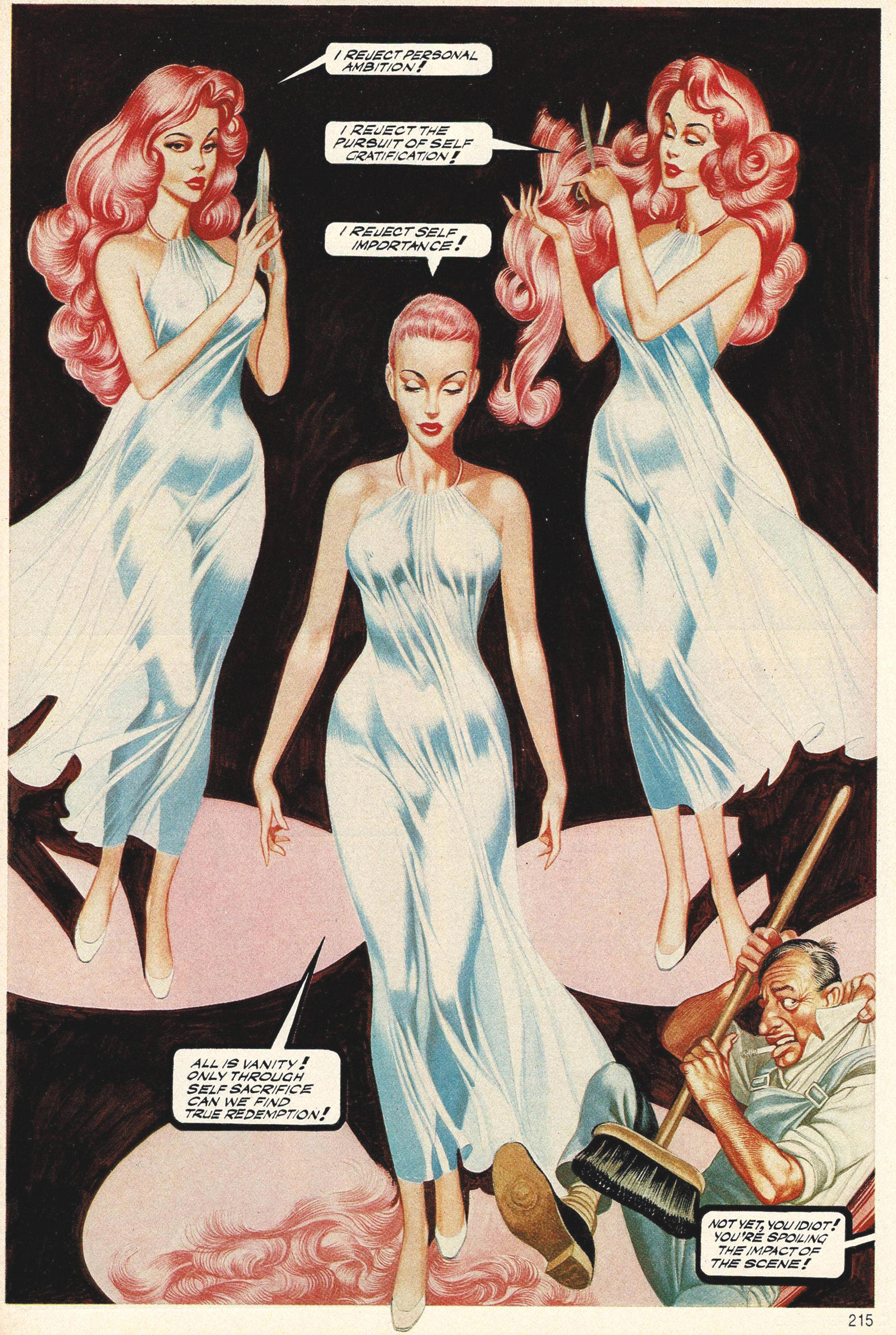
"Ah, number-one son. You see number-two son?"

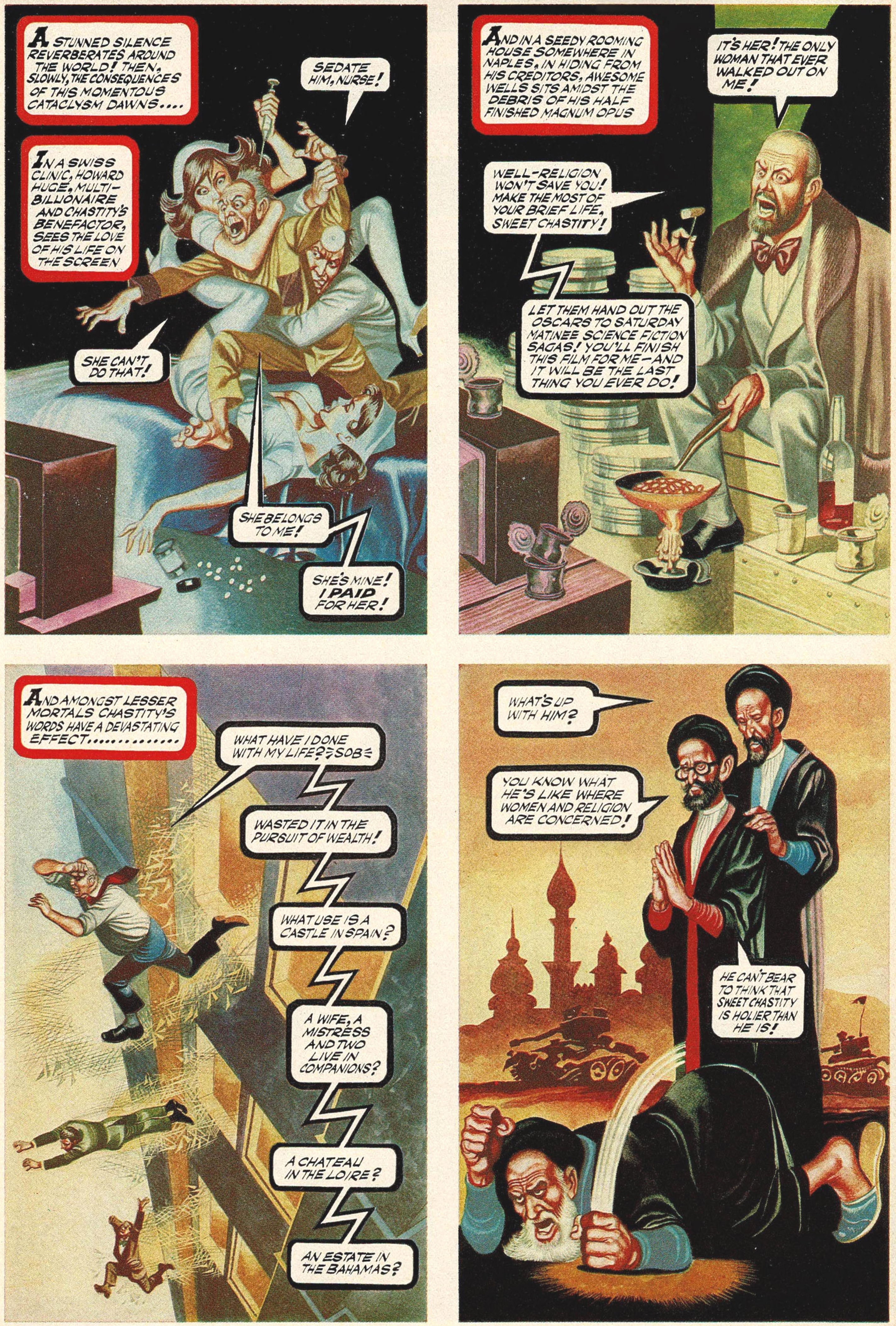

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.
© 1982 B&W T Co.
BARCLAY KINGS
BARCLAY
1 MG TAR
The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY
99% tar free.™
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

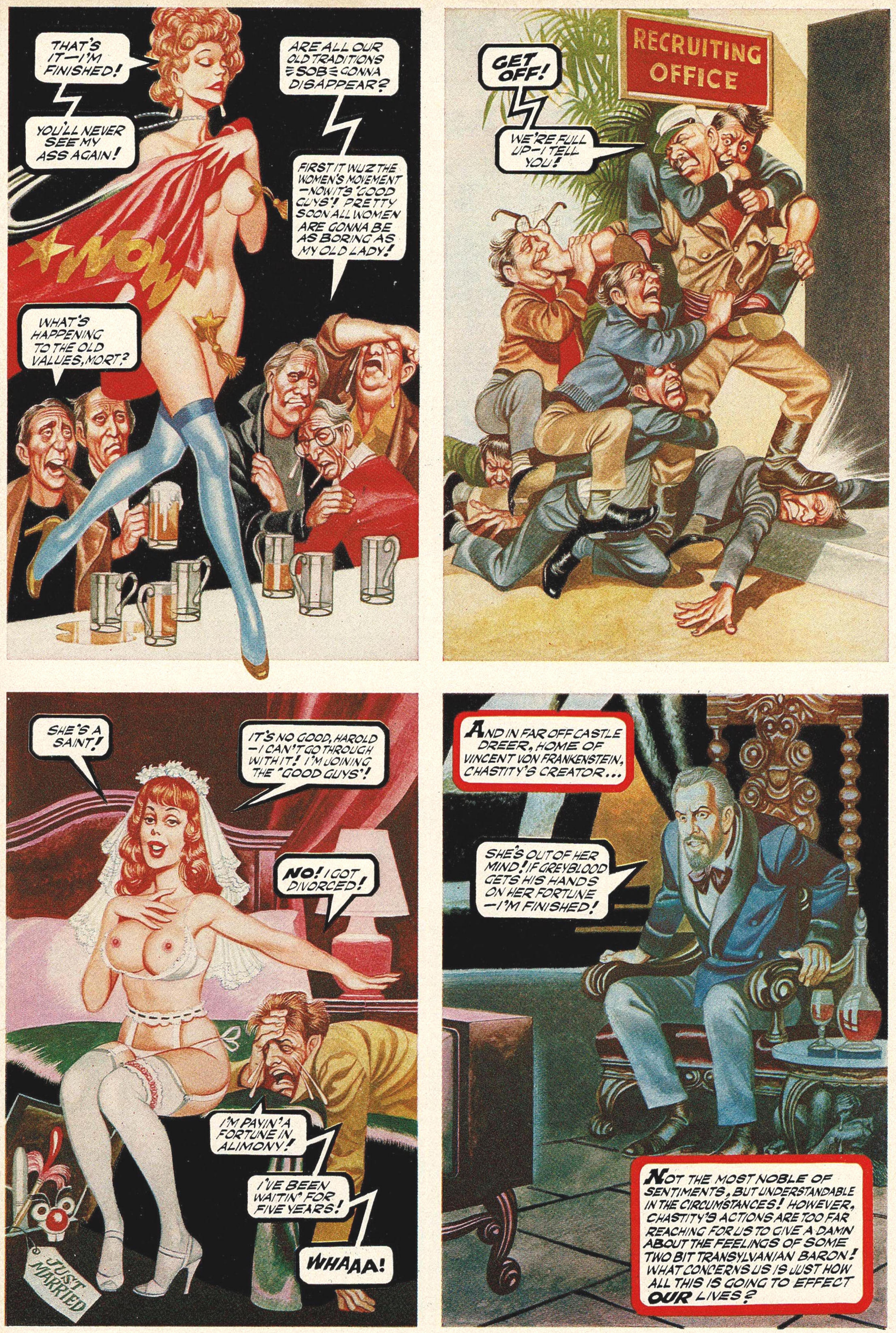

Sweet Chastity
IN THE BACK-YARD OF THE WHITE HOUSE THE LEADER OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL NATION IS WORKING OUT. A RIGID DISCIPLINE TO KEEP THAT DIAMOND SHARP MIND HONED TO THE PERFECT PRECISION NECESSARY TO CUT ITS WAY THROUGH THE DEVIATIONS OF 20TH CENTURY WORLD AFFAIRS............
OKAY— WHO ARE YOU?
YOU KNOW WHO I AM!
YOU COULD BE A CLONE!
HAND ME MY STARR DOUBLE ACTION ARMY 44 IRON, HABIBY BABY!
OKAY! OKAY! WELL DONE! A FINE SECURITY JOB— THE BEST I'VE SEEN!
GEE—THANKS! BE SURE TO TELL THE PRESIDENT!
NO 1
IF IT COMES TO A SHOW DOWN AT SUN UP—I'M FASTER THAN ANY OF 'EM!
THEY WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE, CHIEF!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
I TOLD YOU NOT TO DISTURB ME UNLESS IT'S AN EMERGENCY!
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!
DON'T ANYONE PANIC—I'M HERE!
THE CUBANS HAVE INVADED FLORIDA?
THE RUSSIANS HAVE PRESSED THE BUTTON ?
THE JAPANESE HAVE CORNERED THE HAMBURGER MARKET?
NO—THIS IS REAL TROUBLE! SWEET CHASTITY IS GONNA RENOUNCE THE WORLD AND SEEK REDEMPTION THRU' SELF SACRIFICE! SHE'S JOINING BILLY GREYBLOOD!
AAHGH!


HERE WE HAVE A UNIQUE AND INTERESTING POLITICAL SITUATION. IF CHASTITY PUBLICLY RENOUNCES OUR SOCIETY AND IF YOU DON'T SPEAK OUT AGAINST THE "GOOD GUYS"—BILLY GREYBLOOD WINS THE SUPPORT OF THE MORAL MAJORITY AND EVERY RELIGIOUS NUT CASE AND ZEALOT IN THE COUNTRY AND IS THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!
INFLATION
UNEMPLOYMENT FIGURES
ECONOMY
ON THE OTHER HAND........
....IF YOU SPEAK OUT AGAINST CHASTITY AND THE "GOOD GUYS" YOU LOSE THE SUPPORT OF THE MORAL MAJORITY AND EVERY RELIGIOUS NUTCASE AND ZEALOT IN THE COUNTRY AND BILLY GREYBLOOD IS THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!
I THINK YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP, CHIEF!
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE COUNTRY FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!
GET TO IT, MEN!
THE PUBLICITY BUILD UP TO CHASTITY'S T.V. SPECTACULAR IS BRILLIANTLY STAGE MANAGED BY 'GOOD GUYS' ROAD MANAGER AND P.R. MAN— GERRY FOULWELL.....
HOW'S IT GOING?
LIKE A DREAM, BILLY BABY! SATELLITE LINK UP FOR THE LIVE PROGRAM —VIDEO RIGHTS, L.P. RIGHTS— SOLD!
THE SHOW—I MEAN CEREMONY WILL GO OUT FROM OUR OWN STUDIO AND THEY'RE QUEUING UP FOR THE PRIME TIME T.V. BREAKS!
ALL WE NEED IS THE "GOOD GUYS" CHOIR AND TWO PERFORMERS —YOU AND CHASTITY! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?
WESTERN CIVILIZATION'S CRY FOR LEADERSHIP AND DIRECTION IS ABOUT TO BE ANSWERED!
IT MEANS THE BIGGEST MONEY SPINNING SH... CEREMONY IN THE HISTORY OF TELEVISION—AND THE PRODUCTION COSTS ARE NIL!
MAN—THERE'S MORE MONEY IN THIS GAME THAN IN ROCK MUSIC!


THE WHOLE WORLD WAITS WITH BAITED BREATH AS THE GREAT MOMENT DRAWS NIGH. FROM ALASKA TO THE ANTIPODES COUNTLESS MILLIONS SIT GLUED TO THEIR T.V. SETS
PANCHO'S BAR
THE ONLY TV IN ROSARIO DE LAS FRONTERA
YOU PAID GOOD RHINO HORN FOR THIS JUNK?
IT'S A BETTER SET THAN YOURS—IT'S JAPANESE!
WHY CAN'T WE PLAY VIDEO SPACE INV... OW!
QUIET! EVERYBODY!
RIGHT—CHOIR! LET'S HAVE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC!
LET'EM ROLL!
FRIENDS! GOOD GUYS THE WORLD OVER! ONCE IN A LIFETIME SOME OF US ARE PRIVILEGED TO BE INSTRUMENTAL IN CHANGING THE FACE OF THE WORLD!
TONIGHT—WITHOUT FANFARES—WITHOUT BALLYHOO, I WOULD LIKE TO PRESENT TO YOU A YOUNG LADY, KNOWN TO YOU ALL, WHO HAS THAT DIVINE PRIVILEGE!
SOMEONE WHO COULD, IF SHE WISHED, HAVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD SHE DESIRED —BUT WHO APPEARS BEFORE YOU TONIGHT IN ALL HUMILITY WITH A VERY SIMPLE MESSAGE..........


I REJECT PERSONAL AMBITION!
I REJECT THE PURSUIT OF SELF GRATIFICATION!
I REJECT SELF IMPORTANCE!
ALL IS VANITY! ONLY THROUGH SELF SACRIFICE CAN WE FIND TRUE REDEMPTION!
NOT YET, YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE SPOILING THE IMPACT OF THE SCENE!


A STUNNED SILENCE REVERBERATES AROUND THE WORLD! THEN, SLOWLY, THE CONSEQUENCES OF THIS MOMENTOUS CATACLYSM DAWNS....
IN A SWISS CLINIC, HOWARD HUGE, MULTI-BILLIONAIRE AND CHASTITY'S BENEFACTOR, SEES THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE ON THE SCREEN
SEDATE HIM, NURSE!
SHE CAN'T DO THAT!
SHE BELONGS TO ME!
SHE'S MINE! I PAID FOR HER!
AND IN A SEEDY ROOMING HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN NAPLES, IN HIDING FROM HIS CREDITORS, AWESOME WELLS SITS AMIDST THE DEBRIS OF HIS HALF FINISHED MAGNUM OPUS
IT'S HER! THE ONLY WOMAN THAT EVER WALKED OUT ON ME!
WELL-RELIGION WON'T SAVE YOU! MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR BRIEF LIFE, SWEET CHASTITY!
LET THEM HAND OUT THE OSCARS TO SATURDAY MATINEE SCIENCE FICTION SAGAS! YOU'LL FINISH THIS FILM FOR ME—AND IT WILL BE THE LAST THING YOU EVER DO!
AND AMONGST LESSER MORTALS CHASTITY'S WORDS HAVE A DEVASTATING EFFECT........
WHAT HAVE I DONE WITH MY LIFE? ≡SOB≡
WASTED IT IN THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH!
WHAT USE IS A CASTLE IN SPAIN?
A WIFE, A MISTRESS AND TWO LIVE IN COMPANIONS?
A CHATEAU IN THE LOIRE?
AN ESTATE IN THE BAHAMAS?
WHAT'S UP WITH HIM?
YOU KNOW WHAT HE'S LIKE WHERE WOMEN AND RELIGION ARE CONCERNED!
HE CAN'T BEAR TO THINK THAT SWEET CHASTITY IS HOLIER THAN HE IS!


THAT'S IT—I'M FINISHED!
YOU'LL NEVER SEE MY ASS AGAIN!
WOW
ARE ALL OUR OLD TRADITIONS ≡SOB≡ GONNA DISAPPEAR?
FIRST IT WUZ THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT —NOW IT'S 'GOOD GUYS'! PRETTY SOON ALL WOMEN ARE GONNA BE AS BORING AS MY OLD LADY!
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE OLD VALUES, MORT?
RECRUITING OFFICE
GET OFF!
WE'RE FULL UP—I TELL YOU!
SHE'S A SAINT!
IT'S NO GOOD, HAROLD—I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! I'M JOINING THE "GOOD GUYS"!
NO! I GOT DIVORCED!
I'M PAYIN' A FORTUNE IN ALIMONY!
I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR FIVE YEARS!
WHAAA!
JUST MARRIED
AND IN FAR OFF CASTLE DREER, HOME OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN, CHASTITY'S CREATOR...
SHE'S OUT OF HER MIND! IF GREYBLOOD GETS HIS HANDS ON HER FORTUNE —I'M FINISHED!
NOT THE MOST NOBLE OF SENTIMENTS, BUT UNDERSTANDABLE IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES! HOWEVER, CHASTITY'S ACTIONS ARE TOO FAR REACHING FOR US TO GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THE FEELINGS OF SOME TWO BIT TRANSYLVANIAN BARON! WHAT CONCERNS US IS JUST HOW ALL THIS IS GOING TO EFFECT OUR LIVES?

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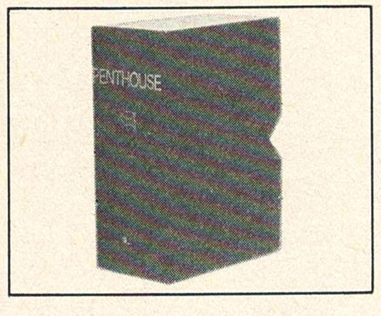

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FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

can understand why.

People will believe almost anything that is told them because they don't have any answers themselves. They quote the Bible, but anyone can do that! Taking sentences out of context from the Bible was not what God intended. The Bible was written to be taken as a whole, not in bits and pieces.

And there is nothing in the laws of God that says that sex before marriage is bad, that smoking dope is bad, that not going to church (a building called a church) is a sin. Those are "sins" that man created, not God!

When the Reverend Falwell gets up in front of people and in the name of God asks for money, then he's the worst kind of sinner. The terrible thing is that people think he's some kind of messiah! These misguided followers of a false prophet are doomed to die a death of the spirit.

Keep it up, *Penthouse.—Lonnie Neal, Jefferson City, Mo.*

I take your articles about Jerry Falwell and his troops quite personally. When I finish reading each one, I am angered to the boiling point. That man and his New Right have invaded every facet of my life. Especially my bedroom. He controls such wealth and power. The only thing I have left is my mind, and they're certainly *trying* to control that.

I hope your readers understand that your articles are extremely serious and must be acted upon. Falwell is now the antiabortion king. Since you probably have a largely male readership, I'm sure abortion is of no large concern to your average reader. But Falwell's proposed legislation affects so much more than women and abortions. The Human Life Amendment will outlaw other widely used forms of birth control (the IUD and some pills), making it more difficult *not* to become pregnant. Pregnancy affects all of us in one way or another.

If all the other things *Penthouse* has published have not made your readers sit up, I'm sure I can't persuade them. But I wanted to pass along a story:

I am one of those who teach planned parenthood in our public schools. In a conservative community, I take a lot of flak for this. But I do it because of Falwell. Because I want to rule my life. Because I can become pregnant—and so can my daughter, my mother, my sisters, my friends, the kids in the classes I teach.

One of the girls in my class said that she was against abortion because she would never get pregnant unless she planned it. We discussed all the other issues: responsibility, rape, etc., and decided to set them aside and deal with imperfect birth control alone. This girl still insisted she would never get pregnant unless she wanted to. I asked her how, if she were married, she could guarantee that. She replied that she wouldn't have sex unless she wanted children. The class went into hysterics, but she was dead serious. It was a sad occasion. I felt sorrow for her, her future husband, her future marriage. This is what Falwell wants: *no* abortions, *no* birth control, *no* sex. Talk about zero population!

Remember that Falwell, Phyllis Schlafly, and Ronald Reagan are only spokespersons. Spokespersons for an organization of power, money, and church that wants to dictate to our world!

As a widely read magazine, you are in a position to help. After working diligently for PP, MCLU, NARAL, and ARC for three years, I still feel totally helpless. Please help us find some answers. Tell me and your readers exactly what we can do to stop this from happening. I'm deathly afraid they're going to win.—*Name withheld*

In response to your "Moans and Groans" in the May 1982 *Penthouse*, I am addressing this letter to Mike Waslenski and Tony Childs. I am a happily married woman who is married to a beautiful man with whom I share all my joys. We have given our hearts to Jesus, but our eyes to *Penthouse*. There is nothing wrong with reading material that contains one of God's most beautiful creations—the human body. Keep up the good work, *Penthouse.—Val and Jim Bean, Ridgecrest, Calif.*

HARD TIMES

Sunrise Hospital in Las Vegas, Nev., which is owned and operated by Humana, Inc., is justly recognized as one of the leading health care facilities in the western United States.

An article reprinted by *Penthouse* from the *National Examiner* in the June "Hard Times" feature contained an inaccurate reference to advertising conducted by Sunrise Hospital to acquaint the public with new services and facilities.

That article incorrectly stated Sunrise Hospital used sexually suggestive advertising to increase business, citing one television commercial that supposedly featured a "particularly lovely lady lying seductively on a hospital bed" and a "husky handsome man." The implication of the article was that Sunrise Hospital offered its patient accommodations for improper purposes, which is totally false.

As anyone who viewed that commercial can attest, the lady was lying in bed with her newborn child, being attended by a nurse, and the man was the lady's husband, arriving for his first visit with the new baby. The commercial was consistent with the excellent professional reputation enjoyed by Sunrise Hospital.—*G. Roger Collins, Hospital Administrator, Sunrise Hospital*

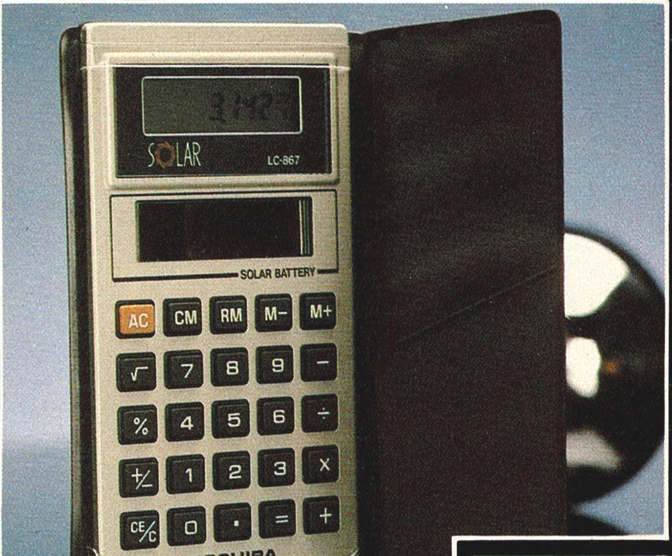
At Christmas, it's so easy to overlook the rich and famous. For their very special needs—and for that wonderfully privileged loved one in *your* life—may we suggest . . .

SWEET CHARITY

SYSTEM X-10 / The Timer
LAMP MODULE
APPLIANCE MODULE

Camera 5

For the monarch with everything—especially a surfeit of nosy admirers. Queen Elizabeth will certainly appreciate her BSR SYSTEM X-10, a home-security system designed to give would-be intruders the royal treatment. Automatically controls lights, appliances. Retail: $174.99.



Camera 5

Gift Photographs by Brian Bender

Help keep international superstars from languishing in jail over income tax goofs with this ultraslim solar calculator, from TOSHIBA. *No* batteries, works in any kind of light. Four-key memory can help Sophia keep track of residuals. The solar solution for a star. Only $15.95.

Movie Star News

If the chummy little extraterrestrial were really smart, he'd have carried the UNIDEN Extend-a-Phone when he left the mothership. The EX-4000 cordless telephone operates within a 700-foot range, comes complete with two-way paging. Phone home, E.T., for only $229.95.

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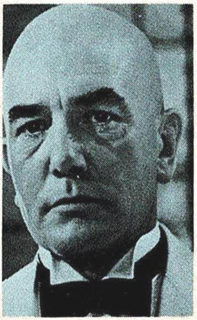

Movie Star News

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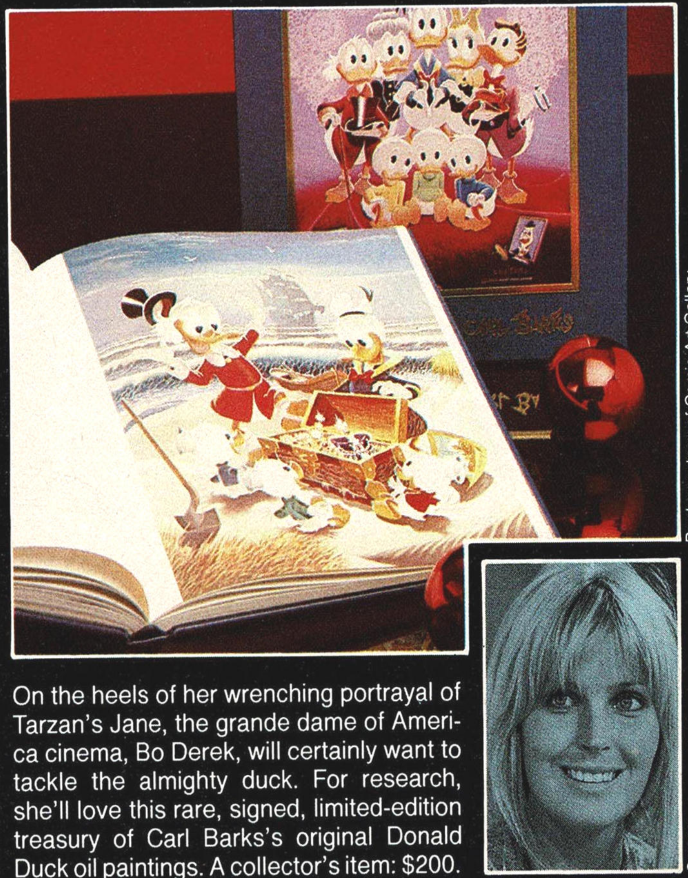
AFTER SHAVE

Movie Star News

You think all those Romans ran from Conan's terrible swift sword? Think again, and give the barbarian in *your* life a whiff of civilization with FABERGE's lion-taming Brut or the new racy, supercharged fragrance Turbo. The attractive Turbo gift set sells for $10.50; Brut gift set: $11.50.



Book courtesy of Comic Art Gallery

Sygma

On the heels of her wrenching portrayal of Tarzan's Jane, the grande dame of America cinema, Bo Derek, will certainly want to tackle the almighty duck. For research, she'll love this rare, signed, limited-edition treasury of Carl Barks's original Donald Duck oil paintings. A collector's item: $200.

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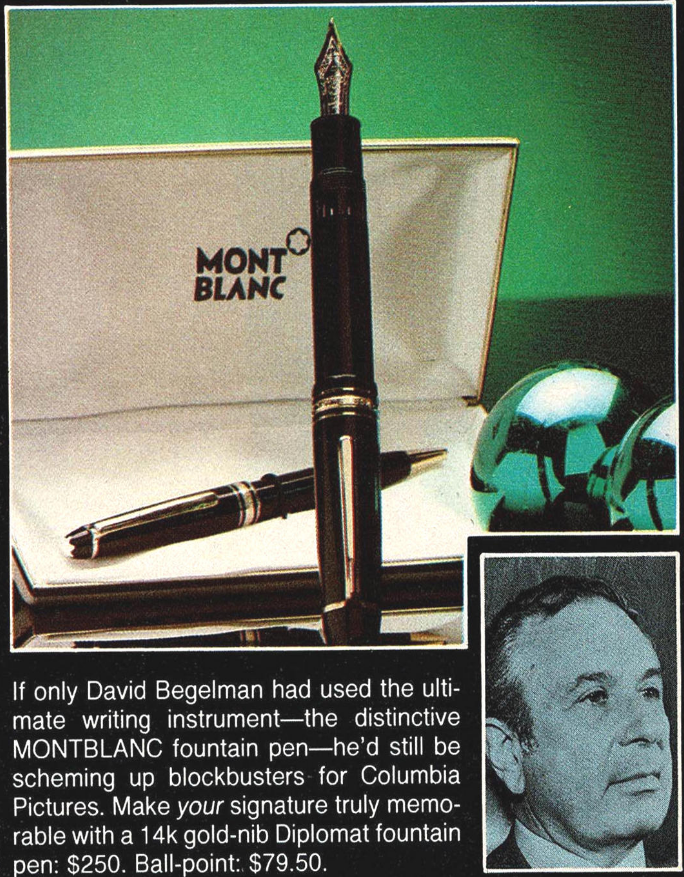
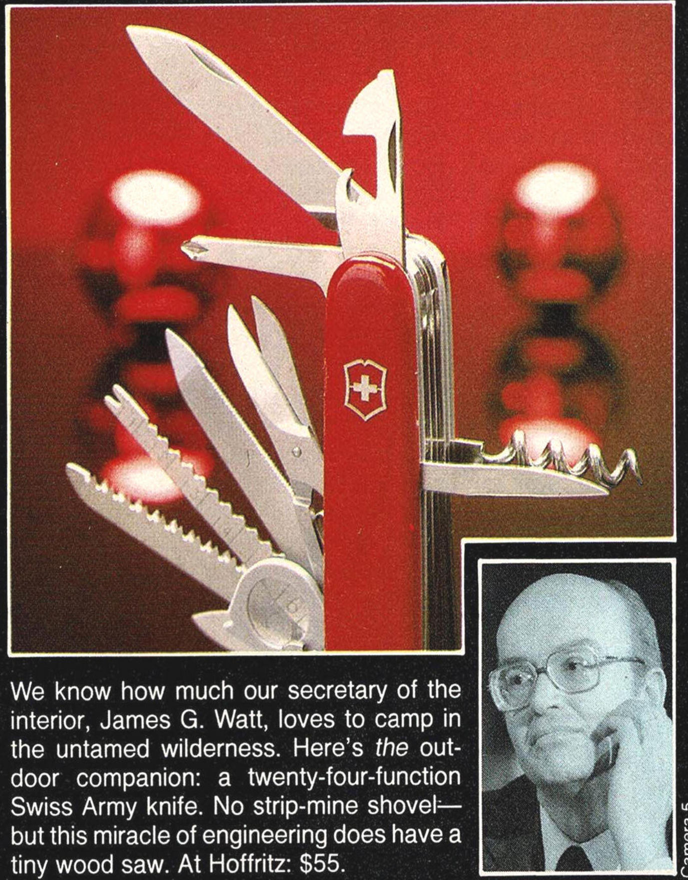
CBS

For that fearsome, feuding fivesome, the Ewings of "Dallas," here's the perfect multiple gift to ensure hands-off each other's property: CANON's 35mm Snappy camera, which comes in *five* snappy primary colors. Auto-exposure and auto-wind catch the slightest indiscretion. Retail: $99.



Wide World

If only David Begelman had used the ultimate writing instrument—the distinctive MONTBLANC fountain pen—he'd still be scheming up blockbusters for Columbia Pictures. Make *your* signature truly memorable with a 14k gold-nib Diplomat fountain pen: $250. Ball-point: $79.50.

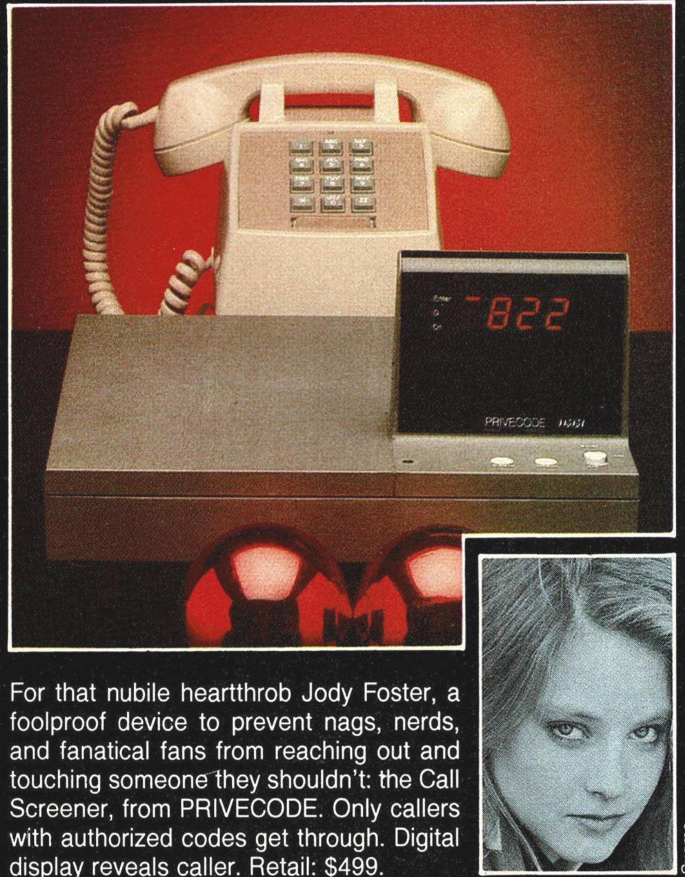


Camera 5

We know how much our secretary of the interior, James G. Watt, loves to camp in the untamed wilderness. Here's *the* outdoor companion: a twenty-four-function Swiss Army knife. No strip-mine shovel—but this miracle of engineering does have a tiny wood saw. At Hoffritz: $55.

Wide World

The perfect gift for the Italian government: they haven't stayed in one place since the end of World War II. Even nonpoliticos will delight in these exceptional pieces of luggage from the Cougaroo Collection by VENTURA. Lots of compartments, high-tensile-strength nylon. From $180 to $215.



Sygma

For that nubile heartthrob Jody Foster, a foolproof device to prevent nags, nerds, and fanatical fans from reaching out and touching someone they shouldn't: the Call Screener, from PRIVECODE. Only callers with authorized codes get through. Digital display reveals caller. Retail: $499.

Nikon
Nikon

Sygma

For that most infamous on-again, off-again couple, a matched pair of magnificent NIKON binoculars—the 3x5 Sport Glass and 7x20 Compact Roof Prism—to help keep a loving eye on that distant dalliance. Hers: a mere 5.3 ounces, ideal for purse; $75. His: light, streamlined, crisp; $262.50.

WEBBER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

haunting "Memory"—contains his customary structural solidity, the familiar witty allusions to as many musical idioms as he can cram into an evening's entertainment, and surely some of the lushest, loveliest melodies he's ever written. More than anything else about his work, it is the imprint of melody that stamps his songs with their distinctive musical-theater identity.

According to David Land, melody has always been the mark of Webber's musical gifts. These days, Land is deputy chairman of the Robert Stigwood Group, but fourteen years ago, as a theatrical entrepreneur, he was the man who discovered Andrew Lloyd Webber. In those days, the twenty-year-old composer had a pronounced interest in the rock-'n'-roll music of his generation. Indeed, he first approached Land with a scheme for a popular theater museum to house such works of art as Elvis Presley's guitar.

"He and Tim played me their very first version of *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*," recalls Land, "and I was struck by Andrew's extraordinary melodic style, which is thoroughly in the great musical-theater tradition of Richard Rodgers and Irving Berlin. Along with Paul McCartney, Andrew is the most melodious writer of the decade in England. We've got nobody better."

Land was so taken with young Webber and Rice that he put them each on a salary of $100 a week for the next few years. "So they could leave off whatever it was they were doing and write full time," were their benefactor's terms. As Land remembers, Tim Rice was then employed as a "petrol pump attendant," while Webber, who had gone to the Royal College of Music after Oxford, was working as a librarian for his father, who was director of the London College of Music.

The Webber-Rice partnership that Land continued to support through three successful musicals—*Joseph*, *Superstar*, and *Evita*—came to an unofficial halt when Webber began working in earnest on *Cats*. From the composer's point of view, it was a period of musical experimentation and growth rather than a rejection of his lyricist-partner. He speaks enthusiastically, if a bit distantly, of the amorphous "chess thing" Rice is working on. But Rice had nothing to do with either *Cats* or *Song and Dance*, or with Webber's new project, *The Starlight Express*.

"The thing is," Webber explains, "Tim Rice always wrote to my music. But I always wanted to know if I could write to already existing verses. So I took the chance with *Cats* and was very pleased to discover that indeed I can. It opens up a whole new world."

Tim Rice has been publishing regularly in England without Webber, but these days none of his projects is of a theatrical nature. "Unlike Andrew, I'm not a genuine theatrical," he explains. "I don't think of myself as being a theater fanatic, and I'm not desperate to succeed in the theater. I think Andrew is just totally obsessed with being successful in the theater. I still prefer to play cricket than go to the Tony Awards, even though *Joseph* got a nomination for Best Musical this year."

The way Rice tells it, their personalities haven't exactly changed much since they first met, when Webber was sixteen and he was nineteen. "Even then, the theater was an overriding passion for Andrew," Rich remembers. "He was keen to be Richard Rodgers, whereas I would have been supremely happy to have been Elvis Presley. He'd seen every theater musical there ever was since the time he was a child, while I'd seen only one musical—*My Fair Lady*—in my whole life."

What they did have in common was an enthusiasm for sixties rock music. (Even today Rice sounds boyishly envious of Webber's "enormous" collection of rock-'n'-roll records.) That, and a need for each to supply what the other lacked. "Andrew was desperate to find somebody who would write words for him" is how Tim Rice recollects the beginning of their partnership. "So I thought to myself, Well, all right then, I'll just write him some words if he's so keen."

Rice admits that he's "drifting a bit" without Webber, with whom he hasn't formally written anything since *Evita*. "Andrew is virtually impossible to get hold of right now," he says. "I don't speak to him at all regularly, except for business things, and it doesn't seem likely that we'll be working together in the near future. Maybe later. But there ain't much instant future."

Temporary or permanent, the separation of Webber and Rice has made their old mentor, David Land, so despondent that he can't bring himself to discuss any show that Webber had written without his onetime partner.

"I'm purely a Rice-Webber champion," says Land. "Those two are England's greatest musical-theater combination, and when they work separately it's just not the same. Look at it this way: England is always getting murdered—at tennis, at cricket, at football. At least here we finally had ourselves a winning team, and I hate to see that combination broken up. I'd really like to see them get together again."

What Land can't bring himself to talk about, the English critics have raved about—Webber's new writing "partner," T. S. Eliot, on whose poems *Cats* was constructed. "It works because there's a tremendous musicality in all of Eliot's works," observes Webber. "These poems are actually song lyrics, because Eliot actually *thought* musically. He loved the theater, and when he wrote his poems his sense of theatricality and his innate musicality allowed them to emerge as lyrics that could as easily be sung as spoken."

Valerie Eliot, the poet's widow, confirmed Webber's suspicion that the great man was "a musical-comedy fan, and absolutely fascinated by popular music." The most thrilling revelation she made, he remembers, "was when she told me that Eliot would often walk around the room *singing* some poem he was writing. There's one verse in *Cats* that I swear he wrote to the tune of a piece of classical music popular in his day."

In a way, it was Eliot's widow who actually put *Cats* on its paws. The story behind that is fascinating, and it begins with a gracious, if somewhat eccentric, custom devised by Webber of involving friends and colleagues in his work.

Once a year, during the summer, Webber holds a three-day music festival at Sydmonton, the estate in Berkshire where he lives with his wife, Sara, and their two children, Imogen and Nicholas. Sydmonton is a huge, old manor house, situated on rolling, verdant acres and furnished with rare Victoriana and a Jacuzzi. "Andrew's got these two rooms fixed up as a workroom, but it's really more like a children's playroom," recalls one recent guest. "There are all these marvelous things to play with—mechanical toys, musical instruments, and a hot tub. But don't get the wrong idea. Getting into the Jacuzzi with Andrew is a very unerotic experience. It's like frolicking with a child in a playpen.

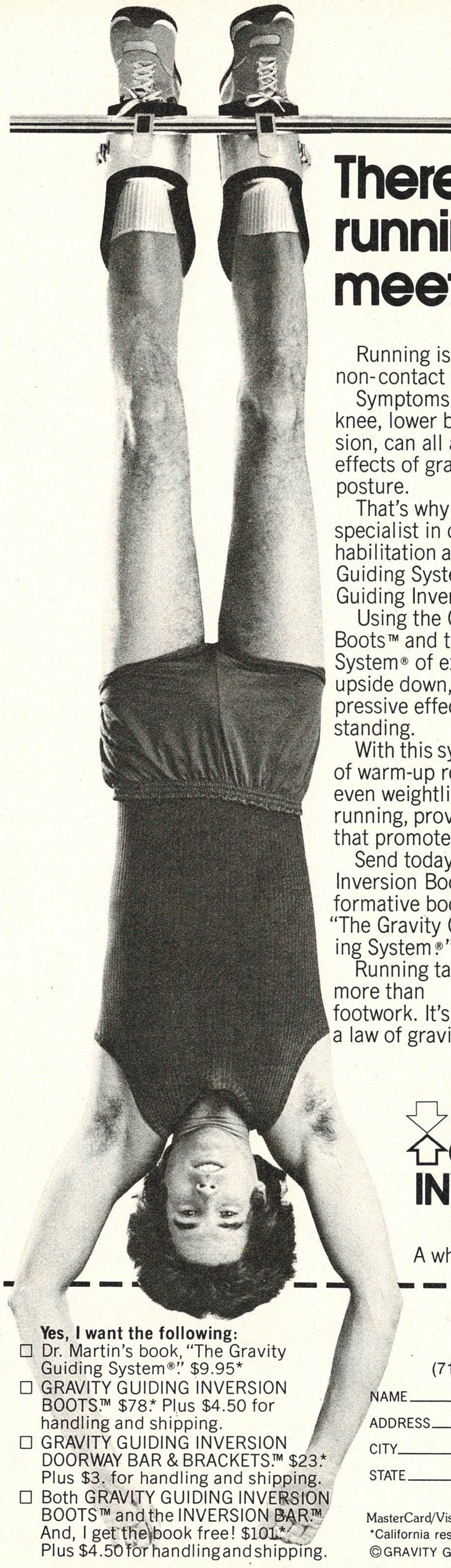
"Indeed," he goes on, "that wonderful childlike exuberance is what gives Andrew's work so much of its charm and vitality. He's rather like a genius child, so thrilled with his musical gifts that he frolics with them, the way a child does with its toys."

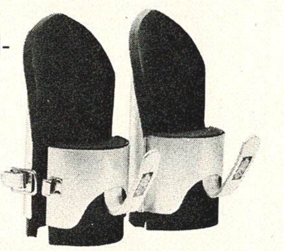
The significant thing about Sydmonton, however, is not its Jacuzzi, but its chapel, which once a year is turned into a miniature theater for Webber's music festivals. Tyler Gatchell, who has worked as general manager on every Webber musical for the past ten years, is a regular at these summer convocations, and remembers them well.

"It's always a friendly weekend in the country," says Gatchell. "It's all very rural down there—you can see Watership Downs from the house—and the lovely little church on Andrew's property makes a wonderful setting for the music. Andrew invites his friends to come down from London and play things that they've written recently. Sometimes the performers include his brother, Julian, who is quite a famous cellist. It was the 1980 Sydmonton Music Festival, I believe, when Andrew first performed *Cats*. Nobody, not even Trevor Nunn, had heard it at that point."

Neither had Valerie Eliot, who was among the 125 people at the festival that year. The widow of T. S. Eliot was impressed enough by what she heard to offer Webber some additional, hitherto unpublished material that might help in the composition of his piece. Besides Eliot's remarkable correspondence with his friend Groucho Marx, this cache also in-

"You know what I hate about champagne enemas? The bubbles tickle my nose!"





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cluded an outline for dramatizing *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. There was also an unpublished poem entitled "Pollicle Dogs and Jellicle Cats," containing the poet's thoughts on the supremacy of dogs and cats over the human population.

"But the most incredible thrill," Webber says, "was the unpublished poem about Grizabella, who became a crucial character in our show. Grizabella was a pathetic cat who haunted the Tottenham Court Road, and the poem about her is really about mortality. Eliot had thought the story too sad for children, so he withheld it from the published collection. But once Trevor and I had that one poem, we had the key that unlocked the other poems in the cycle. The story of Grizabella gives the whole production of *Cats* an emotional breadth."

Grizabella's signature song, "Memory," was recorded by Barbra Streisand for her latest album in what Webber, who produced it, recalls as a "thrilling" studio session. "I thought it unlikely that she'd sung live with an orchestra in a long time," he says. "With no overdubbing, no technical tricks, no nothing. She was nervous, but her phrasing was unerring and her musicality was uncanny. It was wonderful the way she responded. It showed me that Barbra Streisand is fundamentally a theater animal. I'd love to put her together with Trevor Nunn and get her on a stage."

To Webber, people as different as Streisand, Nunn, and T. S. Eliot are soulmates, because they all understand instinctively what he calls "the musicality of language." As for himself: "I fear that I would be constitutionally incapable of writing a piece of music that was not theatrical. I think theatrically—operatically. I believe that the real excitement of working in the theater is when you're doing something that can *only* be done in the theater."

Which rather explains why Webber gets a bit glassy-eyed when people pigeonhole his compositions as "rock operas." *Cats* makes use of a rock idiom in specific numbers, and many of the musicians in the original London production came to it with heavy rock credentials. But in *Cats*, says its composer, "we're looking for *new* sounds."

Even after a handful of hits, it's difficult to identify a precise "Webber sound." The early *Joseph* is a jolly pastiche of pop-music idioms, from country-western to French bistro music. *Superstar*'s so-called rock vernacular is so strongly orchestrated along musical-theater structures that it has closer affinities with Jerome Kern than with Joe Cocker. *Evita* has a distinctive Latin-American flavor that Webber himself says is more sleight-of-technical-hand than intrinsically compositional.

In *Cats*, Webber defines each of his feline characters through individualized and highly theatrical musical signatures. That contrary cat, Rum Tum Tugger, is an out-and-out rocker. Gus the theater cat sings his memories in a music-hall idiom. And Macavity, the mystery cat, does his mischief to a decidedly jazzy beat. These quicksilver changes—which leap from Gershwin to Gilbert and Sullivan, from ballad to barrelhouse—are, in fact, the closest thing to a signature definition.

"At least *Cats* shows that I've now got my own identifiable style," the composer exults. "Finally, I'm at the point where I can do something that is *all music*. My ambition is the popular opera. But," he quickly adds, "I've not gotten anywhere near the excellence of the best popular opera, *Porgy and Bess*. Gershwin did it in one try. I'm still working on it."

Of all the words in Webber's professional vocabulary, "work" (and all it's derivatives) is the one that he uses most often, and always in the adoring accents of a man pondering the beauty of his mistress. "That's because he's a complete workaholic," explains his old patron, David Land. "When I first met Andrew, at the age of twenty, he struck me as very nervous, very intense, very industrious, highly intelligent—and an utter perfectionist. And I can't see that he's changed at all since then. The *Evita* album had *eleven* pressings before Andrew passed it as perfect."

The thing that strikes anyone who catches him in the act of working, however, is how much of that work is of a technical rather than a creative nature, and how much he enjoys the challenge of these mechanical matters. A recent crisis with the Broadway production of *Evita* makes the point.

"With the advent of electronic instruments and all the hyped-up sound, we'd run into some trouble," director Harold Prince succinctly put the problem. What precipitated the actual crisis, however, was a *New York Times* follow-up review of the three-year-old Broadway hit, which declared its musical parts to be less than pristine. Producer Robert Stigwood and director Prince sent out a distress call to the composer, requesting therapy.

Which explains why, on a subsequent trip to New York, Webber is now hanging over the orchestra pit at the Broadway Theater, reading somebody's score upside down. He's wearing sports clothes—charcoal slacks and a lightweight jacket in bright green that makes him look a bit like a leprechaun—but there's nothing sporty about his manner, which is All Business.

Now, that's not Argentine. Where's the lilt? Can't we read this a little more lyrically? . . . Is that a Yamaha yowl? Check that synthesizer. . . . Where's Charlie? Is Charlie back yet? . . . What modulation have you got on that? Now, you see! That's on seventeen. It should have been fourteen. . . . That's better. . . . What we really need now is crispness. And urgency. Crisp urgency. It's tension, tension, all the way. . . .

Besides the orchestra, sunk in its pit below eye level, there aren't more than six or eight people visible in the theater on this warm afternoon. The stage looks enormous, stripped of all its moving parts and washed in work lights. A few actors are off to one side in a huddle, trying on each other's shoes and comparing feet. The white faces peering here and there out of orchestra seats belong to an executive producer, the general manager, a couple of sound technicians, and the beleaguered Charlie, who turns out to be a very slight, long-haired chap who runs the sound board, although he scarcely looks to be out of his teens.

"He's incredible," somebody whispers as Webber streaks up a side aisle, coat flapping and hair plastered against sweaty temples. "He's very sure of the *exact* sound he wants to get out of every person, every instrument, and he knows *precisely* how to go about getting it. Many composers don't. And how many composers can run the sound board themselves?"

The same thought had occurred to Harold Prince. "Apropos sound, among other things, Andrew knows what he's doing," the director pronounces. "Last time I talked to him, he was putting 'biscuits' in the pit, ordering a bass amplifier, and so on and so on. Andrew's knowledge of ever-developing equipment has solved our problems."

Having finally pronounced the orchestra acceptable for human consumption again, Webber is now ready for the per-

"I would have thought they could have just eased me into retirement!"

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formers, who seem understandably wary. "What I have to do is terribly boring," he says, with an apologetic shrug that fools no one. "But we simply must solve that problem at the top of the house."

"He pulled down all the speakers up there," someone says in an awed whisper. "Right out of the wall . . ."

After several naked run-throughs of key production numbers, Webber instructs the soloists to remove their body mikes and project to the upper balconies. They look stunned at the thought. "It's quite all right, really," he reassures the paler faces. "You see, I'm terribly keen right now on refocusing the sound attention back to the stage. Back to *you*, you see." It's a nice ploy, and it sort of works. But something more seems called for. He tries a little lecture. "I've had to take out the speakers," he explains, "for the simple reason that if you're sitting up there and hear sounds coming from your right or left, it's not theater. That's television. In theater, sound comes from the stage, from people."

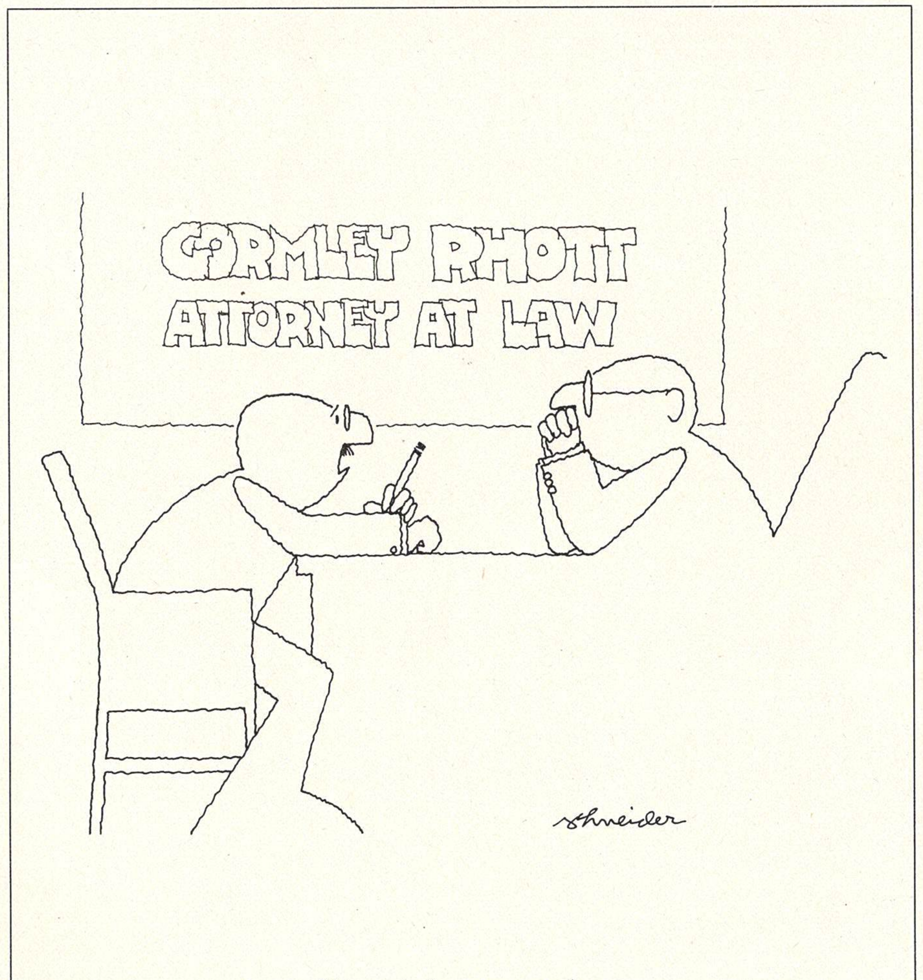
They push on, their newly humanized voiced amplified only though a couple of orchestra speakers for reaching specific problem areas. From the top of the second balcony. Webber applauds a nervous soloist with a wave of his arms. "Now, that's much better! For the first time today, I really feel that there's sound coming from *you*, and not from the relays up here." Shoulders and neck muscles visibly relax.

"But," he adds, remorselessly, "let's keep going, if you don't mind. I passionately believe that we're going to achieve this thing this afternoon."

He probably would have too, if an ominous buzzing sound had not mysteriously developed in the brand-new sound equipment. ("What *is* that *delightful* hum coming out of the main speakers?" Webber demands, in a new, acid-drenched tone.) All eyes fly to poor Charlie, who is sent scuttling all over the theater in pursuit of the gremlin. After ten minutes, the delicate throb has been amplified through anxious ears into a ferocious roar.

Webber calls for a mechanic—and a break. "We're becoming prisoners of technology," he fumes as we bolt down Broadway toward Charlies' restaurant. "Those goddamn chest mikes! They're like radio transmitters: 'And now, folks, a fresh bulletin from the Falkland Islands.' The actors have got a point, you know." He chews the point over in his mind, oblivious to the raffish rabble teeming up Broadway on this sunny afternoon. One guy's just gone by in a feather boa and he never even noticed him.

"Nevertheless," he charges onward, "and I *do* keep banging on about this—it's not really about equipment. It's about performance. That unique experience that you can only get in a theater between performers and audience. I shall never forget Hal Prince going quite mad in London with *Evita*. The performers kept complaining about the fallback from the house speakers, until finally Hal said: 'When I did *West Side Story* there was no such thing as fallback, because there were no such things as speakers. The speakers are now going to be turned completely off until everybody understands that you can't blame everything on equipment.' And that's just what he did, and it worked."



"How binding are promises made to a secretary while she's giving you a blowjob?"

A satisfied look spreads across his face as he tells the story. Absorbed in the memory, he cuts through the parade of panhandlers, pushers, and street musicians with their open violin cases. He doesn't even glance at the doo-woppers harmonizing their heads off in front of the Winter Garden. "He has the kind of energy that never stops. He's always doing something," says his friend Tyler Gatchell, "usually all things at once—and when he finishes one thing, bingo! he's onto something else. He's really amazing."

Some of Webber's friends, however, register concern about the focus of that phenomenal creative energy. "Both the genius and trouble with Andrew," suggests one associate, "is that he could, and very well might, write a musical about literally anything. About a deck of cards, if it took his fancy. It would be totally logical, too. He's already written about mythological characters and about cats, and now he's writing one about railroad trains. Why not a deck of playing cards? Everybody loves Andrew, because he's lovable, besides being a genuine musical genius. But he must write about real people now. He really must."

He has made a tentative stab, at least, in *Song and Dance*, a two-part musical piece about a woman of human rather than heroic size. The song part ("Tell Me on a Sunday") is a solo-voice opera Webber composed for Marti Webb, the original Evita of the London production. The dance part ("Variations") is an abstract theater ballet choreographed by Wayne Sleep. "It's the odyssey of an English girl in New York and what happens to her in the city," Webber describes the piece. "Since it's a small, quiet study of this woman, her love affairs, and her reaction to the urban environment, it is the very antithesis of, say, *Evita*, which is about big people and huge issues."

Song and Dance is due for a Broadway production this season, which will consequently put four Webber shows—*Cats*, *Song and Dance*, *Evita*, and *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*—on the boards simultaneously. The composer himself admits to feeling "a bit overawed" at the prospect, which again brings up that old problem of policing one's handiwork from several thousand miles away.

Sitting in the cool, cheeseburger-scented darkness of Charlies', Webber ponders the problem with his *Cats* coproducer, Cameron Mackintosh. "I'm really not a jet-setter," he protests, with genuine alarm in his voice. "I don't enjoy dashing about from this show to that. It will be something of a relief to have four shows in one place, so I can keep an eye on them all at once. The problem, you see, is that I fundamentally don't like to move. I fundamentally like to be wherever it is that I happen to be."

Mackintosh smiles into his drink with the knowing air peculiar to business types who frequently find themselves dragging their creative charges kicking and screaming to airports.

"Now, here I am in New York," Webber says, beaming on the crush of fellow diners wolfing down quiches and white wine before curtain time. Nobody seems to recognize him, even though he does tend to wave his arms about when he talks. But then, people in Charlies' make it a point not to notice anybody who isn't likely to ask them to join their table.

Michael Bennett, for one, is sitting at one table, breaking bread with some of the kids from *Dreamgirls*. At the table next to Bennett, Wanda Richert dines (at Charlies', one should really scale that down to "eats") with fellow cast members from *42nd Street*. Most of Broadway's producers are a street away, making deals at Sardi's, and all the managers and union guys are next door at Barrymore's, but everybody else in the business seems to be right here, oblivious to the sweaty-haired young Englishman who will soon have four shows running on their turf.

Travel-shy or not, Webber flies around like a mail pouch because he's a perfectionist when it comes to the ongoing state of his productions. There's actually a gleam in his eye when he talks about a South African production of *Joseph* he might visit. "I suppose it all comes back to the issue of ultimate control" is the way he nails down the point to all this talk about his intercontinental travels. "If you're only the composer, and not the producer, it's terribly hard to tell people from 3,000 miles away that they *have* to do something. Your 'advice' has rather more effect when it's delivered on the spot."

Having finished his cleanup duty on *Evita*, and with a bit of time to spare before the opening of *Cats* and *Song and Dance* in New York, the logical "spot" for him now would seem to be Hollywood, where two major movie deals are pending. The mere reminder makes him cringe. "We've got to take a small pause on that," he says of the hot rumors of a movie version of *Cats*. "We have a notion of exactly how to do it, but a lot depends on the reactions to the show when it opens here."

Paramount Pictures and producer Robert Stigwood, however, are reportedly frantic to start work on the film version of *Evita*, with Ken Russell as director. "I'm the only fly in the ointment," Webber groans, burying his head in his arms in mock despair. "I simply have no time to work on the score." Declaring himself "staggered by the speed with which they want to move forward," he admits that the prospect of doing a fully operatic film thrills him to pieces. "There just *no* way that a movie directed by Ken Russell can be boring," he crows. "I'm thinking now of those remarkable films on famous composers that he did for British television. I know he'd protect my music."

Cameron Mackintosh—who not only coproduced *Cats* and *Song and Dance* with Webber but also greases the wheels of the composer's publishing company, The Really Useful Company, Ltd.—suggests that Webber might find some of his stresses alleviated if he'd learn to delegate certain chores to certain colleagues.

"Oh, dear Cameron!" Webber responds dutifully. "I really *have* to learn to collaborate better. But I'd trust you, wouldn't I, to tell me if things were falling apart with *Cats* in London, for example?"

"Well, I'll promise not to leave the judgment to my cat," the producer says. "He was an indifferent fan of the score, you'll recall."

"But not as violent about it as my Burmese," Webber grins back. "He et the score, remember, and spat it out in distaste."

Amidst general declarations of hope that the Broadway critics will not share his cat's poor taste, Webber departs in sudden, frantic search of airline tickets to take him to some destination that he has, for the moment, forgotten.

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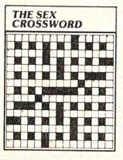

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RICH MEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

Morgan was right. Enough money can buy the doors, and pay to keep them shut. Hence, even though the excesses of the super-rich can be discussed (usually years after the fact), there are few corroborating research statistics on the super-rich in the scientific annals.

Fortunately, I've kept my eyes and ears open, drawing my own conclusions about the super-rich. Here are some of my working hypotheses:

Vice is a matter of time, money, and education. There is a very substantial difference between the sex lives of the super-rich and that of your neighborhood truck driver or the boy next door. It stands to reason that a man who spends his time and effort working to feed a family has no opportunity, no time, and certainly no funds to invest in expensive playmates or the exotic accoutrements of vice. A series of studies conducted in the 1970s revealed that the percentage of extramarital sex increases with a man's income. For men earning $20,000 annually, the incidence of infidelity was 13.5 percent; for men in the $20,000 to $35,000 bracket, it was 20.2 percent; for those earning between $35,000 and $50,000, it was 28.7 percent; for those netting over $50,000, it was 32 percent. Bear in mind that these statistics are from a decade ago—and that there are no figures whatsoever for anyone in the $150,000 range, let alone for millionaires.

Vice needs not only money but also inbreeding with money. A man who becomes a millionaire in an instant lottery still can't transform his entire upbringing and background overnight. Give a poor man a million dollars and he'll behave like a poor man who just got a million dollars. He won't behave like a man who was born into wealth. There is a vast difference, an integral difference, between those who have always had money and the ones who have spent their lifetime acquiring it. For the latter, elation has come with the achievement of recognition or the attainment of wealth. Sex has always been secondary to worldly achievement. Sex is something that has always been available to them in some form when there was time; hence the major drive is for the best cars, the best mansions, the best private jets, the best-looking wives, or new wives to replace the old ones. As a case in point, when the extremely unsophisticated H. L. Hunt went from farmboy and grade-school dropout to become the richest man in the world, he continued to brown-bag his lunch—and his biggest sexual vice was probably to marry one woman after a whirlwind courtship while still married to another. Naturally, he cut her out of his will because theirs had never been a legal marriage. Had he enjoyed fourth- or fifth-generation oil money, his eccentricities would doubtless have taken a different slant.

Most of those who have had wealth and the best of everything from birth are preoccupied not with material betterment but with acquiring the unimaginable, with ample time to enjoy it.

A much-married, glamorous star has revealed to a chosen few, for instance, that there was more involved than "irreconcilable differences" when she shed her last husband. It seems Mr. Husband was always disappearing at odd hours. Her curiosity aroused, his wife finally took to following him. He would invariably drive to the same perfectly normal, sedate-looking Beverly Hills mansion, staying inside for hours. At last his wife found a way to enter the mysterious house, tailing him all the way to its cellar. What she observed was a strange scene indeed.

The room was dark but for candles, silent but for the chanting of black-robed priests and monks. Incense stupefied the senses. In every aspect, it was a turn-of-the-century funeral parlor, a vaulted chamber filled with fragrant white flowers and dominated by a gilded, walnut casket. In the casket lay a young, ethereal, motionless nymphet in a transparent white shift. On his knees, wearing a coarse cassock, the "dear husband" was praying. Slowly, hazily, the "corpse" rose. The husband trembled. As the "dead" eyes opened, Mr. Husband let out a gasp of ecstasy, having climaxed without touching either the girl or himself. The famed wife pressed for a quick divorce, which was granted without fanfare. She could have raised a scandal, but didn't. In appreciation of her silence, the settlement was more than adequate. By the way, the ex-husband has since remarried, to a woman presumably more understanding of his sexual tastes.

Money buys privacy. Calouste Gulbenkian, the eccentric Turkish oil emperor of the 1920s, often referred to as "Mr. Five Percent," was short, bald, wizened, unattractive, but oh so rich! His business interests were so time-consuming that he employed a trusted secretary to proposition shapely strangers on the street, offering them furs, jewels, cars, and large sums of money in exchange for a discreet hour of sex with the celebrated billionaire. Each girl was then washed and groomed by one of Gulbenkian's personal maids and left to wait for him totally naked on his bed.

They had two inflexible rules: never but never engage in any conversation with the cantankerous tycoon; and dress and leave the premises the instant Gulbenkian departed from the room. For years, scores of such women were employed in this fashion in Gulbenkian's luxurious permanent suite at the Ritz Hotel in Paris—where he was lovingly referred to as "our resident Bluebeard." All the while, in her grand mansion across town, Mrs. Gulbenkian, who held a dim view of her husband's well-known indiscretions, nevertheless accepted the situation without a word of complaint, and continued to enjoy the privileges of great wealth. As the lusty Turk was fond of saying: "If nothing else, money buys privacy."

Throughout the years that Joseph Kennedy maintained his liaison with Gloria Swanson—despite rumors and scandalmongers' stories—Rose Kennedy steadfastly maintained that Gloria was not her husband's mistress but only a close friend of the family. Likewise, in the face of numerous embarrassments involving her husband's escapades, Joan Kennedy valiantly if painfully smiled on as though her life were the picture of domestic bliss.

In England, such indiscretions are usually of a homosexual nature, but the close relationship between money and privacy is maintained nonetheless. Rumors abound, for instance, that the late, distinguished Lord Louis Mountbatten, a cousin of the Queen of England, cavorted with young boys at his palatial digs in Knightsbridge. For this reason he and the queen maintained a cordial silence for years. But through it all, his lordship's wife kept a stiff upper lip while quietly indulging her own preferences.

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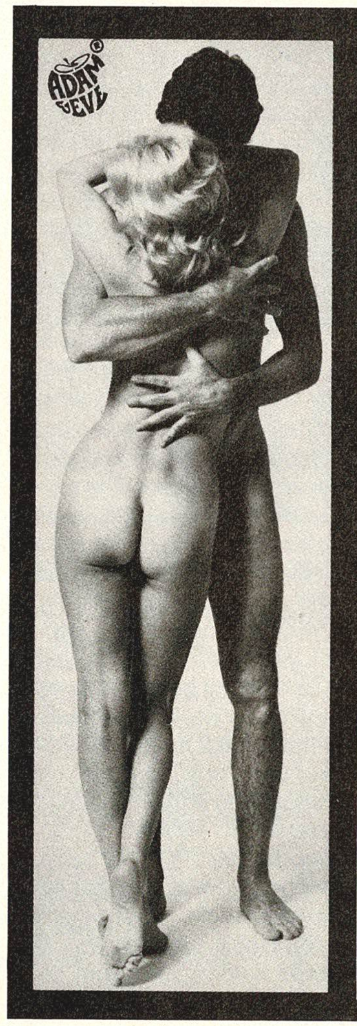

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cannot be realized. You can only hope that you'll find some new high. Eventually, only the purest physical and mental sensation—heightened to the utmost, even to the point of satiating pain—can provide gratification.

In eighteenth-century London, a group of wealthy, aristocratic thugs named themselves "Mohocks" after the American Indian tribe. Orgies were insufficient thrill to them; they delighted only in gross physical acts they could force on innocent victims. One favorite activity of theirs was "tipping the lion," which meant bashing a victim's nose flat into his face, boring his eyes out with their fingers, and making the bloodied victim step on his own discarded eyes. Another was "tumbling," which involved setting women on their heads prior to committing a whole range of lewd and inexplicable barbarities. Throughout a lengthy reign of terror, only two of these protected titled heirs and bishops' sons were ever prosecuted.

King Louis XV of France maintained a private preserve stocked with adolescent virgins fourteen years old and younger. It was, if anything, an honor to be dragged off into the bushes by the king. It was, for the king, an escape from the monotonous routine of his regal wife and regal mistresses.

A few summers ago I met an Arab prince, a young man of staggering wealth. He had stationed himself in Porto Cervo, Sardinia, which is generally conceded to be the foremost international watering hole of the super-rich. Every other day, from his palatial villa, his royal highness dispatched his personal jet to Paris, where Madame Claude—who earned her fame and fortune by procuring the most beautiful women for the world's wealthiest men—would pack it with five or six of her most exquisite practitioners of the sexual arts to help the prince relieve his boredom.

This same prince, while flipping through a magazine (I'm still wondering when he found the time) came upon a photograph of a world-famous American film star. He decided he *had* to have her. The prince's emissaries were immediately sent to Rome, where the object of his lust was making a movie. The emissaries made her an offer she couldn't refuse. But the offer—$150,000 for one night—*was* refused. The loyal minions raised the bid, yet the offer that couldn't be refused was refused again. I do not know what figure was eventually accepted. I know only that the beauteous, expensive actress finally came to Porto Cervo and remained for an entire week.

But finding pleasure without cessation can also be boring. When that happens, new thrills are sought. Deviant games, deeply rooted in guilt, often violently sadomasochistic in nature, can verge on the dangerous. "There is no more lively sensation than that of pain," wrote the Marquis de Sade. "Its impressions are certain and dependable, they never deceive as may those of the pleasure women perpetually feign and almost never experience. . . . therefore, he who will cause the most tumultuous impression to be born in a woman, he who will most thoroughly overwhelm this woman's entire organization, very decidedly will have managed to procure himself the heaviest possible dose of voluptuousness."

Of thriving on pain, Oscar Wilde has written that it is "delightfully suggestive and stimulating . . . like feasting with panthers. The danger was half the excitement." England's eminent William Gladstone, who would discuss morality with prostitutes on the street in an effort to reform them, soon developed a taste for whipping himself after these chats. Does this sound like a gesture of atonement? Perhaps . . . yet, when Gladstone's private diary surfaced decades after his death, it was discovered that he engaged in "strange and humbling pursuits" that included flagellation in the presence of the lowliest harlots. Of this he wrote, "Has it been sufficiently considered how far pain may become a ground for enjoyment?"

With the desire for pain comes the desire for humiliation. Hundreds of brothels flourished throughout nineteenth-century England to cater to people with this particular predilection, but none more famous that the London establishment of Theresa Berkley. For the ultrapowerful, a visit to England was incomplete without a visit to her skilled female floggers and purveyors of assorted chastisement. Not a day went by that some monarch or potentate was not being tortured astride her nefarious "Berkley Horse."

In our own century, the "New Jersey House of Torture" of Monique van Cleef, complete with racks and dungeons, reigned supreme until her deportation to her native Holland in the late 1960s. Her superheeled clients had three things in common: (1) they came from only the wealthiest circles of this country and abroad; (2) they wanted to be tortured and viciously abused; (3) actual copulation never happened. When Miss van Cleef was arrested, police confiscated her little black book, whose list of high-flown names proved so impressive that to this day not one of them has ever been made public. A measure of the socially exalted class of her protectors is that, despite the scandal, she has always been able to visit the U.S. at will, undisturbed. Not for business anymore, of course. Her business is now confined to Amsterdam, in a house offering even more immoderate tortures than her previous abode.

One of the most powerful men in America regularly subjects himself to ritual bondage, the culmination of which is having pins put into his testicles. One of our foremost, most blue-blooded judges insists on having his lover drive a dildo deep into his rectum. The judge continues to hold it in place as he sits on the bench, hearing major legal cases. At intervals, the judge calls his lover by phone, begging permission to remove the dildo. It's the lover's job to refuse, for it is in begging, humbling himself, and being turned down that he satisfies himself—and it is this humiliation that imparts a special sweetness to the dildo clenched between his nether muscles.

With the desire for humiliation comes coprolagnia, or sexual contact with dirt. This can take many forms, not the least of which is practiced by a South American ambassador who likes to take orders from a call girl who sends him on a series of prearranged prostitution assignments for which he gets no more than $20 a throw. The command is specific: he can pick up only men, the worst-looking and dirtiest; he himself must satisfy them orally. When he's completed his rounds, the ambassador returns with what money he's earned. Whatever amount he brings back is never enough for the lady, who routinely beats him. The combination of abuse adds up, for this ambassador, to orgasm. All this may be your idea of hell. To him, it's worth $8,000 for the night.

What makes the boredom-danger complex so fascinating is that it feeds on itself. In clinical terms one expert explains: "Each addiction eventually produces its opposite; pleasure turns to pain, and pain to pleasure. Why do some people keep eating when their stomachs are full? Because we like to fight off withdrawal by redosing with a pleasurable taste. The better the taste of the food, the bigger the opponent process and the harder the withdrawal."

In other words, subject a bored multimillionaire to enough pleasure that it becomes painfully boring, and he just may seek release through intense pain. As even the pain becomes boring, only ever greater doses will satisfy. When Lord Arthur Somerset, in England, was accused of frequenting a house of young boy prostitutes in 1889 (messenger boys from the post office, to be exact, of which he was certainly not the only highly placed client), his solicitor got him off the hook by threatening to reveal that Prince Albert Victor was a fellow patron.

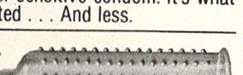
Since Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence, was the grandson of Queen Victoria, scandal was feared and the charges against Somerset were dropped. The prince's intrigues never came to light. It's worth noting in passing that Prince Albert Victor is thought by many historians to have been Jack the Ripper in his spare time—perhaps the ultimate example of a bored, sated rich man seeking increasingly perverse thrills.

Perhaps ritualistic pain isn't your cup of tea. Perhaps your moments of elation are so few and far between that you never have to worry about withdrawal symptoms. But for those who are bored and dulled beyond all sensation except the most physical, it is the one source of orgasm.

Vice is the masturbation of the super-rich. Alfred Kinsey, in his groundbreaking study, found that masturbation was related to social class. The moneyed, educated classes started masturbating at an earlier age, and throughout their lives did so more frequently. But while masturbation is a universal sexual outlet, both for those who masturbate while imagining fantasies and for those who have sex with their wives while fantasizing, which is really only a form of masturbation, only the super-rich can make their fantasies come true. What's the point for them in dreaming? However, once fantasy is realized, unless it becomes an obsession, with a scenario to be repeated verbatim each time, there is no thrill in simply achieving it again. One seeks to top the last experience. . . .

Music in the background. The blur of faces, the hum of small talk from the distinguished clientele. It's cocktail hour in one of Washington, D.C.'s most prestigious hotels. A maddeningly handsome man in his late forties approaches the bar. "May I join you?" he asks a beautiful, elegant redhead sitting alone.

"How dare you speak to me?" she snaps softly but severely. "Did you ever look at yourself?"



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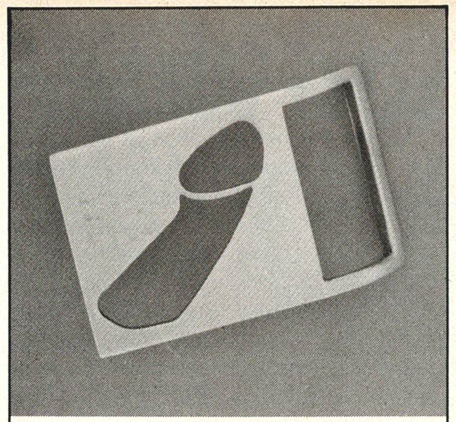

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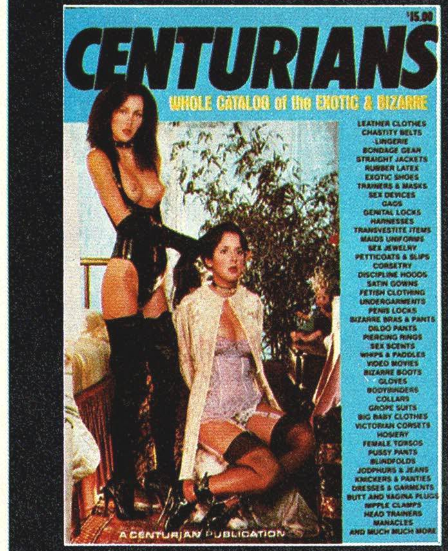

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"With you? Why should I? You're ugly. The ugliest man I've ever seen. You are ugly like a dog."

"I . . ."

"Do you know you're as ugly as an ugly dog?"

"I . . ."

"Say it. Say, 'I'm ugly, like an ugly, mangy dog.' "

"I'm ugly, like an ugly, mangy dog."

"Then don't you know an ugly dog can't look directly at a beautiful woman like me? Lower your eyes, you dog."

"Yes, madam," he answers, complying.

From this incongruous beginning, the scene unfolds. The woman continues to berate the handsome man, making him repeat each derisive remark. She allows him to follow her to her luxurious Potomac river-view penthouse. He strips bare and squats on all fours, head bowed. The woman fastens a black leather studded dog collar around his neck, drags him forcibly by its leash into the kitchen, making him yap all the way. From a dish on the floor, he voraciously eats dog food, pausing to lick gratefully at her feet while repeating over and over, "I know I am an ugly, mangy dog." The handsome man defecates on the floor, to a nonstop hail of abusive scolding. She orders him to clean it up—with his tongue. As he slobbers beneath her, at this moment of utter degradation, he reaches orgasm.

What grade-B, X-rated film is this from? None. This is real life. The name of the "handsome man" is instantly recognizable throughout the world. He is a famed aficionado of superior racehorses, and his philanthropic works have enriched many cities. His life, except for his sexual outlets, is exemplary. His compulsion is to relive this same ritual scenario, word-perfect each time, and he flies into a rage when the words with his prearranged lady vary even one iota. Each such episode of acting out this script, written by the man himself, runs a tidy $7,500.

Another variation on the theme—this involving an esteemed social leader whose family boasts many generations of distinguished sons and daughters—culminates as the horny gentleman licks water with his tongue from an unflushed toilet bowl.

The closest that the perverse members of the upper class ever come to masturbation is voyeurism. For instance, Peter the Great of Russia delighted in watching his imperial aunt with her paramours through peepholes bored through the walls of her bedchamber. When film pioneer Thomas H. Ince died and his widow sold his fantastic, famous California mansion, a passageway with a whole galley of peepholes was discovered. The secret passageway had provided Ince with a front-row seat to the trysts of some of the most celebrated people of his time.

Money can't buy happiness. This is a source of enormous frustration to those super-rich people who feel that by all rights, it ought to. Sometimes, flagrant sexuality is but a form of compensation. For all Howard Hughes's wealth, he could never find a woman to satisfy him, even when he invested small fortunes in various attempts to create women to his taste. His passion was for big-breasted women. His idea of an attractively set dinner table was one at which he was the only man, surrounded by busty women, who were naked from the waist up. The spectacle was visually impressive—an interesting cover-up for the fact that Howard chronically made a spectacle of himself trying to win over women who turned him down. When Gina Lollobrigida was a young Italian starlet, Hughes offered her a Hollywood contract that she was delighted to accept. He had her flown over to the States, then kept her isolated in a hotel room, as good as cut off from the rest of the world. Though she was married at the time and devoted to her husband, Hughes believed the combination of isolation and distance would leave her vulnerable to his own advances. Instead, she lost interest in him and flew back to Italy. Variations on the theme were repeated with a whole galaxy of lesser stars and starlets. At one point in his life, Hughes had agents who systematically combed beauty contests for big-breasted women. The women were offered Hollywood contracts, then signed into Hollywood hotels. It was a large-scale application of the same ploy over and over again. His plan was always to weaken them with loneliness, then to swoop in for the kill. Generally, the girls got wise early in the game, leaving Hughes to stew in his own juices.

It was compensation, too, when King Farouk, Egypt's last monarch, carefully nurtured his public image of insatiate Casanova. When his possessions were auctioned off on the occasion of his exile from Egypt, his enormous collection of porn—nudie playing cards, X-rated flicks, and such devices as manacles used for chaining lovers to their beds—brought over a million dollars. All evidence indicates that in his lifetime he bedded some 5,000 women. Yet evidence also shows that he had underdeveloped genitals and a history of erratic impotence from the age of twenty-three.

England's King James I/VI was anatomically awkward, with a tongue too large for his mouth, which gave him the tendency to slobber, and extremely weak legs (which some attributed to sexual foul play in his youth). He doted on men of his court, using his weak legs as an excuse to lean on them and demanded public embraces and kisses, which they accepted grudgingly. One contemporary has written that he would let the king kiss him, then turn aside and spit because the king "slobbered his mouth" with his repulsive, fat tongue. The king's compensation when he could not have his way was to be spiteful against his most humble subjects, treating simple poachers with hysterical savagery, and dealing out the punishment for treason to men who had only engaged in theft.

When all else fails, retreat to the womb. When simple sex no longer suffices, when unlimited simple sex no longer suffices, when analism, flagellation, sadomasochism, necrophilia, and voyeurism no longer suffice, there is always the chance to revert to childhood. A man who has always been spoiled, who has never been punished, who throughout his life has been surrounded by people bowing and yessing to him, often grows up yearning to be spanked.

Picture this New York City scene: the amply bosomed nanny, wearing a starched white pinafore and black wool cape, wheels the closed, oversized carriage down the sunny Central Park lane. The sun is high. The leaves have just turned green. The red balloon, fastened to the handlebar of the carriage, bursts with a bang, sending the baby into a paroxysm of high-pitched squeals. "There, there," coos nanny to her charge. "We'll be home soon. You'll see."

With difficulty she lowers the pram over the curb and pushes it across Fifth Avenue into the servants' entrance of an imposing townhouse, and into an organdy-and-lace nursery. Whack! Baby's rattle, tossed from the carriage, hits the floor. "Baby's going to bed tonight without his supper if he doesn't watch out!" she admonishes, raising her voice. Baby gurgles apology. Nanny smiles, all forgiveness. Unbuttoning her blouse, she removes one pink-nippled breast, offering it to the eager lips that suck it dry of milk. The baby dribbles. The nurse cajoles. Moments later, it's diapering time. Nanny exchanges the old diaper for a new one, being careful to stick the baby with the safety pin. Baby cries. Whack! Nursie spanks him till he yells and yells and yells.

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In the recent past, one of the mightiest scions of our aristocracy died under unusual circumstances that, though they reached the papers in a fairly steamy version, were nonetheless vastly toned down. The fact is that the poor little rich man died not in the saddle, as is generally supposed, but in his diapers, gurgling and alternately sucking fleshy pink breasts and black ones.

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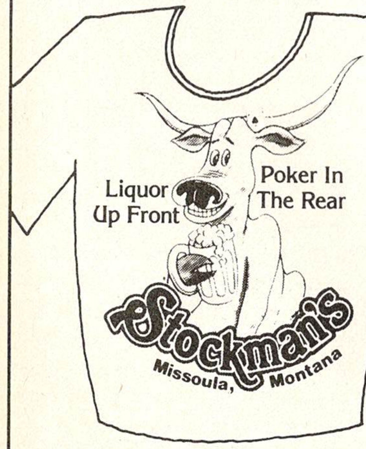

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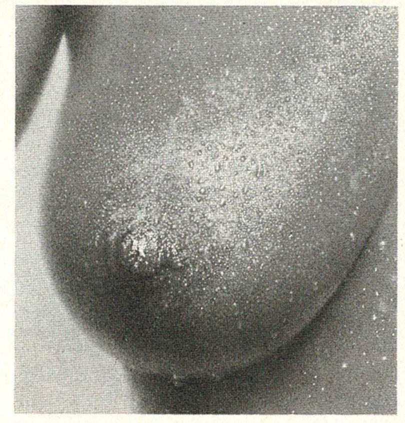

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concerns Elvis Presley, who reportedly slept with his mother in her bed until the onset of puberty. Futhermore, it's been revealed that toward the end of his life, far from enjoying a normal, healthy sexual appetite, he had reverted to a world of childhood that included rattles, diapers, and baby talk. It was not to mount a woman that he craved, but to be diapered and spanked by one, preferably one who reminded him of his momma.

Vice is a matter of ethnics as well as ethics. In cultures that recognize polygamy as the normal course of events, it would make no sense for an unhappy billionaire to express his vice in terms of multiple marriages. He'd seek something out of the ordinary—like a steady, monogamous relationship—to relieve his boredom.

Among the Jews, an old Judaic law forbade a woman to touch her husband's genitals, which were considered sacred. It was a crime punishable by amputation of the hand. Hence, having genitals touched could, for one still influenced by the ancient law, be an act of extreme sexual danger and excitement.

One extremely well-to-do Jewish friend of mine, an electronics magnate from New Jersey, is a known tyrant in his business dealings. Considering Mr. Big is a veteran of the Nazi death camps, his special craving is all the more perverse. His favorite fantasy, eternally reenacted, involves stiletto-heeled, leather-clad, whip-bearing Aryan ladies dressed up like Gestapo guards. They whip him, lacerate him, humiliate him, under the unyielding gaze of tall, blond Germanic boys dressed in the swastikaed uniforms of the Hitler youth. He returns to these scenes of horror again and again, paying several thousand dollars each time for the no-holds-barred reliving of his most hideous memories.

Then there are wealthy Hindus who believe it's sacred to copulate with cattle and monkeys. Priests are rewarded handsomely for arranging such acts for lay worshipers. And there are the Japanese, for whom *gokuraku-ojo*, or "sweet death," results from making love to a woman until she dies of it. But the world of Islam is a veritable Arabian Nights of sexual exotica. According to Muhammad, one who died in amorous intercourse was a martyr to love, like Caliph Harun er-Reshid, who was considered a hero because his heart failed him during a lovemaking act. Aga Khan III, forty-seventh in direct line of descent from Muhammad's daughter Fatima, as spiritual and secular head to three continents of Ismaili Muslims, was heir to an empire of banks, investments, mills, quarries, industries, tourism, stables, etc. . . . as well as to the custom of receiving his weight in diamonds and gold. His son Aly inherited that legacy and more, for in his fourteenth year his father sent him to Cairo to learn the technique of *Imsak*, which means "retaining" or "holding." It's one of the favored lovemaking secrets of the East, considered an extension of the male vital force. With *Imsak*, Aly Khan learned to control himself indefinitely, and thereafter enjoyed bringing women to climax while rarely enjoying that pleasure himself. What he did enjoy was the sense of mastery he achieved while constantly exciting women beyond control and knowing he could do it again and again and again, indefinitely.

To Westerners, some of these customs may seem deviant. But with sexual mores above all else, the adage "one man's meat is another man's poison" is a golden rule. For example, the English quake at the thought of a sex scandal in politics, but the French might take it as a matter of course—and have, on numerous occasions.

Englishmen of the upper class take to flagellation and homosexuality more easily than other races for the same reason super-rich men in general are attracted to momism and humiliation—a warped sort of nostalgic yearning for bygone childhood days. (Though some still persist in the belief that it has to do with England's cold climate!) As Edmund H. Dickerman has pointed out, one aspect of masochism is "the expectation of punishment by the great parental authority of Fate (God), or in England, Nanny."

Whatever the reason, it's in the blood. Where but in England would you find a creature like Whipping Tom, of the seventeenth century, who would sail out from dark alleys, toss up the petticoats of passing damsels, spank them vigorously till they cried for help, then run off into the night to spank again—without once ever attempting any other form of sexual contact or assault?

Naturally, all super-rich men aren't perverts. A million-dollar bank account does not necessarily mean a life of perversion and vice. But it *does* mean the opportunity to buy one, and the ability to keep it secret. It implies a range of psychodynamic forces that, beginning in infancy, go way beyond those of other social classes. These forces include a seemingly endless allowance of the time and money to afford vice and the need to seek fulfillment in perversions when the more standard possibilities for regular sex have been exhausted.

If the deviants among them are, as Freud says, "poor devils who have to pay a high price for their limited pleasure," they are poor in everything but money. And their pleasure, theoretically unlimited, is ultimately limited by what limits us all—anatomical impossibility.

If you find this a source of great comfort, you might change your mind when you read my next article: "The Erotic Lives of Super-rich Women." If, as Sigmund Freud also wrote in another context, "anatomy is destiny," these incredibly wealthy women are destined to achieve the impossible—and often do! O+

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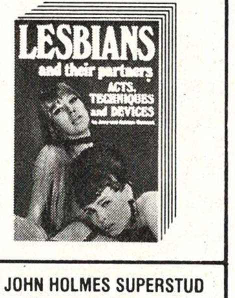

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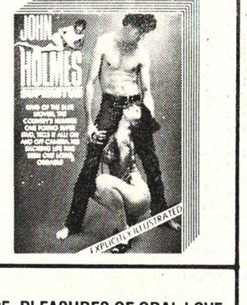

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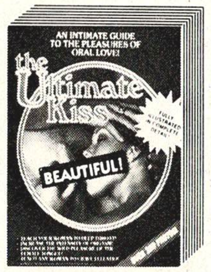

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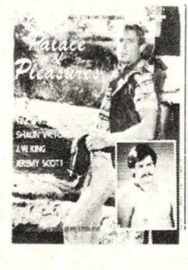

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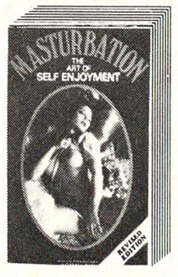

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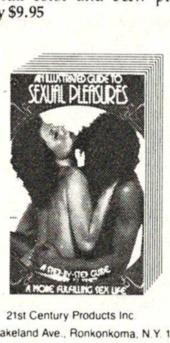

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

is forgotten. "Captain Marvel," ladies' delight, moves into the bright lights. It *is* a small crowd, he thinks, but Lanny's a trouper. They'll still get something to watch.

And Lanny is most definitely something to watch. He times his act perfectly. Start out slow and friendly. Get them to trust you. Flashing a gleaming Crest smile, he tries to catch every woman's eyes. Lanny always remembers: onstage, he's out there for *their* pleasure. If he's enjoying himself and free, they'll feel the same. And the rewards are great.

The suburban ladies start to move with him. Now's the time to tempt them. Dance to a slower, more sensuous beat. He strips gracefully until he's wearing nothing but a brilliant blue satin G-string emblazoned with a sequined *M*. Lanny's getting hot. And so are they, especially a young, blond bride-to-be surrounded by friends at a most unusual shower. He picks her up, tightens her legs around his waist, and smoothly twirls the girl around, grinding his pelvis against her. When he sets her back down, she's starry-eyed. Lanny's every boy she wanted in high school and never got.

The beat quickens. Lanny takes off the G-string and dances in only a flimsy cotton red sock. He does a backbend and humps the air to the music. The ladies love it. He's doing things their husbands and boyfriends wouldn't dare even with the lights off.

It's time to get them. The climax. Lanny slides between the tables, and woman eagerly stuff bills into his sock. Only one young brunette in a three-piece suit remains aloof. Lanny moves on. Don't waste time with the uptight bitches who look down on ladies courageous enough to let go. He doesn't push himself on the women as he moves between the tables. You've got to be gentle. Make love to the audience, don't "fuck" them. That's why Lanny rakes in the cash. He lets the heavy matron decide for herself whether she's going to grab his ass and stick that fiver in his sock. He seems pleased when a shy, mousy girl actually pulls his crotch to her face and with her teeth deposits a ten-dollar bill. Hell, if he's dancing he'll even let them suck him through the sock. For a moment, anyway.

Offstage, Lanny wastes no time emptying his take. He's not surprised at the twenty scrawled with "I want to fuck you" and a phone number. Another proclaims, "Let me suck you." There's even a Ramada Inn motel key stuffed down there—and these are typical suburban housewives who probably blush at "Flamingo Road."

He doesn't mind that they're treating him as a sex object. "Hey, that's the whole point! I'm a sex object to them and I love it," Lanny says. "How many men could just move onstage and get women to drop all their inhibitions? It's flattering to me. I let them cop a feel of my cock. Some of them dig down so far you'd swear they were looking for change."

Though he rarely gets an erection, Lanny does admit that he sometimes gets hard. From all those hands? He blushes a little. "No, it's the feel of all those dollar bills," he admits. "Onstage, I'm theirs, but offstage I decide who touches what, when . . . and for how much." Which is why Lanny has rapidly changed into his street clothes of tight black slacks and a shiny magenta, open-to-the-waist shirt. He wants to get to the bar action quickly.

Even before he reaches the bar, the young bride-to-be in her Farrah hairdo corners him, pressing herself against his body, saying how much she wants to fuck him tonight. God, man, the kid's getting married tomorrow, Lanny thinks. He pulls her off. She leaves disappointed, but as Lanny says, "I may be an adorable slut but I'm an old-fashioned one. How could one guy do that to another guy's bride on the night before?" He shakes his head in bewilderment.

> "Suddenly, she's devouring him. It feels like she's chewing corn on the cob. He tries to guide her. "I don't need instructions," she says."

The bar isn't too crowded, but there's still a throng of women. Heads turn. Lanny's got the confident air of a king of the roost. He's aloof, but the ladies know he's available. The same guy who just spellbound their friends could be theirs. They could really see what it's all about. Even if it means paying. From what they saw onstage, it's probably worth it.

Sure enough, a timid-looking redhead approaches, softly murmuring, "You were wonderful. I want to suck your cock." Incredibly, the bold proposal comes out sounding no more daring than asking for an autograph. After all, isn't that what most fans would really like to do with their movie idols? They disappear into the dark parking lot.

You can't miss the car they've gone to. It's the Ford station wagon with the steamed windows and baseball bats in the back. Though she's paying him up front, Lanny runs the show. Part of the thrill is the challenge of freeing the sexuality that many women still hide. From their boyfriends, from husbands, and, more important, from themselves. Getting them to get a little crazy is almost like having a virgin, Lanny feels. His sexual radar is acute. He knows that it's the seduction, the buildup, that gives even a twenty-minute quickie some flavor. Provocatively, he makes small talk as he stretches one leg over the backseat, open wide enough for her to see the bulge in his pants. He kisses her softly. Then a little harder. She grabs him. He pauses. "After all," he says later, "there's no thrill if you just take out your dick and shove it in their faces . . . like a lot of men do."

Suddenly she's devouring him. It feels like she's chewing corn on the cob. He tries to guide her. "I don't need instructions," she says, intimidated. Lanny gently explains how he can help sex be better for her and for her man. Soon she's listening to Lanny's directions. His hands rub through her dress. With a slight groan, she climaxes. "What the hell," Lanny figures, and he comes too. She drives off, happy, having learned a little something to put spice back into her own bedroom.

In the bar, a plump, mid-thirtyish blonde gives Lanny a Captain Marvel doll. Lanny hugs her. After all, this is a special night. This accountant has seen Lanny dance twenty-four weeks in a row. Then, each time, it's out to her Camaro, where she pays to give him pleasure. They disappear. Fifteen minutes later he returns, revealing that although his fee is basically the same, he varies his routine with each client. "I never come with her. She's the type that likes the challenge. The time I come is the time I lose a steady customer."

Lanny, of course, is just part of the action. Each male stripper appeals to different women. Dotted around the room, they all seem like items on a human Lazy Susan. The guys disappear. Soon they're back, and moving on.

It all seems lopsided. Male prostitutes may be more prevalent these days, but usually men service the women, not vice versa. What could prompt a woman to pay to give a man pleasure? Lanny acts as if it's obvious. "Women are smart. They'd like a quick fantasy . . . the zipless fuck . . . with a good-looking guy, but they don't want to risk catching something and having hubby say six weeks later, 'Where the hell did you pick *that* up?'

"Even more common is that women don't want to miss out. They watch 'Knotts Landing' and see the picture fade when the girl kisses the guy below the waist. But they know what happens. Their man may be shy about it. Their men may not help them learn how. The ladies want to be uninhibited, but it's scary to do that with someone you care for.

"Here"—Lanny indicates the dark room vibrating with multicolored lights. "Here they're safe to do anything. When I'm dancing out there, I become a star. Afterwards, they can actually have that star in their hands. A quick fantasy that makes them think they have control and that they've scored is very satisfying and glamorous, 'cause in most of their lives they feel really frustrated and unglamorous."

The uptight young executive sidles up to Lanny, stating clearly, "I know you're easy" and grabs his crotch. "Not for you," Lanny says flatly, removing her hands and moving away. Lanny likes to think he's his own man. Women who approach him with the "slumming" attitude are quickly sent packing.

The crowd is thinning out, but there are still a score of women circling the dancers. And some of these women are young and attractive. In street clothes, the dancers look like any average guys after a few months of Nautilus training, trying to look flashy. Why does the onstage fantasy last?

Lanny shrugs. "It still blows me away that women give men money for blowjobs. Maybe it's 'cause we work so hard to please them. They get turned on by men allowing themselves to be felt and touched . . . to be so vulnerable." Lanny's voice lowers. "I still think I'm nobody, but they think I'm somebody. It's the closest thing they'll get to having sex with Burt Reynolds, I guess."

Lanny casually nears the booth where a sweet-faced brunette sits alone. Half an hour later, Lanny's still talking to her. Ordering more drinks, he reveals she's a recent divorcée from Scarsdale who, judging from the size of her diamond ring, has done extremely well in her settlement. Lanny actually looks excited at the possibility that she's driving him home. He indicates he is truly attracted to her. Maybe he'd actually "go all the way" tonight—it must be "extra" for this twenty-minute parking-lot Lothario to augment his routine. "That's my business," Lanny protests indignantly. "I do what I want, and if we do spend more time and go further, I don't ever *fuck*. I *make love*. That's special. Whether they pay for it or not." Lanny sounds like a boy weaned on "Peyton Place." "She's nice, but . . . " He hesitates, realizing his guard is slipping a bit. "Well, I might have to give her a quickie."

Lanny catches two other women and sparkles a smile. By the time he's reached the waiting divorcée, he's hooked two potential customers for another night.

The days are lived by a different Lanny. At 10:00 A.M., after two hours' sleep, Lanny works on the engine of a Dodge that's parked in front of his rented two-story house in the Bronx. The car belongs to his roommate, Steve, a plumber, who is chugging a Schlitz, adding to an already substantial beer belly. Lanny finishes off the job. Though he looks like a mechanic on speed, he swears he wouldn't harm his body—"the tools of my trade," as he cracks—with any drugs. "I can stay up for days just on the high that sex gives me. If men only knew," Lanny says brightly.

Now begins some serious business. Watching the kid next door ride a bike. The scruffy eight-year-old climbs aboard, looking to Lanny for confidence. After all, Lanny's the one who's spent hours teaching him. He starts off. Teeters. Falls. He looks woebegone. Lanny smiles. "Don't get discouraged! You know you can do it!" The kid adjusts his sagging jeans and gets on again. This time, though somewhat shaky, he makes it down the block. Lanny's laughter for the first time is genuinely warm. Lanny loves kids. Lanny, who sells his body five and six times a night. Lanny, who strips in front of hundreds of women, has bigger things in mind for the cash he's compiling. Lanny wants to open a day-care center for kids. Earnestly he elaborates. "These days both parents have to work to support a family. My aunt's a teacher and she could run it with me. I'd make sure to have things like hot lunches and really help the kids. Kids are my favorite. But I don't have enough money yet. Right now"—he lowers his voice—"it's hard to bust my ass again, when I know there's such an easy way to raise the cash I need."

It sounds totally incongruous, but, in dirty jeans and a T-shirt, Lanny could be any young family man as he retrieves an errant football for a group of older boys. He throws it back with a swift, clear pass. Surrounded by trees, lawns, kids, and cars is where Lanny really feels at home.

Still, the modest Bronx neighborhood is a lot more high-class than where Lanny was brought up in Ohio. A middle child in a family of ten, he lived a life of hand-me-downs and penny-pinching. His was a strict Lutheran household; yet Lanny's first memories are of his siblings always "messing around." It was clear to Lanny that "sex was just about the most powerful and natural strength around. I just didn't know what to do with it. I was real shy."

Watching his older sisters prepare for dates or plot how to get guys, Lanny got an inside track on the female mind. "I knew having a good body was a big start for a guy," he recalls, "but they'd say a guy had to turn them on emotionally, too." All his sisters had sex early. All of them "had" to get married, were trapped by sex. Lanny vowed that would never happen to him.

His brothers showed him how not to play the game. "All they wanted was to get laid. Sex ruled them, they didn't rule it." Lanny whips off his T-shirt to give the pretty young sunbathing blonde next door a better view. She doesn't seem impressed. A bit miffed, Lanny continues: "Use it, don't abuse it, was my motto. I wasn't interested in the giggling girls who were after me. It must have been because I was different. I treated them with respect. Like I would my mother or sister. Like people."

After high school, Lanny became a carpenter. When he finally started dating at seventeen, it was with a college senior.

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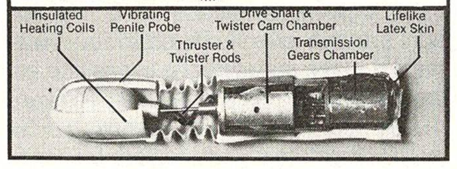

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Still a virgin, Lanny didn't rush it. "It was eight months before I even got tit off her. Sex was love to me." Lanny married the first girl he slept with. Naturally, it didn't last.

Lanny speaks to the blonde on the plastic chair. She smiles but shakes her head. "I've got to have her." He frowns. Seems he's been trying to seduce this girl for weeks. Lanny has become very much linked to what lies beneath his fly. He can't believe she's rejecting his offer of a freebie.

But Lanny's never had much luck with "relationships." Back in Ohio, the married eighteen-year-old Lanny started dropping into discos and bars after work. "That was the devil," Lanny comments. "I was a kid. Just starting to meet new people. Making both men and women friends. I was faithful to my wife, but I just couldn't stop expanding because she was jealous. That girl really loved me, and she didn't deserve the shit an unthinking kid like me put her through. I hurt her and suffered for it. After the divorce, I felt I'd be a blue-collar prisoner for life. I had nothing to hope for. No way out."

He opens the screen door to his apartment. The living room is done in Early Bachelor. There's an orange mock-suede couch, piled records, and scattered men's magazines under a coffee table. It's not hard to tell which bedroom is Lanny's; there's a rhinestone star on the door.

The bedroom is a combination of football hero's locker and Gypsy Rose Lee's dressing room. Different-sized Lannys, each clad in a G-string, are displayed on each wall in posters, pamphlets, and *Shoppers Guide* ads. Souvenirs from fans clutter every counter. There are cars, dolls, and even T-shirts, many tying in to one of his stripper identities, be it "Captain Marvel," "The Motorcycle Hero," or "The Lawyer." Indeed, over his closet door, five costumes sparkle in the sunlight. "I know you don't win women by posing like a beachboy on the dance floor. You have to think glamour and glitter and star," he adds emphatically.

Just as prominently displayed are scores of family photos. Smiling, towheaded brothers and sisters in graduation gowns fill one whole wall. Lanny proudly reports that his whole family went to college. He might have gone on, but . . .

"That's who did it!" he exclaims, pointing to a flickering ad on the TV. Is it possible that Morley Safer and "60 Minutes" tempted Lanny into becoming a stripper? Absolutely, he insists. "It was one of those guys."

Apparently, four years ago, Lanny had journeyed to his younger brother's house on a Sunday night to set him straight. His longhaired hippie brother actually smoked pot, something that seemed off the wall to Lanny, the suburban divorcé working a nine-to-five, $175-a-week construction job. His kid brother flipped on "60 Minutes," hoping that one of the segments would especially appeal to Lanny. He lit a joint. Lanny consented to share it. And the rest is history.

"I was going to teach him and instead he set *my* ass straight!" Lanny marvels. "On '60 Minutes' they had a piece on male strippers. My brother knew if I saw the segment, I would pick up on how good my shot was. And I did. I figured, 'Wow!' Isn't it every guy's fantasy to snap your fingers and have women throw more money at you for a night than I could make in a whole week? I was scared, but I couldn't stay safe and poor forever. This was the way out. I never dreamed there was even more money to be made *after* the show."

Lanny and his brother soon moved to Florida and became construction workers. At night, Lanny scouted "Ladies Only" strip clubs. He watched and learned . . . how to pace a routine, tease and hook an audience, and milk those tips. Finally he auditioned for a revue in front of the club's toughest audience: twenty regular women customers.

They went wild for the fresh-faced, innocent, all-American boy. "My hips are my secret weapon," Lanny points out, giving an easy swivel in front of the mirror. "Those ladies made me, the kid from Ohio, feel like a goddamn Adonis. Even when I wound up stripping down to a pair of Fruit of the Loom jockey shorts! Jesus, I thought a G-string was something on a guitar." That performance made Lanny twenty dollars in tips. Better, it got him a job.

Lanny turns the stereo full-blast now. He practices his new character, a well-groomed *American Gigolo*, Richard Gere type. He naturally slides into different steps, using his athletic abilities to incorporate backbends and splits. "All the better to have ladies think they're doing something naughty when they deposit the tips," Lanny adds.

Lanny laughs, recalling Miami. "That's all I thought a dancer-stripper did: learn how to dance and build the muscles." Lanny couldn't ignore the phone numbers on the bills he was getting tipped. One in particular was deposited three nights in a row with a note: "Call for a good time and a visit to Palm Marina." He knew "The Palm" contained only the most expensive yachts. Finally he called. To his surprise, a limo picked him up the next morning and deposited him at a mammoth yacht. He was greeted by a well-endowed thirty-eight-year-old redhead whose elderly husband was, as usual, away. She was lonely. They spent the day talking and fishing. That was all. Lanny left with a hundred dollars.

She was back the next night, but Lanny learned well from his sisters. Play hard to get. He postponed seeing her till the following evening. Only then did he go to bed with her. It was three days later when he got dressed, a thousand dollars in his pocket. Lanny was on his way.

Of course, there are some drawbacks, but he's careful. He visits a clinic regularly and accepts most women's attraction for him for what it is. Quick fantasy.

"When I'm with a woman, I help her experiment," Larry comments. "Sometimes they whisper dirty things that they think would shock their husbands. I encourage them. Tell them it's okay to say anything they want with *anyone*, including their lovers. I encourage a woman to let herself get more out of sex." If anything, Lanny thinks he's helping relationships. "I show them not to be ashamed," Lanny insists. "Then they go home and make better love to their guy. Maybe they fantasize about me, but so what? *He's* probably fantasizing about Ann-Margret. If they have a good time, who cares?"

His act is miles beyond the routines he did in Florida. When he arrived in New York two years ago, he was just another cocky greenhorn. Auditioning for his present group, Lanny pulled out all the stops. The men were obviously appreciative. Until he finished. Then there was a shocked silence.

"I thought I'd done something wrong," Lanny laughs. "The leader yelled to me, 'What the hell are you doing?' See, in Miami you had to strip off *everything*. I was standing there stark naked! The guys cracked up and told me I didn't have to take it *all* off. This was New York. This was class."

Out the window he peers at the slim blonde. "I'd love to get to know every part of her!" Lanny shouts. And he means it. How is it possible that Lanny is excited by yet another, when so many surround him nightly? More important, what's the secret to Lanny's sexual performing?

"I know guys are amazed how I do it. I say, 'What do you mean, "How?"' It's easy.' Arousement comes from letting yourself get turned on by the difference in each woman. The challenge of how to turn on each new one. There's the expectation of what new things she'll do to you, or what new things you can teach her to do. Caresses are always different. Even kisses are all different. How I can make a woman really appreciate herself and me gets me up every time. People say, 'A pussy is a pussy,' or 'A blowjob is a blowjob.' Well, I say, 'Where you been, man? You don't have the slightest idea of how to treat women.'" Lanny slings his Captain Marvel costume across his shoulder. It's almost time for work.

Outside, he casually invites the blonde to watch a special show in two weeks. It's a contest between two male revues. Prize money, $2,000. She smiles slightly and accepts. Lanny's obviously pleased.

"No one consistently rejects a star," Lanny states, boarding the very unstarlike

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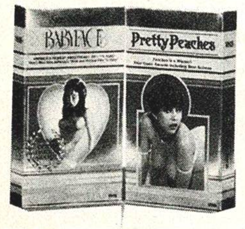

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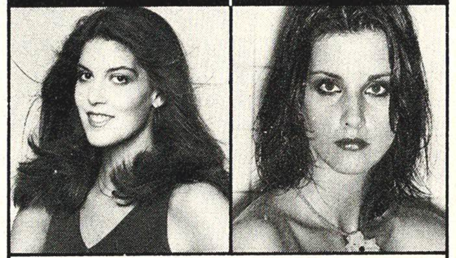

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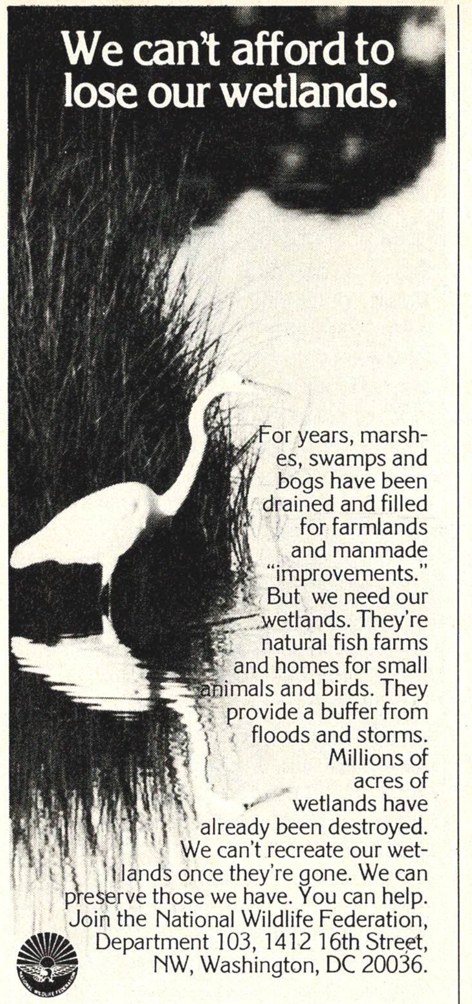

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A-16 bus to tonight's first date in Staten Island.

Two weeks later, it's almost time for the big strip-off. Working especially hard in his neighborhood Nautilus Center, Lanny is more chipper than ever. And why not? Fortune has smiled on him once again. Two weeks ago in Staten Island, it didn't look that way. For the first time the group agreed to play a gay bar. It would be their last time. "God, they kept kissing and touching each other while we danced. It was disgusting." Like many of the newer male revues, Lanny's is composed solely of heterosexuals. The gay and straight strip acts rarely play each other's clubs. Finding the audience "disgusting" is hardly anyone's idea of a good time.

And Lanny's actually found what, in his life, could be called a steady relationship. It's lasted two weeks. And he hasn't cheated. After all, he's being paid $1,000 a week not to. It seems the sweet, rich divorcée caught him at his third club date that night. There was something about her he liked, and so, even though he was five women into the night, Lanny agreed to something he rarely allows himself—a real date.

They had a late dinner. They actually talked. She really liked his company. And Lanny liked her. So, though he'd already been stroked and caressed by five other women, he went home with her.

Back in her sprawling Tudor-style home, Lanny had a great time. "She was really into *me*," he says almost shyly, hefting a barbell across his trim torso. He turns on some disco music and practices. "Making love is really an art. The trick is in prolonging the pleasure. Touching every sensitive part of another person. Most men don't know what making love is. They get scared and just want to get it over with. I love saying, 'Wait . . . let me hold you.'" He pauses. "And the best part was when she said, 'Wait . . . let me hold *you*.' We just didn't dive in there. She started moaning, and that freaks me out, 'cause I know I'm getting to her." Lanny blushes a Cheshire cat grin. There's just one problem. She's extremely possessive and jealous. She wants him all to herself. No more entertaining the galloping hordes ready to taste Lanny's wares. It's hard to give up the sexual variety that Lanny's used to.

He puts the dilemma in the back of his mind. He's got to get ready for the contest. It'll be a packed audience. The divorcée will be away and the blond neighbor is coming. "She'll be hard to resist," Lanny admits, "but I'm trying."

That night the Queens nightclub is filled with cheering, swaying women. It's hotter than any stag party imaginable, and as the contest proceeds the excitement of the steamy audience is building to a lusty fever pitch. Backstage is Superbowl chaos. The contest has been pretty even. And now, in the best show-biz tradition, it's up to Lanny. Always cool, Lanny struts out in his *American Gigolo* costume. He looks like every housewife's dream of what awaits her on Park Avenue. "Call Me" by Blondie rocks the room. Lanny emerges, elegant and seductive. Tantalizing, he starts to strip. His hips move in perfect rhythm. Lanny's eyes search for the blond neighbor. She doesn't appear to be in the audience. He's disappointed, but only for a moment. He's got a job to do.

As the routine continues, he pulls out all stops. A woman leaps on him as he does a backbend. He's grinding his pelvis against a fiftyish blond matron. Women extend their hands to touch the Adonis. Soon, his pinstriped G-string is stuffed with bills. He's about to leave when a white-haired woman, surely in her late sixties, tiptoes toward him. With a gleam in her eye, she pushes a twenty way down his sock. The audience goes wild.

Offstage his buddies cheer. It's the quarterback making the final touchdown. Even the competitors in the other group are in good spirits. Both teams have captured the stadium.

Dressing rooms are crammed with twelve men rushing into civvies, each taking great care with his appearance. It's strange that they care so much about impressing such an easy audience.

"People get it all wrong," Lanny protests, adjusting his tight slacks and Day-Glo orange shirt. "We guys think *women*

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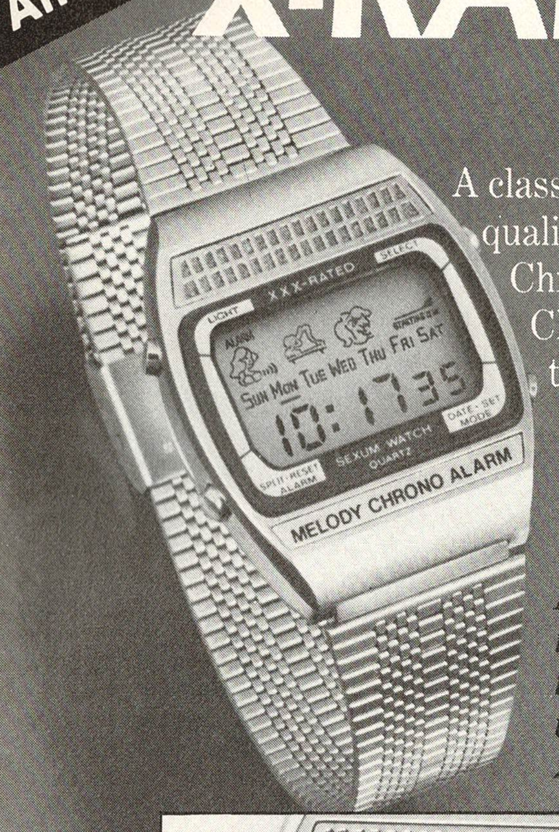

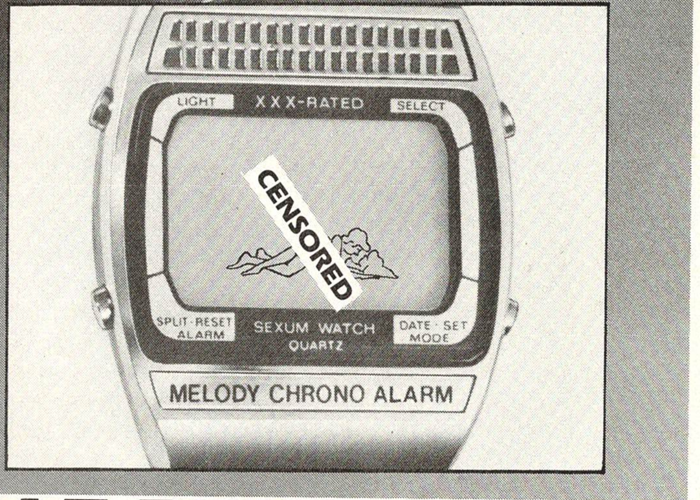

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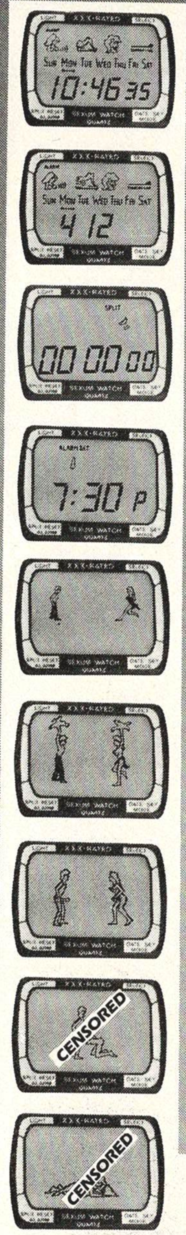

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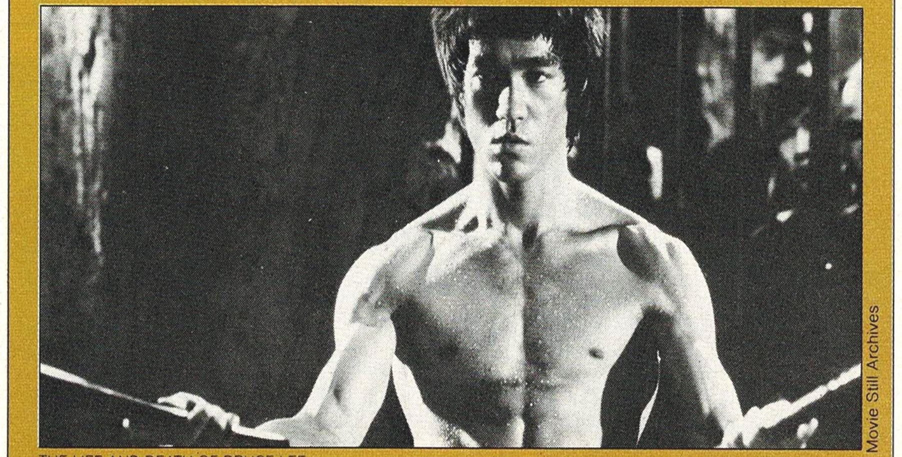
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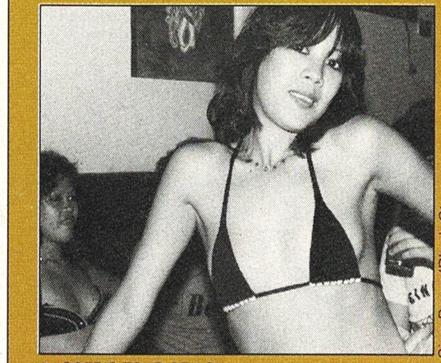
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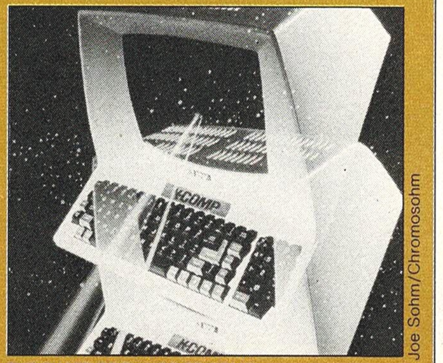
THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Joe Sohm/Chromosohm

The Life and Death of Bruce Lee—"Contemplating Bruce Lee's brief but ardent life," writes author Albert Goldman, whose biographies of Elvis Presley and Lenny Bruce made publishing history, "is like watching a man being shot from a cannon." In this exclusive, two-part *Penthouse* profile, Goldman reviews in slow motion the life of the man who became the martial arts cult figure of all time—"The Deadliest Man on the Planet." In the first part of his profile, covering Bruce Lee's years in California, years that he spent dispirited and dejected but achieving a Hollywood success by affecting "a profound humility . . . knowing how to put people away—especially show people," Goldman covers Lee's trial as a "soul on ice" awaiting his final release back in the Orient.

The Almighty—Irving Wallace, best-selling author of *The R Document* and *The Second Lady*, spins a sizzling tale of filial greed and lust in an exclusive excerpt from his latest blockbuster novel, *The Almighty*.

The Shape of Things to Come—*Omni* magazine predicts the future, and you'll wish it were now. Anti-aging drugs will be cheaper than aspirin. Chemical aphrodisiacs will be commonplace and reliable. Video arcades will be updated with biofeedback-controlled machines and holograms. Excerpted from *The Omni Future Almanac*, published by Harmony Books, this article also takes a stab at predicting the industrial giants of the twenty-first century, and suggests emerging job markets that will make for big, new careers in case you want to get a head start.

A Loser's Tour of Asia—Al Goldstein, editor and publisher of *Screw* newspaper, executive producer of cable TV's "Midnight Blue," and inveterate sexual thrill-seeker, gives us a blow-by-blow account of his raunchy and ridiculous sex tour of the Orient. Racing desperately from The Teapot in Tokyo to the Wankatorium in Kowloon, in search of something resembling action, Goldstein is forced to face a horrific truth—that sexual fulfillment for him is as elusive as the mysterious East.

Wintry Wiles—Stuck indoors during this frigid season? Be of good cheer, with two resourceful roundups that keep the Christmas spirit going strong at home. What spirit? Cognac or brandy, naturally. To commemorate that most illustrious libation, a dozen celebrities—the likes of Dolly Parton, Burt Bacharach, Marie Osmond, and Joan Rivers—reveal their most intimate moments with that wondrous, warming drink. And to delight the eye and ear, famed electronics expert Hans Fantel reports on startling new developments in video that should keep us all glued to our living room chairs. O━

are the ones on top now. They're sharp, intelligent. Even the ones in the kitchen aren't just into making babies anymore. Women should go out in the world and compete with guys equally." Lanny sounds like an endorsement for the ERA. "We want to please them, because they honor us with their appreciation. Women are very up there for courage in my book. I wouldn't be surprised if we had a woman president. If anything, I respect them more than I do men."

Standing outside, waiting for the contest results, Lanny's still looking for the blonde. There's a hush as the PA system intones the winner. It's close, but the "Hot Rods" have won. Lanny and his teammates whoop with delight. Suddenly the blonde appears. They talk. She seems more receptive. Lanny's telling her all the delicious things they can do together. She hesitates, then defiantly refuses. Lanny's at loose ends. No one refuses him.

"I'll even pay you," he says softly. The blonde is shocked. She doesn't understand that to Lanny refusing sex with him is too rough a blow. But the blonde points out that Lanny goes with a lot of women. After all, she wants a "meaningful relationship." She moves off. Lanny's pissed.

"Goddamn! It's so hard now for me to leave this life once I've had it. The new charge every night," he says, indicating the crowd, "it's too tempting. It wasn't a good thing to tempt an impressionable kid with that kind of easy life." His ego is shriveled. Lanny downs a Scotch. A dark-haired woman slides a $100 bill under his glass and seats herself in a booth near the door. Lanny's torn. Maybe he'll go with her. Who's kidding whom with the romance and fidelity bit in his line of work?

"I know I can do something better and be a nice guy to one woman. I know I'm wrecking myself. I really don't have any respect for myself when I spread around a special thing like sex," Lanny comments. But it's hard to resist the high. He's about to pick up the bill.

Lanny pales. The brunette divorcée has just walked in. Seems she cut her trip short. Lanny tries to put her off, says he'll meet her at home. Her eyes flash. She wants Lanny all to herself. Not taking chances, he'll slip in a quickie before Scarsdale. He surveys the smorgasbord of women who eye him.

Strangely, Lanny thinks he might like to sleep with the divorcée tonight. In a bed he's actually seen before. He starts after his "girl friend," who waits patiently by the door, a soft smile on her face. He hugs her. He seems to really care. She walks to the car.

He swears he'll try to be faithful. Then again, there's this new club he's playing in Queens next Saturday. This time the divorcée is definitely out of town for the weekend. He blows a kiss to a ponytailed young woman. "Maybe next week," he mouths silently and goes to the waiting Lincoln. It's a difficult choice for Lanny. Easy street can be paved with potholes. O━

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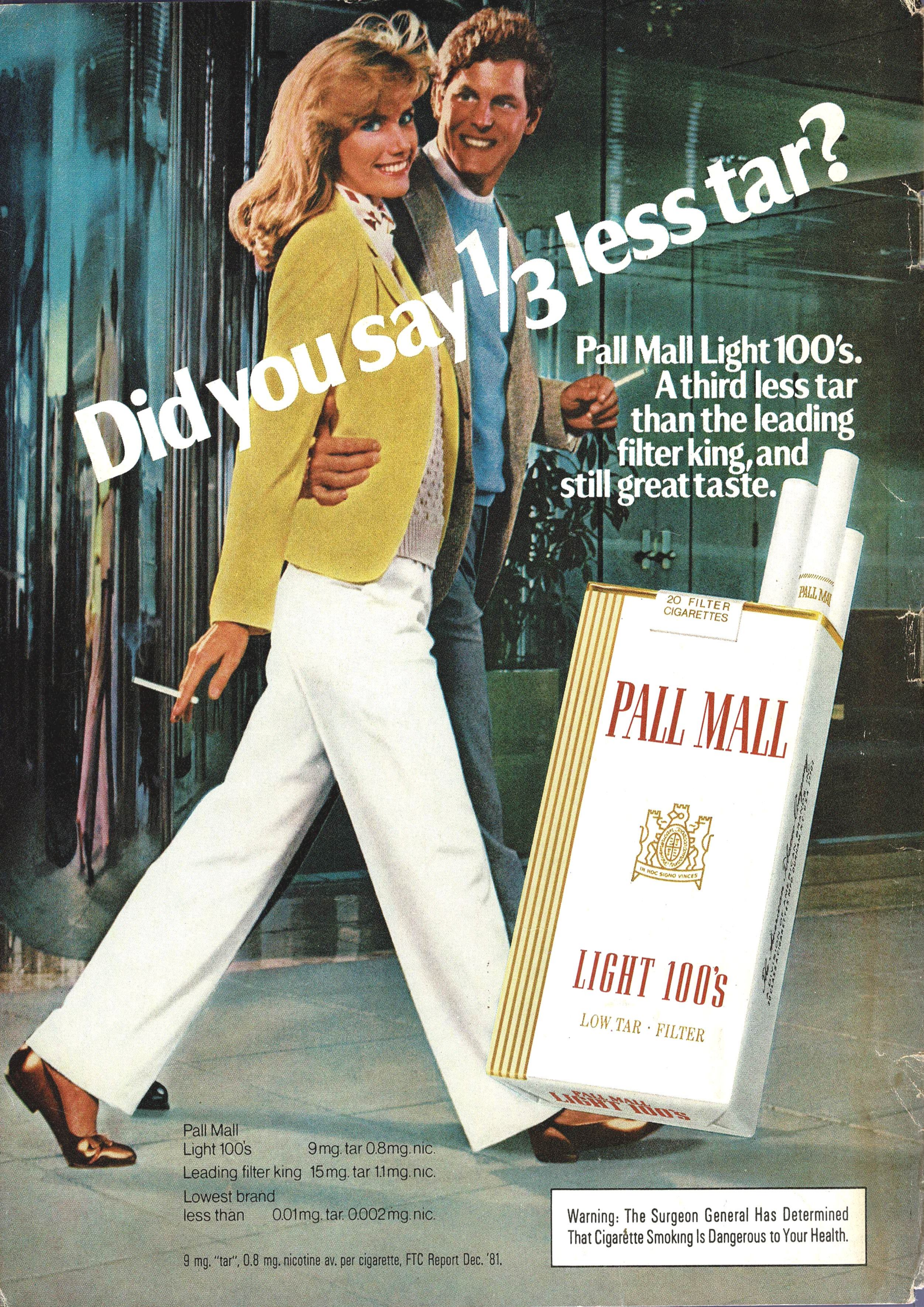
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